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A PREPOSITION to this FRONTISPIECE.

THIS BOOKE containyng EMBLEMS, 'twas thought fit,
A *Title-page* should stand to usher it,
That's Emblematicall: And, for that end,
Our AVTHOR, to the *Graver* did commend
A plaine Invention; that it might be wrought,
According as his Fancie had forethought.
Insteed thereof, the *Workeman* brought to light,
What, here, you see; therein, mistaking quite
The true *Designe*: And, so (with paines, and cost)
The first intended FRONTISPIECE, is lost.

The AVTHOR, was as much displeas'd, as Hee
In such Adventures, is inclin'd to bee;
And, halfe resolv'd, to cast this *PIECE* aside,
As nothing worth: but, having better ey'd
Those *Errors*, and *Confusions*, which may, there,
Blame-worthy (at the first aspect) appeare;
Hee saw, they fitted many *Fantasies*
Much better, then what *Reason* can devise;
And, that, the *Graver* (by meere *Chance*) had hit
On what, so much transcends the reach of *Wit*,
As made it seeme, an Object of *Delight*,
To looke on what, MISFORTUNE brought to light:
And, here it stands, to try his *Wit*, who lists
To pumpe the secrets, out of *Cabalists*.

If any thinke this *Page* will, now, declare
The meaning of those *Figures*, which are there,
They are deceiv'd. For, *Destinie* denies
The utt'ring of such hidden *Mysteries*,
In these respects: First, *This* containeth nought
Which (in a proper sense) concerneth, ought,
The *present-Age*: Moreover, tis ordain'd,
That, none must know the *Secrecies* contain'd
Within this *PIECE*; but, they who are so wise
To finde them out, by their owne *prudencies*;
And, hee that can unriddle them, to us,
Shall stiled be, the second OEDIPUS.

'Tis, likewise, thought expedient, now and then,
To make some *Worke*, for those *All-knowing men*,
(To exercise upon) who thinke they see
The *secret-meanings*, of all things that bee.

And, lastly, since we finde, that, some there are,
Who best affect *Inuentions*, which appeare
Beyond their understandings; *This*, we knew
A *Representment*, worthy of their view;
And, here, wee placed it, to be, to these,
A FRONTISPIECE, in any sense they please.

EMBLEMES
Illustrated
by
Geo Wither

A
COLLECTION
OF
EMBLEMES,
ANCIENT AND
MODERNE:

Quickened
VVith METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS, both
Morall and Divine: And disposed into
LOTTERIES,

That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered
by an *Honest and Pleasant Recreation*.

By GEORGE WITHER.

The Firſt Booke.



LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *Henry Taunton*, and
are to be sold at his Shop in *Saint Dunstons*
Church-yard. MDCXXXV.

Recensui hoc Poëma, cui titulus est (A Collection
and Illustration of Emblems Ancient and Mo-
derne) in quo nihil reperio, quò minus cum uti-
litate imprimatur, ita tamen, ut si non intra septem menses
proxime sequentes Typis mandetur, hac licentia sit omnino
nulla.

Ex ædibus Lambethanis
Jul. 2. 1634.

GUIL. BRAY.

A
WRIT OF PREVENTION
Concerning the *AUTHORS Dedication*
of the foure following *BOOKES*, to those
Royall, Princely, and Illustrious PERSONAGES, whose Names are mentioned
in this *Leaf*.

I Have not often us'd, with *Epigrames*,
Or, with *Inscriptions* unto many *NAMES*,
To charge my *Bookes* : Nor, had I done it, now,
If I, to pay the *Duties* which I owe,
Had other *meanes* ; Or, any better *Wayes*
To honour them, whose *Vertue* merits praise.

In *ARCHITECT*, it giveth good content,
(And passeth for a praisefull *Ornament*)
If, to adorne the *FORE-FRONTS*, *Builders* reare
The *Statues* of their *Soveraigne-Princes*, there ;
And, trimme the *Outsides*, of the other *SQUARES*
With *Portraitures* of some Heroicke *PEERES*.

If, therefore, I (the more to beautifie
This *Portion* of my *MUSES Gallerie*)
Doe, here, presume to place the *NAMES* of those
To whose *Deserts*, my *LOVE* remembrance owes,
I hope 'twill none offend. For, most, who see
Their worthy *mention*, in this *BOOKE*, to bee,
Will thinke them honor'd : And, perhaps, it may
(To their high praise) be found, another day,
That, in these *LEAVES* their *Names* wil stand unrac'd,
When many fairer *STRUCTURES*, are defac'd.

*In this Hope, I have placed on the FORE-
FRONT (or before the First Booke of
these EMBLEMS) a Ioint-Inscripti-
on to the KING and QUEENES most
excellent MAJESTIE.*

*Upon the Right-Side-Front of this Build-
ing (or before the Second Booke) One
Inscrip-*

Inscription to the most hopefull Prince,
CHARLES, Prince of Wales; And,
another to his deere Brother, JAMES,
Duke of Yorke, &c.

On the other Side-Front, (or before the
Third Booke) One Inscription to the
gracious Princessse, FRANCES Dut-
chesse-Dowager of RICHMOND and
LENOX; And, another to her most no-
ble Nephew, JAMES Duke of Le-
nox, &c.

On the Fourth Front of our Square, (Or
before the Fourth Booke) One Inscrp-
tion to the right Honourable PHILIP
Earle of Pembroke and Montgomery,
&c. And another to the right Honou-
rable, HENRY Earle of Holland, &c.

To the MAJESTIE of Great
Britaine, France, and Ireland, the
Most Illustrious King,

CHARLES;

And his excellently beloved, the most
gratious *Queene* MARY. 1632.

 Ev'n yeares are full expired, Royall SIR,
Since last I kneel'd, an offering to preferre
Before your feete; where, now, my selfe I throw
To pay once more, the *Tributes* which I owe.

As many yeares are past, most beauteous QUEENE,
Since witnesses, mine eares and eyes, have beene
Of those Perfections; which the generall Fame
Hath sounded forth, in honour of your Name.

And, both your *beaming-splendors* (oh yee faire,
Thrice blessed, and most fildy-matched PAIRE)
Vpon each other, make such bright reflections;
And have so sweetly mingled your *affections*,
Your *Praise*, your *Pow're*, your *Vertues*, and your *Beautie* :
That, (if preserving of my *Soveraigne dutie*,
This may be said) you doe appeare, to me,
Two PERSONS, in One MAIESTY, to be ;
To whom, there, appertaines (in veneration
Of your large *Worth*) the right of some *Oblation* :
And, best, I thought, my *Homage* would be done,
If, thus, the tender were to BOTH-in-ONE.
Which, in this humble GVIET, my *Love* presents ;
And, wisheth it may adde to your Contents.

Perhaps it shall : For, though I dare not shew
These *Figures*, as well meriting your view ;
Nor boast, as if their *Moralls* couched ought,
By which your sacred *Wisdomes* may be taught :
Yet, I have humble *Hopings*, that, they might
Prove, some way, an occasion of delight ;
Since, meane and common *Objects*, now and then,
Beget contentments in the *greatest-men*.

But, that before this *Booke*, I should propose
Your praisefull NAMES, there is (as I suppose)
A faire inducement : For, considering these
Are EMBLEMS, whose intention is to please
And profit vulgar Iudgements (by the view,
Of what they ought to follow, or eschew.)
And, I well knowing, that your MAIESTIES
Set forth before my *Booke*, in *Emblem-wise*,

The Epistle

Throughout your Lands, more *Vertues* might convey,
Than many *Volumes*, of these *Emblems*, may;
It seem'd *Petty-treason*, to omit
This good occasion of endeavouring it.
For, (if your *MAJESTIES*, well heeded, were)
You, double-treble-foure-fold *Emblems* are;
Which, fully to illustrate, would require
The *Wit* I want; or, meanes to raise, that, higher
Which I have gain'd; (and, which, as yet, hath flowne
By no encouragements, but by her owne.)

Of all the *Vertues* *O*ECONOMICAL,
Of *Duties* MORAL and POLITICAL,
Your *Lives* are *Patternes*, and faire *EMBLEMS*; whether
Considered apart, or both together.

Your *CHILDHOODS* were bright *Mirrors*, which did show
What *Duties*, *Children*, to their *Parents* owe:
And, by the sequelle, we now understand,
That, they who best *obay'd*, can best command.
The glorious *Vertues* of your *NUPTIAL*-state,
Your *Courtiers*, find so hard to imitate,
That, they admire them, rather; and, would sweare,
(Had others told, what, now they see and heare)
That, all the former Times, were not acquainted,
With such a *Paire*, when *Kings* and *Queenes* were *Sainted*.
The chafest *Cupids*, and the gamefom'st *Graces*,
Are alwaies mingled in your *Deare-embraces*.
The mutuall enterchanges of your *Loves*,
May teach affection to the *Turtle-doves*:
And, such as are, with goodly fights, delighted,
May see in *You*, all *Excellence* united.

You, *SIR*, who beare *loves* *Thunders* in your *Fist*,
And, (shake this *Islands* *EMPIRE* when You list)
Did never in your *Orbe*, a *Tempest* move,
But, by the Beautious *Mistresse* of your *Love*
Is might be calm'd. And, in your lofty *Spheare*,
Most lovely QUEENE Your *Motions* ever were
So smooth, and, so direct; that none can say,
They have withdrawne his *Royal-heart* away
From just *Designes*; Which, loudly speaks your *Praise*,
And, intimates much more, than, yet, it says.

Yea both Your *Splendors* doe so glorious growe,
And, You, each other, have out-vey'd so,
In these, and other *Vertues*; that, on You,
Should I conferre what praise I thinke is due,
My *Lines*, (which from that *staine* have, yet, beene cleare)
Would *Flatt'ry* seeme, unto an envious eare.

But, what needs *Flatt'ry*, where the *Truth* may teach
To praise, beyond immodest *Flatt'ries* reach?
Or, what needs he to feare a *stand'rous-mouth*,
Who seekes no *meed*, nor utters more than *Truth*?

Your *Princely Vertues*, what can better show,
Than *Peace*, and *Plenty*, which have thrived so,

Whilst You have reign'd that, yet, no people see,
 A Richer, or more Peacefull Aime, than wee:
 Your *Civill Actions* (to the publike eye)
 Are faire *examples of Moraltie*,
 So manifest; That, if he Truth did sing,
 Who said, *The World doth imitate the King*;
 My *Muses* dare, with boldnesse to presage,
 A Chast, a Pious, and a Prosperous Age:
 And, that, the stormes which, late, these Realmes deterr'd,
 Shall all be quite removed, or deferr'd
 Till you Ascend; And, future times have seene,
 That, your Examples have not followed beene.

Thus, you are living *Emblems*, to this Nation:
 Which being mark'd with heedfull speculation,
 May serve, as well, to helpe us how to see
 Our *Happinesse*, As, what our *Duties* be.

And, if I might unlocke all *Mysteries*,
 Which doe declare, how in a *fourc-fold-wise*,
 Your Lives are usefull *EMBLEMS*; I, perchance,
 Should vexee blind Zeale, or anger *Ignorance*;
 And, teach well-temper'd *Spirits*, how to see,
 That, we, for Blessings, oft, Vnthankfull be.
 For, as you, *Both*, Prime *Children* are of those
 Two *Sister-Churches*, betwixt whom, yet, growes
 Vnseemely *strife*; So, *You*, perhaps, may be
 An *Emblem*, how those *MOTHERS* may agree.
 And, not by your *Example*, onely, show,
 How wrought it may be; but, effect it so.
 Yea, peradventure, God, united *You*,
 That, such a blessed *VNION* might ensue:
 And, that, Your *living-lovingly*, together;
 Your Christian *hopefullnesse*, of one another;
 Your mild: *forbearance*, harsh attempts to proove;
 Your *mutual-waiting*, untill God shall move
 By some *calme-voice*, or peacefull *inspiration*,
 That *Heart* Which needeth better *Information*;
 And, that, your *Charitties*, might give a *signe*,
 How, all the *Daughters*, of the *SPOUSE Divine*
 Might reconciled be; And, shew, that, *Swords*,
Flames, *Threats*, and *Furie*, nlike no true *Accords*.

GOD grant a better *VNION* may appeare:
 Yet, with I not the *tollerating* here,
 Of *Politicke-Agreements*; (further than
 Our wholsome *Lawes*, and, *Civill-vowes* to man,
 With *Piety*, approve) but, such, as may
 Make up blest *CONCORD*, every way:
 Might it be so; your *Vertues*, would become
 A Glorious *Blessing*, to all *CHRISTENDOME*:
 Your *EMBLEM* should, by future *Generations*;
 Be plac'd among the famous *Constellations*,
 And, *after-times* (though, mee, this Age despise)
 Would thinke, these *Verses*, had beene *Prophecies*.

The Epistle, &c.

What ever may succeed, my *Pray'rs* and *Powr's*
Are this way bent ; with *Hope*, that *Tou* or *Tours*
Shall *Helps* (at least) become, that *Breach* to close,
Which, in the *SEAMLES-ROBE*, yet, wider growes.
So BE IT : And, let bright your *Glories* bee,
Forever, though *Tou* never shine on ME.

Your MAJESTIES

most Loyall Subject,

GEO: WITHER.

TO THE READER.



*I*f there had not beene some Bookes conceitedly composed, and suitable to meane capacities, I am doubtfull, whether I had ever beene so delighted in reading, as thereby to attaine to the little Knowledge I have: For, I doe yet remember, that, things honestly pleasant, broughs mee by degrees, to love that which is truly profitable. And as David said, His Heart shewed him the wickednesse of the Vngodly; (meaning perhaps, that hee felt in himselfe, some Experiments, of the same naturall Corruption, by which they are overcome, who resist not evill suggestions at their first motions:) Even so, I may truly acknowledge, that mine owne Experience hath shewne mee so much of the common Ignorance and Infirmitie in mine owne person, that it hath taught mee, how those things may be wrought upon in others, to their best advantage.

Therefore, though I can say no more to dissuade from Vice, or to incourage men to Vertue, than hath already beene said in many learned Authors; yet I may be an occasion by these Endeavours, to bring that, the oftner into remembrance, which they have, more learnedly, expressed. and perhaps, by such circumstances, as they would not descend unto, may insinuate further also with some Capacities, than more applauded Meanes. Vineger, Salt, or common Water, (which are very meane Ingredients) make Sawces more pleasing to some tastes, than Sugar, and Spices. In like manner, plaine and vulgar notions, seasoned with a little Pleasantnesse, and relished with a moderate Sharpnesse, worke that, otherwhile, which the most admired Compositions could never effect in many Readers; yea, wee have had frequents proofes, that a blunt Iest hath moved to more consideration, than a judicious Discourse.

I take little pleasures in Rymes, Fictions, or conceited Compositions, for their owne sakes; neither could I ever take so much paines, as to spend time to put my meanings into other words than such as flowed forth, without Studie; partly because I delight more in Matter, than in Wordy Flourishes, But, chiefly, because those Verball Conceites, which by some, are accounted most Elegant, are not onely (for the greater part) Empty Sounds and Impertinent Clinches in themselves; but, such Inventions, as do sometime, also, obscure the Sense, to common Readers; and, serve to little other purpose, but for Wittie men to shew Tricks one to another: For, the Ignorant understand them not; and the Wise need them not.

So much of them, as (without darkning the matter, to them who most need instruction) may be made use of, to stirre up the Affections winne Attention, or help the Memory, I approve, and make use of, to those good purposes, according as my leisure, and the measure of my Facultie will permit; that, Vanitie might

might not, to worse ends, get them wholly into her Possession. For, I know that the meanest of such conceites are as pertinent to some, as Rattles, and Hobby-horses to Children; or as the A. B. C. and Spelling, were at first to those Readers, who are now past them. And, indeed, to despoile Meane Inventions, Pleasant Compositions, and Verball Elegancies, (being qualified as is aforesaid) or to banish them out of the world, because there be other things of more excellencie, were as absurd, as to neglect and root out all Herbes, which will not make Portage; Or, to destroy all Flowers which are lesse beautifull than the Tulip, or lesse sweet than the Rose.

I (that was never so suddenly wise) have alwaies intermingled Sports with Seriousnesse in my Inventions; and, taken in Verball-conceites, as they came to hand, without Affectation; But, having, ever aymed, rather to profit my Readers, than to gaine their praise, I never pumpe for these things; and am, otherwise, contented to seeme Foolish, (yea, and perhaps, more foolish than I am) to the Overweening-Wife; that, I may make others Wiser than they were: And, (as I now doe) am not ashamed to set forth a Game at Lots, or (as it were) a Puppet-play in Pictures, to allure men to the more serious observation of the profitable Morals, couched in these Emblems. Neverthelessse, (if some have sayd, and thought truly) my Poems have instructed, and rectified many People in the Course of Honest-living, (which is the best Wisdome) much more than the Austerer Volumes of some criticall Authours; who, are by the Common-fort, therefore onely, judged Wise, because they composed Books, which few understand, save they who need them not.

In these Lots and Emblems, I have the same aime which I had in my other Writings: and, though I have not dressed them suitably to curious Fancies, yet, they yield wholesome nourishment to strengthen the constitution of a Good-life; and, have solidity enough for a Play-game, which was but accidentally composed; and, by this Occasion.

These Emblems, graven in Copper by Crispinus Passæus (with a Notion Greeke, Latine, or Italian, round about every Figure; and with two Lines (or Verses) in one of the same Languages, periphrasing those Motto's) came to my hands, almost twentie yeares past. The Verses were so meane, that, they were afterward cut off from the Plates; And, the Collector of the said Emblems, (whether hee were the Versifier or the Graver, was neither so well advised in the Choice of them, nor so exact in observing the true Proprieties belonging to every Figure, as hee might have bene.

Yet, the Workmanship being judged very good, for the most part; and the rest excusable; some of my Friends were so much delighted in the Gravers art, and, in those Illustrations, which for mine owne pleasure, I had made upon some few of them, that, they requested mee to Moralize the rest. Which I condescended unto: And, they had bene brought to view many yeares agoe, but that the Copper Prints (which are now gotten) could not be procured out of Holland, upon any reasonable Conditions.

If they were worthy of the Gravers and Printers cost, being
only

only dumbe Figures, little usefull to any but to young Gravers or Painters, and as little delightfull, except, to Children, and Childish-gazers: they may now be much more worthy; seeing the life of Speech being added unto them, may make them Teachers, and Remembrancers of profitable things.

I doe not arrogate so much unto my Illustrations, as to thinke, they will be able to teach any thing to the Learned; yea, if they cast their eyes upon them, perhaps, these Emblems, and their Morals, may remember them, either of some Dutie, which they might else forget, or minde them to beware of some Danger, which they might otherwise be unheedfull to prevent. But, sure I am, the Vulgar Capacities, may from them, be many waies both Instructed, and Remembred; yea, they that have most need to be Instructed, and Remembred, (and they who are most backward to listen to Instructions, and Remembrances, by the common Course of Teaching, and Admonishing) shall be, hereby, informed of their Dangers, or Duties, by the way of an honest Recreation before they be aware.

For, when levitie, or a childish delight in trifling Objects, hath allured them to looke on the Pictures; Curiosity may urge them to peepe further, that they might seeke out also their Meanings, in our annexed Illustrations; In which, may lurke some Sentence, or Expression so evidently pertinent to their Estates, Persons or Affections, as will (at that instant or afterward) make way for those Considerations, which will, at last, wholly change them, or much better them, in their Conversation.

To seeke out the Author of every particular Emblem were a labour without profit; and, I have beene so far from endeavouring it, that, I have not somuch ascarded to find out their meanings in any of these Figures; but, applied them, rather, to, such purposes, as I could thinke of, at first sight; which, upon a second view, I found might have beene much betterd, if I could have spared time from other employments. Something, also, I was Confin'd, by obliging my selfe to observe the same number of lines in every Illustration; and, otherwhile, I was thereby constrained to conclude, when my best Meditations were but new begunne: which (though it hath pleased Some, by the more comely Uniformitie, in the Pages) yet, it hath much injured the libertie of my Muse.

There be, no doubt, some faults committed by the Printer, both Literall and Materiall, and some Errors of the Gravers in the Figures. (as in the Tétragrammaton; in the Figure of Arion; and in the Proprieties due to some other Hieroglyphicks; but, for the most part, they are such, as Common-Readers will never perceive; and I thinke, that they who are Judicious, will so plainly finde them to be no faults of mine; that, leaving them to be amended by those, to whom they appertain; and, You, to accept of these Play-games as you please: I bid you Farewell.

The Occasion, Intention, and use of the Four
 Lotteries adjoynd to these four Books
 of Emblems.

STultorum plena sunt omnia. The world is growne so in Love with Follie, that the Imprinting of over-solid and serious treatises would undoe the Book-sellers; especially, being so chargeable as the many costly Sculptures have made this Booke: therefore, (to advance their Profits, rather than to satisfie my owne Iudgement) I was moved to invent somewhat, which might be likely to please the vulgar Capacitie, without hindrance to my chiefe End. And, though that which I resolved on, be not so Plausible to Criticall understandings, yet I am contented to hazzard among them, so much of my Reputation, as that comes to.

I have often observed, that where the Summer-bowers of Recreation are placed neare the Church, it drawes thither more people from the remote Hamlets, than would else be there. Now, though I praise not their Devotion, yet I am glad if any thing (which is not evill in it selfe) may be made an occasion of Good: (because, those things may, perhaps, be continued, at last, for Conscience sake, which were at first begunne upon vaine occasions) and, have therefore added Lotteries to these Emblems, to occasion the more frequent notice of the Morals, and good Counsels tendred in their Illustrations; hoping that, at one time or other, some shall draw those Lots, which will make them the better, and the happier, whilst they live. I confesse that this Devise may probably be censured, as unsutable to the gravitie expected in my ripe yeares: and be reputed as great an Indecorum, as erecting an Ale-houise at the Church-stile; yet, the same having had beginning in my younger dayes, I do now resolve not to be ashamed of it, for the Reasons aforementioned. To such as I was, it will be someway avayleable: and perhaps, if the Wilest did otherwhile, when they walke abroad, to Vncertaine purposes, take up this Booke, and (without Superstitious Conceites) make tryall what their Lots would remember, or give them cause to thinke on; It might, now and then, either occasion better Proceedings, or prevent Mischieves.

Some Games were ever in use; ever, I thinke, will be, and for ought I know, ever may be without exception. And, I believe, this Recreation, will be as harmlesse as any, if it be used according to my Intentions. For, my meaning is not, that any should use it as an Oracle, which could signifie, infallibly, what is divinely allotted; but, to serve onely for a Morall Pastime. And, that I may no way encourage the secret entertaining of such a Fantasie, I doe before hand affirme unto them, that none but Children, or Ideots may be tollerated to be so foolish, without laughing at.

Yet, if any one shall draw that Lot wherein his Secret vices are reproved; or some good Counsels proposed, which in his owne understanding are pertinent to his welfare, let not such as those, passe them over as meere Casualties to them; for, whatsoever these Lots are to others, or in themselves, they are to all these,

made

made pertinent in such cases, both by their particular Knowledges and Occasions.

Some will thinke perhaps, that I have purposely invented this Game, that I might finde meanes to reprove mens vices, without being suspected, (as I have hitherto unjustly beene) to ayme at particular persons : For, if any who are notoriously Guiltie, shall by drawing their Chances, among other Companions, be so fitted with Lots, (which may now and then happen) that those Vices be thereby intimated to the by-standers, of which the world knowes them guilty ; they do therein make their owne Libels ; and, may (I hope) bee laughed at without my blame. If not ; I doe here warne all such as are worthily suspected of Haynous crimes, and Scandalous conversations, either to forbear these Lotteries ; or to excuse me if they be justly shamed by their own Act.

Having thus declared the Reason of this Invention, and made these Anticipations ; every man hath his choice, whether hee will make use of those Lotteries or no ; hee that will, is left to his Chance, of which, how hee shall make tryall, direction is given in the two last Pages of this Booke.

This Game occasions not the frequent crime,
Of Swearing, or mispending of our Time ;
Nor losse of money : For, the Play is short,
And, ev'ry Gamester winneth by the sport.
Wee, therefore, know it may aswell become
The Hall, the Parlor, or the Dining-roome,
As Chesse, or Tables ; and, we thinke the Price
Will be as low ; because, it needs no Dice.





*What I WAS, is passed-by;
 What I AM, away doth flie;
 What I SHAL BEE, none do see;
 Yet, in that, my Beauties bee.*

The AVTHORS Meditation upon
 sight of his PICTURE.

WHen I behold my Picture, and perceive,
 How vaine it is, our Portraictures to leave
 In Lines, and shadowes, (which make shewes, to day,
 Of that which will, to morrow, fade away)

And

And, thinke, what meane Resemblances at best,
Are by Mechanike Instruments exprest;
I thought it better, much, to leaue behind me,
Some Draught, in which, my living friends might find me
The same I am; in that, which will remaine,
Till all is ruin'd, and repair'd againe:
And, which, in absence, will more truely show me,
Than, outward Formes, to those, who think they know me.

For, though my gracious MAKER made me such,
That, where I love, belov'd I am, as much
As I desire; yet, Forme, nor Features are,
Those Ornaments, in which I would appeare
To future Times; Though they were found in me,
Farre better, than I can beleeeve they be.
Much lesse, affect I that, which each man knowes,
To be no more, but Counterfeits of those,
Wherein, the Painters, or the Gravers toole,
Betriends alike, the Wiseman, and the Foole:
And, (when they please) can give him, by their Art,
The fairest-Face, that had the falsest-Heart.

A PICTURE, though with most exactnesse made,
Is nothing, but the Shadow of a SHADE.
For, ev'n our living Bodies, (though they seeme
To others more, or more in our esteeme)
Are but the shadowes of that Reall-being,
Which doth extend beyond the Fleishly-seeing;
And, cannot be discerned, till we rise
Immortall-Objects, for Immortall-eyes.

Our Everlasting-Substance lies unseene,
'Behinde the Fouldings, of a Carnall-Screene,
Which is, but, Vapours thickned into Blood,
(By due concoction of our daily food)
And, still supplied, out of other Creatures,
To keepe us living, by their wasted natures;
Renewing, and decaying, ev'ry Day,
Vntill that Vaile must be remov'd away.
For, this lov'd Fleish, wherewith, yet cloth'd we go,
Is not the same, wee had sev'n yeares ago;
'But, rather, something which is taken-in,
To serve instead of what hath wasted bin,
In Wounds, in Sicknesse, in Colds, and Heates,
In all Excrelions, and in Fumes, and Sweates.

Nor,

Nor shall, this present Flesh, long stay with us :
And, wee may well be pleas'd, it should be Thus.

For, as I view, those Townes, and Fields, that be
In Landskip drawne ; Even so, methinks, I see
A Glimpes, farre off, (through FAITH's Prospective
Of that, which after Death, will come to passe ; glasse)
And, likewise, gained have such meanes of seeing,
Some things, which were, before my Life had being,
That, in my Soule, I should be discontent,
If, this my Body were, more permanent ;
Since, Wee, and all God's other Creatures, here,
Are but the Pictures, of what shall appeare.

Yet, whilst they are, I thankfully would make
That use of them, for their CREATOR's sake,
To which hee made them ; and, preserve the Table,
Still, Faire and Full, as much as I were able,
By finishing, (in my allotted place)
Those Workes, for which, hee sits me by his Graca.
And, if a Wrenne, a Wrenn's just deight shall soare,
No Ægle, for an Ægle, can doe more.

If therefore, of my Labours, or of MEE,
Ought shall remaine, when I remov'd, must be,
Let it be that, wherein it may be view'd,
My MAKERS Image, was in me renew'd :
And, so declare, a dutifull intent,
To doe the Worke I came for, ere I went ;
That, I to others, may some Patterne be,
Of Doing-well, as other men to mee,
Have beene, whilst I had life : And, let my daies
Be summed up, to my Redeemer's praise.

So this be gaind, I regard it not,
Though, all that I am else, be quite forgot.



ILLVSTRATIO I.

Book. I.

How Fond are they, who spend their pretious Time
In still pursuing their deceiving *Pleasures* ?
And they, that unto ayery *Titles* clime
Or tyre themselves in hoording up of *Treasures* ?
For, these are *Death's*, who, when with wearinesse
They have acquired most, sweepes all away ;
And leaves them, for their Labors, to possesse
Nought but a raw-bon'd *Car casse* lapt in clay.
Of twenty hundred thousands, who, this houre
Vaunt much, of those *Possessions* they have got ;
Of their new purchac'd *Honours*, or, the *Power*,
By which, they seeme to have advanc't their *Lot* :
Of this great *Multitude*, there shall not *Three*
Remaine, for any *Future age* to know ;
But perish quite, and quite forgotten bee,
As *Beasts*, devoured twice ten yeares agoe.

Thou, therefore, who desir'st for aye to live,
And to possesse thy *Labors* maugre *Death*,
To needfull *Arts* and honest *Actions*, give
Thy Spanne of *Time*, and thy short blast of *Breath*.
In holy *Stadies*, exercise thy *Mind* ;
In workes of *Charity*, thy *Hands* employ ;
That *Knowledge*, and that *Treasure*, seeke to find,
Which may enrich thy *Heart* with perfect *joy*.
So, though obscured thou appeare, awhile,
Despised, poore, or borne to *Fortunes* low,
Thy *Virtue* shall acquire a nobler *stile*,
Then greatest *Kings* are able to bestow :

And, gaine thee those *Possessions*, which, nor *Thy*,
Nor *Time*, nor *Death*, have power to take away.



ILLVSTR. II.

Book. I.

S Till fixt, and with triumphant *Laurell* crown'd,
Is truest *Wisdome* ; whom, expressed thus,
Among the old *Impresa's*, we have found ;
And, much, this *Emblem* hath instructed us.
For, hence we learne ; that, *Wisdome* doth not flow
From those unconstant men, whom ev'ry *Blast*,
Or small *Occasion*, turneth to and fro ;
But, from a *Settled-head* that standerh fast.
Who'e'r shoulders, him, he gives no place ;
What *Storme* soe're, his *Times* or *Fortunes*, breath,
He neither hides his *Brow*, nor turnes his *Face* ;
But, keeps his Lookes undaunted, ev'n in *Death*.
The *Laureat head*, upon the *Pillar* set,
Thus signifies ; And that *Bay-wreath* doth show
That constant *Wisdome* will the conquest get,
When giddy *Policie* prevailes not so.

If, therefore, thou desirest to be taught,
Propose good *Ends* with honest *Meanes* thereto,
And therein *Constant* be, till thou hast brought
To perfect end, that *Werke*, thou hast to doe.
Let neither flatt'ring *Pleasures*, nor *Disgrace*,
Nor scoffing *Censures*, nor the cunning *Sleights*
Of glozing *Sycophants*, divert that *Race*
To which, a harmelesse *Prudence*, thee invites.
Though others plot, conspire, and undermine,
Keepe thou a plaine right *Path* ; and let their *Course*,
For no advantage, make thee change from *thine*,
Although it (for the present) seemes the worse.
He, thus that workes, puts *Policie* to Schoole,
And makes the *Machavilian* prove a foole.



ILLVSTR. III.

Book. I.

 Hen God-Almighty first engrav'd in stone
His holy Law ; He did not give the same
As if some common Act had then beene done ;
For, arm'd with *Fires* and *Thunders*, forth it came.
By which, that great *Law-maker*, might inferre
What deadfull *Vengeance* would on those attend,
Who did against those holy *Precepts* erre ;
And, that, his *Power*, well doers could defend.
Thereto, this *Emblem*, also doth agree ;

For, loe, before the *Tables* of the *Lawe*,
An *naked Sword* is borne, whose use may bee
As well to keepe in *Safety*, as in *Awe*.
Whence, *Princes* (if they please) this note may take,
(And it shall make them happily to raigne)
That, many good and wholsome *Lawes* to make
Without an *Executioner*, is vaine.

It likewise intimates, that such as are
In *Soveraigne* place, as well obliged be
Their zeale for true *Religion* to declare,
As, what concerneth *Manners*, to foresee.
It lastly, shoves that *Princes* should aske
Not onely, over others to *Command*,
But *Swords* to weare, their *Subjects* to protect ;
And, for their *Guard*, extend a willing hand.
For, *Lawes*, or *Peace* to bo't of ; and, the whiles,
The *Publique-weale*, to weaken or disarme,
Is nor the way to hinder *Civill Broyles*,
Nor to secure it from a *Forraigne harme*.

For, As by *Lawes* a Land is kept in frame ;
So, *Armes* is that, which must protect the same.



ILLVSTR. IV.

Book. I.

TWise are they that spend their youthfull *Prime*
 In Vanities ; as if they did suppose
 That men, at pleasure, might redeeme the *Time* ;
 For, they a faire advantage fondly lose.
 As ill-advis'd be those, who having lost
 The first *Occasions*, to *Despairing* runne:
 For, *Time* hath *Revolutions* ; and, the most,
 For their *Affaires*, have *Seasons* more, then one.
 Nor is their Folly small, who much depend
 On *Transitorie things*, as if their Powre
 Could bring to passe what should not have an *End* ;
 Or compasse that, which *Time* will not deuoure.

The first *Occasions*, therefore, see thou take
 (Which offred are) to bring thy hopes about ;
 And, minde thou, still, what *Haste* away they make,
 Before thy swift-pac't houres are quite runne out.
 Yet, if an *Opportunity* be past,
 Despaire not thou, as they that hopelesse be ;
 Since, *Time* may so revolve againe, at last,
 That *New-Occasions* may be offred thee.
 And see, thou trust not on those fading things,
 Which by thine owne *Endeavours* thou acquir'st :
 For, *Time* (which her owne *Births* to ruine brings)
 Will spare, nor thee, nor ought which thou desir'st.
 His *Properties*, and *Vses*, what they are,
 In-vaine observ'd will be, when he is fled :
 That, they in season, therefore, may appeare,
 Our *Emblem*, thus, hath him deciphered ;
 Balde save before, and standing on a *Wheele* ;
 A *Razor* in his Hand, a *Winged Heele*.



ILLVSTR. V.

Book. I.

Suppose you *Sirs*, those mimicke *Apes* you meet
In strange fantasticke habits ? or the Rabble,
That in gay clothes embroyder out the street,
Are truly of *Worshipfull* or *Honorable* ?
Or can you thinke, that, To be borne the Sonne
Of some rich *Alderman*, or ancient *Peere*,
Or that the *Fame* our Predecessors wonne
May claime those *Wreathes* which true *Deserving* weare ?
Is *Honour* due to those, who spend their dayes
In courting one another ? or consuming
Their Fortunes and themselves, on Drabbs and Playes ?
In sleeping, drinking, and Tobacco-fuming ?
Not so. For, (though such *Fooles*, like children, place
Gay *Titles* on each other) *Wise-men* know
What slaves they be ; how miserably-basse ;
And, where such *Attributes* would better show.
An idle *Body* clothes a vitious *Minde* ;
And, what (at best) is purchac'd by the same,
Is nothing else, but stinking *Smoke* and *Winde* ;
Of frothie *Bubbles* of an empty *Fame*.
True *Glory*, none did ever purchase, yet,
Till, to be *Virtuous* they could first attaine ;
Nor shall those men faire *Vertues* favour get,
Who labour not, such *Dignities* to gaine.
And, this *Impresa* doth inferre no lesse :
For, by the *Spade*, is *Labour* here implide ;
The *Snake*, a vertuous *Prudence*, doth expresse ;
And, *Glorie*, by the *Wreath* is Typified.
For, where a vertuous *Industry* is found,
She, shall with *Wreaths* of *Glory*, thus be crown'd.

Though



ILLVSTR. VI.

Book. I.

UNhappy men are they, whose Ignorance
So slaves them to the *Fortunes* of the Time,
That they (attending on the Lot of *Change*)
Neglect by *Vertue*, and *Deserts*, to clime.
Poore *Heights* they be which *Fortune* reares unto;
And, fickle is the *Favour* she bestowes:
To-day, she makes; to-morrow, doth undoe;
Builds up, and in an instant overthrowes.
On easie *Wheels*, to Wealth, and Honours high,
She windes men oft, before they be aware;
And, when they dreame of most *Prosperitie*,
Downe, headlong, throwes them lower then they were.

You, then, that seeke a more assur'd estate,
On good, and honest *Objects*, fixe your *Minde*,
And follow *Vertue*, that you may a *Fate*
Exempt from feare of *Change*, or Dangers, finde.
For, he that's *Vertuous*, whether high or low
His *Fortune* seemes (or whether foule or faire
His *Path* he findes) or whether friend, or foe,
The *World* doth prove; regards it not a haire.
His *Losse* is *Gain*; his *Poverty* is *Wealth*;
The *Worlds Contempt*, he makes his *Diadem*;
In *Sicknesse*, he rejoyceth, as in *Health*;
Yea, *Death* it selfe, becommeth *Life*, to him.
He feares no disrespeckt, no bitter scorne,
Nor subtile plottings, nor Oppressions force;
Nay, though the *World* should topsie-turvie turne,
It cannot fright him, nor divert his *Course*.

Above all *Earthly* powres his *Vertue* reares him;
And, up with *Eglets* wings, to Heav'n it beares him.

A fickle



ILLVSTR. VII.

Book. I.

Doole ! Dost thou hope, thine *Honours*, or thy *Gold*,
 Shall gaine thee *Love* ? Or, that thou hast her heart
 Whole hand upon thy tempting *Bait* layes hold ?
 Alas ! fond *Lover*, thou deceived art.

She that with *Wealth*, and *Titles*, can be wonne,
 Or woo'd with *Vanities*, will way ring bee ;
 And, when her *Love*, thou most dependest on,
 A *Fiddle-sticke* shall winne her heart from thee.
 To *Youth* and *Musicke*, *Venus* leaneth most ;
 And (though her hand she on the *Scepter* lay)
 Let *Greatnesse*, of her Favours never boast :
 For, *Heart* and *Eye*, are bent another way.
 And lo, no glorious Purchase that Man gets,
 Who hath with such poore *Trifles*, woo'd, and wonne :
 Her footing, on a *Ball*, his *Mistresse* sets,
 Which in a moment slips, and she is gone.
 A *Woman*, meereely with an *Out side* caught,
 Or tempted with a *Galliard*, or a *Song*,
 Will him forsake (whom she most lovely thought)
 For *Players* and for *Tumblers*, ere't be long.

You, then, that wish your *Love* should ever last,
 (And would enjoy *Affection* without changing)
 Love where your *Loves* may worthily be plac't ;
 And, keepe your owne *Affection*, still from ranging.
 Use noble *Means*, your Longings to attaine ;
 Seeke equall *Mindes*, and well becoming *Teares* :
 They are (at best) vaine *Fooles*, whom *Follie* gaine ;
 But, there is *Blisse*, where, *Vertue* most endeares :
 And, wheresoe're, *Affection* shee procures,
 In spight of all *Temptations*, it endures.

This

*This Ragge of Death, which thou shalt see,
Consider it; And Pious bee.*



ILLVSTR. VIII.

Book. I.

HY, silly Man ! so much admirest thou
Thy present *Fortune* ? overvaluing so
Thy *Person*, or the beauty of thy *Brow* ?
And *Closh'd*, so proudly, wherefore dost thou goe ?
Why dost thou live in riotous *Excesse* ?
And *Boast*, as if thy *Flesh* immortall were ?
Why dost thou gather so ? Why so oppress ?
And, o're thy Fellow-creatures, *Domineere* ?
Behold this *Emblem*, such a thing was hee
Whom this doth represent as now thou art ;
And, such a *Fleshlesse Raw bone* shalt thou bee,
Though, yet, thou seeme to act a comelier part.
Observe it well ; and marke what *Vglineesse*
Stares through the sightlesse *Eye holes*, from within :
Note those leane *Craggs*, and with what *Gastlineesse*,
That horrid *Countenance* doth seeme to grin.
Yea, view it well ; and having seene the same
Plucke downe that *Pride* which puffs thy heart so high ;
Of thy *Proportion* boast not, and (for shame)
Repent thee of thy sinfull *Vanity*.
And, having learn'd, that, all men must become
Such bare *Anatomies* ; and, how this *Fate*
No mortall *Powre*, nor *Wis*, can keepe thee from ;
Live so, that *Death* may better thy estate.
Consider who created thee ; and why :
Renew thy *Spirit*, ere thy *Flesh* decays :
More *Pious* grow ; Affect more *Honestie* ;
And seeke hereafter thy *Creators* praise.
So though of *Breath* and *Beauty* Time deprive thee,
New *Life*, with endlesse *Glorie*, God will give thee.

Before



ILLVSTR. IX.

Book. I.

NOWle (the Hieroglyphicke us'd for Night)
Twixt Mercury and Pallas, here takes place,
Vpon a crown'd Caduceus fixt upright;
And, each a Cornucopia doth imbrace.
Through which darke Emblem, I this Light perceive;
That, such as would the Wit and Wealth acquire,
Which may the Crowne of approbation have,
Must wake by Night, to compassse their desire.
For, this Mercurian-Wand, doth Wit expresse;
The Cornucopia, Wealthshinesse implies;
Both gained by a studious Watchfulnessse;
Which, here, the Bird of Athens signifies.

Nor, by this Emblem, are we taught alone,
That, (when great Undertakings are intended)
We Sloth, and lumpish Drowsinesse must shunne;
But, Rashnesse, also, here is reprehended.
Take Counsell of thy Pillow, (saith our Sawe)
And, ere in waighty Matters thou proceede,
Consider well upon them; lest they draw
Some Afterclaps, which may thy Mischiefe breede.

I, for my seriou'st Muses, chuse the Night;
(More friend to Meditation, then the Day)
That neither Noyse, nor Objects of the Sight,
Nor bus'nesse, withdraw my Thoughts away,
By Night, we best may ruminare upon
Our Purposes; Then, best, we may enquire
What Actions wee amisse, or well, have done;
And, then, may best into our Selues retire:

For, of the World-without, when most we see,
Then, blindest to the World-within, are wee.

*An Innocent no Danger feares,
How great soever it appeares.*



ILLVSTR. X.

Book. I.

When some did seeke *Arion* to have drown'd,
He, with a dreadlesse heart his Temples crown'd;
And, when to drench him in the Seas they meant,
He playd on his melodious *Instrument*;
To shew, that *Innocence* disdain'd Feare,
Though to be swallow'd in the *Deeps* it were.
Nor did it perish: For, upon her Backe
A *Dolphin* tooke him, for his *Musick*'s sake:
To intimate, that *Vertue* shall prevaile
With *Brutish* Creatures, if with *Men* it faile.

Most vaine is then their Hope, who dreame they can
Make wretched, or undoe, an *Honest Man*:
For, he whom Vertuous *Innocence* adorne,
Insults o're *Cruelties*; and, *Perill* scorne.
Yea, that, by which, Men purpose to undoe him,
(In their despight) shall bring great *Honours* to him.

Arion-like, the Malice of the *World*,
Hath into *Seas* of *Troubles* often hurl'd
Deserving Men, although no Cause they had,
But that their *Words* and *Workes* sweet *Musick* made.
Of all their outward Helps it hath bereft them;
Nor meanes, nor hopes of Comfort have beene left them;
But such, as in the House of *Mourning* are,
And, what *Good-Conscience* can afford them there.
Yet, *Dolphin*-like, their *Innocence* hath rear'd
Their Heads above those *Dangers* that appear'd.
God hath vouchsaf'd their harmelesse Cause to heed,
And, ev'n in *Thraldome*, so their Hearts hath freed,
That, whilst they seem'd oppress'd and forlorne;
They *Joyd*, and *Sung*, and *Laugh'd* the *World* to scorne.

When



ILLVSTR. X I.

Book. I.

Massie Mil-stone up a tedious Hill,
With mighty Labour, *Sisyphus* doth roll;
Which being rais'd aloft, downe-tumbleth, still,
To keepe employed his afflicted *Soule*.
On him, this tedious Labour is impos'd;
And (though in vaine) it must be still assayd:
But, some, by no Necessity inclos'd,
Vpon themselves, such needlesse Taskes have layd.
Yea, knowing not (or caring not to know)
That they are worne and weary'd out in vaine,
They madly toyle to plunge themselves in Woe;
And, seeke uncertaine *Ease*, in certaine *Paine*.

Such *Fooles* are they, who dreame they can acquire
A Minde-content, by *Lab'ring still for more*:
For, *Wealth* encreasing, doth encrease *Desire*,
And makes *Contentment* lesser then before.

Such *Fooles* are they, whose *Hopes* doe vainely stretch
To climbe by *Titles*, to a happy Height:
For, having gotten one *Ambitious-Reach*,
Another comes perpetually in sight.
And, their stupidity is nothing lesse,
Who dreame that *Flesh* and *Blood* may rayسد be
Vp to the *Mount of perfect-Holinesse*:
For (at our best) corrupt and vile are we.
Yet, we are bound by *Faith*, with *Love* and *Hope*,
To roll the Stone of *Good-Ende* ar our, still,
As neere as may be, to *Perfections top*,
Though backe againe it tumble downe the *Hill*.

So; What our *Workes* had never power to doe,
God's Grace, at last, shall freely bring us to.



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. I.

NO wonder he a prosp'rous Voyage findes
That hath both *Sailes* and *Oares* to serve his turne,
And, still, through meanes of some propitious *Winds*
Is to his wished *Harbour*, swiftly borne.
Nor is it much admir'd, if they that lacke
Those aydes (on which the *Common faith* depends)
Are from their hoped aymes repelled backe,
Or made to labour for unfruitfull ends.
Yet neither in the *Ship*, *Wind*, *Oares*, or *Sailes*,
Nor in the want of *Outward meanes*, alone,
Consists it, that our *Hope* succedes or failes;
But, most, in that, which Men least thinke upon.
For, *some* endeavour, and their Paines are blest
With *Gales* which are so fortunate, that they
Fly safe, and swiftly on, among the best,
Whil'st others labour, and are cast away.

Some others, on this *Worlds* wide *Ocean* floate,
And neither *Wind*, nor *Tide* assistant have,
Nor *Saile*, nor *Oare*, nor *Anchor*, nor sound *Boate*,
Nor take so much as heede themselves to save;
And yet are safe: A third sort, then, there are
Who neither want fit *Meanes*, nor yet neglect
The painefull *Industrie*, or honest *Care*,
Which *Need* requires; yet find small good effect.
Therefore, let that which you propose, be *Iust*;
Then, use the fairest *Meanes*, to compasse it:
And, though *Meanes* faile, yet foster no mistrust;
But fearelessly, to *God*, your *Course* commit:

For, *Hec*, to *Faithfull-Hearts*, and *Honest-Mindes*
Turnes *Losse* to *Gain*; and *Stormes*, to prosp'rous *Winds*.

Though



ILLVSTR. XVI.

Book. I.

When we observe the Ball, how to and fro
The Gamesters force it; we may ponder thus:
That whilst we live we shall be playd with so,
And that the World will make her Game of us.
Adversities, one while our hearts constrain
To stoope, and knock the Pavements of *Despaire*;
Hope, like a Whirle-wind mounts us up againe,
Till oft it lose us in the empty ayre.
Sometimes, above the Battlements we looke;
Sometimes, we quite below the Line are tost:
Another-while, against the Hazard strooke,
We, but a little want, of being lost.

Detraction, *Envie*, *Mischief*, and *Despight*,
One Partie make, and watchfully attend
To catch us when we rise to any Height;
Lest we above their hatred should ascend.
Good-Fortune, *Praises*, *Hopes*, and *Industries*,
Doe side-together, and make Play to please us;
But, when by them we thinke more high to rise,
More great they make our Fall, and more disease us.
Yea, they that seeke our Losse, advance our Gaine;
And to our *Wishes*, bring us oft the nigher:
For, we that else upon the Ground had laine,
Are, by their striking of us lifed higher.
When Balls against the Stones are hardest throwne,
Then highest up into the Aire they fly;
So, when men hurle us (with most fury) downe,
Wee hopefull are to be advanc'd thereby:
And, when they smite us quite unto the Ground,
Then, up to Heav'n, we trust, we shall rebound.

Till



ILLVSTR. XVII.

Book. I.

Why should the foolish *World* discourage Men,
In just endurances ? or bid them shunne
Good *Actions*, 'cause they suffer now and then,
For *Doing well*, as if some *Ill* were done ?
Ere *Plates* extended are, they must abide
A thousand hamm'rings ; And, then that which fill'd
So little roome, it scarce your Hand could hide,
Will serve a goodly *Monument* to gild.
So, he that hopes to winne an honest *Name*,
Must many blowes of *Fortune* undergoe,
And hazard, oft, the blast of *Evill Fame*,
Before a *Good-Report* her Trumpe will blow.

A thousand *Worthies* had unworthily
Been raked up in *Ashes* and in *Clay*,
Unknowne and bury'd in *Obscurity*,
If *Malice* had not fil'd their *Rust* away.
But, lo ; their lasting prayles now are spread,
And rais'd, by *Adverse Chance*, to such a height,
That they most glorious are, now they are dead ;
And live in *Injuries*, and *Deaths*, despite.
For, by *Afflictions*, man refined growes,
And, (as the *Gold* prepared in the *Fire*)
Receiverh such a *Forme* by wrongs and blowes,
That hee becomes the *Jewell* we desire.

To thee therefore, *Oh God* ! My Prayers are
Not to be freed from *Griefes* and *Troubles* quite :
But, that they may be such as I can beare ;
And, serve to make me precious in thy Sight.

This please me shall, though all my Lite time, I
Betweene thine *Anvill* and the *Hammer*, lie.



ILLVSTR. XVIII.

Book. I.

THe nimble Spider from his Entrailes drawes
A futtle Thread, and curious art doth show
In weaving Nets, not much unlike those Lawes
Which catch *Small-Thieves*, and let the *Great-ones* goe.
For, as the *Cob-web* takes the lesser *Flyes*,
When those of larger size breake through their *Snares*;
So, *Poore-men* smart for little Injuries,
When *Rich men* scape, whose Guilt is more then theirs.

The Spider, also representeth such
Who very curious are in Trifling things,
And neither Cost, nor Time, nor Labour grutch,
In that which neither *Gain*e nor *Pleasure* brings.
But those whom here that Creature doth implye
Are chiefly such, who under cunning shewes
Of simple-Meanings (or of *Curtesie*)
Doe silly Men unwarily abuse.
Or else, it meanes those greedy-*Cormorants*
Who without touch, of Conscience or Compassion,
Seeke how to be enricht by others wants,
And bring the *Poore* to utter Desolation.

Avoid them therefore, though compell'd by need;
Or if a *Storme* inforce, (yee lab'ring *Bees*)
That yee must fall among them; Flie with speed
From their Commerce, when *Calmes* your passage frees.
Much more, let wastfull *Gallants* haste from these;
Else, when those Idling-painted-*Butterflies*,
Have flutter'd-out their *Summer-time*, in ease,
(And spent their Wealth in foolish Vanities)

The Blasts of *Want* may force them to be brought
For shelter thither, where they shall be caught.

When



ILLVSTR. XIX.

Book. I.

Experience proves, that Men who trust upon
Their Nat'rall parts, too much, oft lose the *Day*,
And, faile in that which els they might have done,
By vainely trifling pretious *Time* away.

It also shewes, that many Men have sought
With so much *Rashnesse*, those things they desir'd,
That they have brought most likely *Hopes* to nought;
And, in the middle of their *Courses*, tir'd.
And, not a few, are found who so much wrong
Gods *Gratiouse*ness, as if their thinkings were,
That (seeing he deferres his *Iudgements* long)
His *Vengeance*, he, for ever, would forbear:
But, such as these may see wherein they faile,
And, what would fitter be for them to doe,
If they would contemplate the slow-pac'd *Snail*;
Or, this our *Hieroglyphicke* looke into:

For, thence we learne, that *Perseverance* brings
Large *Workes* to end, though slowly they creepe on;
And, that *Continuance* perfects many things,
Which seeme, at first, unlikely to be done.

It warnes, likewise, that some *Assures* require
More *Heed* then *Haste*: And that the *Course* we rake,
Should suite as well our *Strength*, as our *Desire*;
Else (as our *Proverbe* saith) *Haste*, *Waste* may make.
And, in a *Myssicke-sense*, it seemes to preach
Repentance and *Amendment*, unto those
Who live, as if they liv'd beyond Gods reach;
Because, he long deferres deserved *Blows*:

For, though *Iust-Vengeance* moveth like a *Snail*,
And slowly comes; her coming will not faile.



ILLVSTR. XX.

Book. I.

SOME Men, when for their Actions they procure
A likely colour, (be it nere so vaine)
Proceede as if their *Projects* were as sure,
As when *Sound Reason* did their Course maintayne:
And these not much unlike those *Children* are,
Who through a *Storme* advent'ring desp'rately,
Had rather on their Heads, a *Sive* to beare,
Then *Cov'rings*, that may serve to keepe them drye.
For, at a distance that perchance is thought
A help'full *Shelter*; and, yet, proves to those
Who neede the same, a *Toy*, which profits nought;
Because, each drop of Raine quite through it, goes.
So, they, whose foolish *Projects*, for a while,
Doe promise their *Projectors* hopefull ends,
Shall finde them, in the *Tryall*, to beguile;
And, that both *Shame* and *Want*, on them attends.

Such like is their estate, who, (to appeare
Rich men to others) doe, with Inward-payne,
A gladsome out-ward *Port* desire to beare;
Though they at last nor *Wealth* nor *Credits* gaine.
And, such are all those *Hypocrites*, who strive
False *Hearts* beneath *Faire-spoken Words* to hyde:
For, they o'revaile themselves but with a *Sive*,
Through which, their purposes at length are spyde.
And, then, they either woefully-lament
Their *Brutish-folly*, or so hardned grow
In *Sinning*, that they never can repent,
Nay, jest and scoffe at their owne Overthrow.

But no false *Vaile* can serve (when *God* will smite)
To save a *Scorner*, or an *Hypocrite*.



ILLVSTR. XXI.

Book. I.

Will not blame those grieved Hearts that shed
Becoming-teares, for their departed Friends;
Nor those who sigh out *Passions* for the Dead;
Since, on *Good natures*, this Disease attends.
When *Sorrow* is conceiv'd, it must have Vent
(In Sighes or Moysture) or the Heart will breake;
And, much they aggravate our Discontent,
Who, out of *Season*, *Reason* seeme to speake.
Yet, since our *Fiailty* may require we should
Remembrances admit to keepe us from
Excesse in *Griefe*: this *Emblem* here behold,
And take such *Hope* as may our *Tears* become.

The *Wheat*, although a while it lyes in Earth,
(And seemeth lost) consumes not quite away;
But, from that *Wombe* receives another *Birth*,
And, with *Additions*, riseth from the Clay.
Much more shall *Man* revive, whose worth is more:
For, *Death*, who from our *Drosse* will us refine,
Vn. to that other *Life*, becom's the *Doore*,
Where, we in *Immortalitie* shall shine.
When once our *Glasse* is runne, we presently
Give up our *Soues* to *Death*; So *Death* must give
Our *Bodies* backe againe, that we, thereby,
The *Light* of *Life eternall*, may receive.
The *Venom'd Sting* of *Death* is tooke away;
And, now, the *Grave*, that was a Place of *Fear*,
Is made a *Bed o' Rest*, wherein we may
Lye downe in *Hope*, and bide in safety, there.

When we are *Borne*, to *Death*-ward straight we runne;
And by our *Death*, our *Life* is new begonne.

When

*When Vice and Vertue Youth shall wooe,
Tis hard to say, which way 'twill goe.*



ILLVSTR. XXII.

Book. I.

MY hopefull *Friends* at thrice five yeares and three,
Without a *Guide* (into the World alone)
To seeke my *Fortune*, did adventure mee;
And, many hazards, I alighted on.
First, *Englands* greatest *Rendezvanz* I sought,
Where *VICE* and *VERTVE* at the highest sit;
And, thither, both a *Minde* and *Bodie* brought,
For neither of their *Services* unfit.
Both, woo'd my *Youth*: And, both perswaded so,
That (like the *Young man* in our *Emblem* here)
I stood 'and cry'd, *Ah! which way shall I goe?*
To me so pleasing both their *Offers* were.
VICE, *Pleasures* best *Contentments* promist mee,
And what the wanton *Flesh* desires to have:
Quoth *VERTVE*, *I will Wisdome* give to thee,
And those brave things, which noblest *Mindes* doe crave.
Serve me said *VICE*, and thou shalt soone acquire
All those *Atchievements* which my *Service* brings:
Serve me said *VERTVE*, and Ile raise thee higher,
Then *VICES* can, and teach thee better things.
Whil'st thus they strove to gaine me, I espyde
Grim *Death* attending *VICE*; and, that her *Face*
Was but a painted *Vizard*, which did hide
The foul't *Deformity* that ever was.
LORD, grant me grace for evermore to view
Her *Vglinesse*: And, that I viewing it,
Her *Falscheeds* and allurements may eschew;
And on faire *VERTVE* my *Affection* set;
Her *Beauties* contemplate, her *Love* embrace,
And by her safe *Direction*, runne my *Race*.



ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book. I.

H He lick'rish Beare to rob the *Honey-Bees*
Among their stinging-Swarms thrusts in his paws;
Adventureth to climbe up hollow Trees,
And from their *Cells*, the well-fill'd *Combes* he draws:
Right so, the *Sensuall Man* that he may gaine
His brutish *Lust*, a thousand perills dares;
And, that his *Lawlesse* will he may attaine,
Nor *Conscience*, *Credit*, *Cost*, nor *Labour* spares.

'Twere shamefull baseness, therefore, if that he
Who knoweth *Vertue*, and is thought her *Lover*,
Should so by any Perills frighted bee,
To make him such *Affections* to give-over.
For, why should that *Vaine-Crow* whose Valour springs
From beastly *Fury*, or inflamed-*Passion*,
Enabled be to compasse bolder things,
Then *Sober-Wit*, and *Grave Consideration*?
Or, why should lipping *Wantons*, for their *Lust*
So much adventure as one finger, there,
Where we our Lives in hazard would not thrust
For *Vertues* Glory, if it needfull were?
For, though her *Sweetnesse* fast is closed-in
With many *Thornes*, and such a Prickling-guard,
That we must smart, before that *Prize* we winne,
The *Paine* is follow'd, with a *Rich-Reward*.
By *Suff'ring*, I have more *Contentment* had,
Then ever I acquir'd by *Slothfull Ease*;
And, I by *Griefe*, so joyfull have beene made,
That I will beare my *Crosse*, while *God* shall please.
For, so at last my *Soule* may *loy* procure,
I care not, in my *Flesh* what I endure.



ILLVSTR. XXIIII.

Book. I.

IN vaine faire Cynthia never taketh paines,
Nor faints in foll'wing her desired Game;
And, when at any Marke her Bowe she straines,
The winged Arrow surely hits the same.
Her Picture, therefore, in this place doth shew
The Nature of their Mindes who Cynthia-like,
With Constancie their Purposes pursue,
And faint not till they compasse what they seeke.
For, nought more God-like in this World is found,
Then so Resolv'd a man, that nothing may
His Resolution alter or confound,
When any taske of Worth, he doth assay.
Nor, is there greater Basenesse, then those Mindes
That from an Honest-purpose, can be wrought
By Threatnings, Bribes, Smooth-Gales or Boyst'rous Windes,
What ever colour or excuse be brought.

You then, that would, with Pleasure, Glory gaine,
Diana like, those modest things require,
Which truely may beseme you to attaine;
And stoutly follow that which you desire:
For, changing though the Moone to us appeare,
She holds a firme Dependence on the Sunne;
And, by a Constant-Motion, in her Sphere
With him, doth in Conjunction often runne:
So, Constant-men, still move their hopes to winne;
But, never by a Motion-indirect;
Nor, will they stop the Course that they are in,
Vnrill they bring their purpose to effect.

For, whosoever Honest things requires,
A Promise hath of all that he desires.

*Of Shooting, doth not Archers make ;
But, hitting right the Marke they take.*

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ILLVSTR. XXV.

Book. I.

Hen to the Fields we walke to looke upon
Some skilfull *Mark-man* ; so much heede we not
How many *Arrows* from his *Bowe* are gone,
As we observe how nigh the *Marke* he shot :
And, justly we deride that *Man* who spends
His *Time* and *Shafts*, but never ayme doth take
To hit the *White* ; or foolishly pretends,
The number of the *Shots*, doth *Archers* make.
So, *God*, who marketh our *Endeavours*, here,
Doth not by *tale*, account of them receive ;
But, heederth rather how *well meant* they were,
And, at his *Will* how rightly aym'd we have.

It is not mumbling over thrice a day
A Set of *Ave Maries*, or of *Creeds*,
Or many houres formally to *pray* ;
When from a dull *Devotion* it proceeds :
Nor is it, up and downe the *Land* to seeke
To finde those well-breath'd *Lecturers*, that can
Preach thrice a *Sabbath*, and sixe times a weeke,
Yet be as fresh, as when they first beganne :
Nor, is it, such like things perform'd by *Number*
Which *God* respects : Nor doth his *Wisdom* crave
Those many *Vanities*, wherewith some cumber
Their *Bodies*, as if those their *Soules* could save.
For, not *Much doing*, but *Well doing*, that
Which *God* commands, the *Doer*, justifies.
To pray without *Devotion*, is to *Prate* ;
And, *Hearing* is but halfe our *Exercise*.

We ought not, therefore, to regard, alone,
How often, but how *Well*, the *Worke* be done.



ILLVSTR. XXVI.

Book. I.

THe little *Squirrel*, hath no other Food
Then that which *Natures* thrifty hand provides;
And, in purveying up and downe the Wood,
She many cold wet Stormes, for that, abides.
She lyes not heartlesse in her Mossie Dray,
Nor feareth to adventure through the Raine;
But skippeth out, and beares it as she may,
Vntill the Season waxeth calme againe.

Right thus, have I and others, often far'd;
For, when we first into the World were brought,
We found but little, for our Vse prepar'd,
Save that, which by *Hard-Labour*, must be sought.
In many *Stormes*, unheeded, we are faine
To seeke out needfull things; and, smilingly
To jest, at what some others would complaine:
That, none might laugh at our *Necessity*.
Yea, some have liv'd on *Huskes*, whil'st others fed
On that which was their *Labours* due Reward;
And, were pursu'd (till they almost were dead)
Without the Worlds Compassion or Regard.
Yet, by *Enduring*, they out-liv'd the Blast
Of *Adverse-Fortune*; and, with good successe,
(Expecting calmer Seasons) at the last,
Arrived at the Port of *Happinesse*.

Their *Saffring*. much, hath made their *Suffrings* none;
And brought forth *Hopes*, by which, perceive they may,
That *Nights* have but their Turnes; and (they once gone)
Their *Darkenesse*, makes much welcomer, the Day.

All *Griefe* shall have an ending, I am sure;
And, therefore, I with *Patience*, will *Endure*.

Where



ILLVSTR. XXVII. -9

Book. I.

THeir foolish Guise, I never could affect,
Who dare, for any cause, the *Stewes* frequent:
And, thither, where I justly might suspect
A *Strumpet* liv'd, as yet, I never went.

For, when (as *Fooles* pretend) they goe to seeke
Experience, where more *Ill* then *Good*, they see;
They venture for their *Knowledge*, *Adam*-like;
And, such as his, will their *Atchievements* bee.

Let, therefore, those that would loose *Trulls* detest,
Converse with none, but those that modest are;
For, they that can of *Whoredome* make a Iest,
Will entertaine it, ere they be aware.
Chast-Company, and *Chast-Discourse*, doth make
The Minde more pleased with it, ev'ry day;
And, *Frequent viewes* of *Wantonnesse*, will take
The Sense and Hatred, of the *Vice* away.

Some, I have knowne, by *Harlots* Wiles undone,
Who, but to see their *Fashions*, first pretended;
And, they that went for *Company*, alone,
By suddaine Quarrells, there, their *Dayes* have ended.
For, in the Lodgings of a *Lustfull Woman*,
Immodest Impudence hath still her Being;
There, *Furie*, *Fraud*, and *Cruelties* are common:
And, there, is *Want*, and *Shame*, and *Disagreeing*.
Ev'n *Beauty*, of it selfe, stirs loose *Desires*,
Occasioning both *Jealousies*, and *Fears*;
It kindleth in the Brest, concealed *Fires*,
Which burne the Heart, before the *Flame* appears:
And, ev'ry day, experienced are wee;
That, there, where *Hellen* is, *Troyes Fate* will bee.



ILLVSTR. XXVIII.

Book. I

Some Trees, when Men oppresse their Aged Heads,
(With waighy Stones) they fructifie the more;
And, when upon some Herbs, the Gard'ner treads,
They thrive and prosper, better then before:
So, when the Kings of *Ægypt* did oppresse
The Sonnes of *Jacob*, through their Tyrannies;
Their Numbers, every day, did more encrease,
Till they grew greater then their Enemies.
So, when the *Jewes* and *Gentiles*, joyn'd their Powre
The Lord, and his Annoy'd, to withstand;
(With raging *Furie*, lab'ring to devour
And roote the *Gospel*, out of ev'ry Land)
The more they rag'd, conspired, and envy'd,
The more they slander'd, scorn'd, and murdered;
The more, the Faithfull, still, were multiply'd:
And, still, the further, their Profession spred.
Yea, so it spred, that quite it overthrew
Ev'n Tyranny it selfe; that, at the last,
The *Patience* of the *Saints*, most pow'rfull grew,
And *Persecutions* force, to ground was cast.

The selfe-same Pow'r, true *Patience*, yet retaines,
And (though a thousand *Sufferings* wound the same)
She still hath *Hope* enough to ease her paynes;
That *Hope*, which keepeth off, all *Fear* and *Shame*:
For, 'tis not *Hunger*, *Cold*, nor *Fire*, nor *Steele*,
Nor all the *Scornes* or *Slanders*, we can heare,
Nor any *Torment*, which our *Flesh* can feele,
That conquers us; but, our owne *Trayt'rous Fear*.
Where, *Honest Mindes*, and *Patient Hearts*, are *Mates*;
They grow victorious, in their *Hardest Fates*.



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. I.

DElpaire not *Man*, in what thou oughtst to doe,
Although thou faile when one *Attempt* is made ;
But, adde a *New-Endeavour* thereunto,
And, then another, and another, adde :
Yea, till thy Pow'r and Life shall quite be spent,
Persist in seeking what thou shouldst desire ;
For, he that falleth from a good *Intent*,
Deserves not that, to which he did aspire.
Rich *Treasures*, are by *Nature*, placed deepe ;
And, ere we gaine them, we must pierce the *Rockes* :
Such *Perills*, also, them, as *Guardians* keepe,
That, none can winne them without wounds and knockes.
Moreover, *Glories*, *Thrones* are so sublime,
Thar, whosoever thinks their Top to gaine,
Till many thousand weary steps he clime,
Doth foole himselfe, by *Musings* which are vaine.

And, yet, there is a *Path way*, which doth leade
Above the highest things that *Man* can see ;
And (though it be not knowne to all who tread
The *Common-Track*) it may ascended be.
As, therefore, none should greater things presume
Then well becomes their strength ; So, none should feare
(Through *Folly*, *Sloth*, or *Basenesse*) to assume
Those things upon them, which besecming are.
In *Time*, and by *Degrees* may things be wrought,
Thar seem'd impossible to have beene done,
When they were first conceived in the thought ;
And, such as these, we may adventure on.

Myne *Arme*, I know, in time will sell an *Oke* ;
But, I will nev'r attempt it, at a *Stroke*.



ILLVSTR. XXX.

Book. I.



Hether the *Salamander* be a *Beast*,
Or *Precious-Stone*, which overcomes the *Flame*,
It skills not; Since, by either is exprest
The Meaning which we purpose by the same:
Both brooke the *Fire* unhurt; And (more then so)
The fiercer and the longer *Heats* there are,
The livelier in the same the *Beast* will grow;
And, much the brighter, will the *Stone* appeare.

This *Crowned-Salamander* in the *Fire*,
May, therefore, not unfitly, signifie
Those, who in *Fiery Charriots*, doe aspire
Elijah-like, to *Immortality*:
Or, those *Heroicke-spirits*, who unharm'd
Have through the *Fires of Troubles*, and *Affliction*,
(With *Vertue*, and with *Innocencie* arm'd)
Walkt onward, in the *Path way*, of *Perfection*.

The *Fiery-Tryall*, which like *Wood* and *Hay*,
Consumes the *Workes* of ev'ry *Wicked-one*;
(And maketh all their *Hopes* to fume away)
Doth purifie what *Faithfull-men* have done.
They triumph in the *Flames*, and shall obtaine
The glorious *Crowne* of *Endlesse Happiness*,
When all that shew of *Blisse* appeareth vaine,
Which *Worldly men* have seem'd to possesse.
For, though some *Sinnes* and *Follies*, gilded are,
And shine like purest *Gold*, and *Precious-Stones*;
This *Test*, will finde of what *Allay* they were,
And, make them knowne but *Counierfeited Ones*:
For, in this *Furnace*, all such *Wormes* expire;
And, none but *Vertue* liveth in this *Fire*.

Hee, over all the Starres doth raigne,
That unto Wisdome can attaine.

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ILLVSTR. XXXI.

Book. I.

I Am not of their Minde, who thinke the *Sun*,
The *Moone*, the *Planets*, and those glorious *Lights*
Which trim the *Spheres*, doe in their *Motions* run
To no more purpose, then to please our *Sights*.
Nor for distinguishment of *Nights*, and *Dayes*,
Or of the *Seasons*, and the *Times*, alone,
Can I suppose the Hand of *God* displays
Those many *Starres*, we nightly gaze upon:
For, both by *Reason*, and by *Common-sense*
We know (and often feele) that from above
The *Planets* have, on us, an *Influence*;
And, that our *Bodies* varie, as they move.

Moreover, *Holy Writ* inferres, that these
Have some such pow'r; ev'n in those *Places*, where
It names *Orion*, and the *Pleiades*;
Which, *Starres* of much inferiour Nature are.

Yet, hence conclude not, therefore, that the *Minde*
Is by the *Starres* constrained to obey
Their *Influence*; or, so by them inclin'd,
That, by no meanes resist the same we may.
For, though they forme the *Bodies* temp'rature,
(And though the *Minde* inclineth after that)
By *Grace*, another *Temper* we procure,
Which guides the *Motions* of *Supposed Fate*.
The *Soule* of *Man* is nobler then the *Spheres*;
And, if i gaine the *Place* which may be had,
Not here alone on *Earth*, the *Rule* it beares,
But, is the *Lord*, of all that *God* hath made.

Be wise in him; and, if just cause there bee,
The *Sunne* and *Moone*, shall stand and wayt on thee.

A Princes



ILLVSTR. XXXII.

Book. I.

Right blest are they on whom *God* hath bestowne
A *King*, whose *Vertues* have approved him
To be an Ornament unto his *Throne*,
And as a Lustre to his *Diadem*.
Hee seekes not onely how to keepe in awe
His *People*, by those meanes that rightfull are;
But, doth unto himselfe, become a *Law*,
And, by *Example*, Pious *Wayes* declare.
He, loveth *Peace*, and after it pursues;
Yet, if of *Warre* a just occasion come,
Doth nor *Bellona's* Challenges refuse,
Nor feare, to beat *Defiance* on his *Drum*;
He is as ready, also, to advance
The Lib'rall *Arts*, and from his *Lands* to drive
All false *Religion*, *Schisme*, and *Ignorance*,
As other publike profits to contrive.
And, such a *Prince* is not a *Casual*-thing,
The *Glories* of a *Throne*, by *Chance*, possessing;
Nor meerely from his *Parents*, doth he spring,
But, he is rather *Gods* immediate *Blessing*.

If thou desirest such a *Prince* to be,
Or, to acquire that *Worth* which may allure
Such *Princes* to vouchsafe some *Grace* to thee;
Their *Kingly Vertues*, labour to procure.
In *Military* Practices delight,
Not for a wicked, or vaine-glorious end;
But, to maintaine the *Cause* that is upright,
Or thy distressed *Country* to defend.

And, strive that thou, as excellent mayst bee
In *Knowledge*, as, thou art in thy *Degree*.



ILLVSTR. XXXIII.

Book. I.

Hee that shall say he *Loves*, and was againe
So well-belov'd, that neither *Hee* nor *Shee*
Suspect each other, neither needs to gaine
New proofes, that they in all Desires agree;
And, yet, shall coole againe in their *Affection*,
(And leave to Love) or live till they are *Lovers*
The second-time; It some grosse Imperfection
In *One* (if not in *Both*) of them discovers.

It was not *Love* which did between them grow;
But, rather, somewhat like unto the same;
Which (having made a faire deceiving *Show*)
Obtain'd, a while, that honorable Name.

For, *False-Affections* will together play
So lovingly; and, oft, so act those Parts
Which reall seeme; that, for a time, they may
Appare the *Children* of *Unsign'd Hearts*:
Yea, Many-times, true *Turtles* are decciv'd
By counterfeited *Passions*, till their *Love*
Of her true *Object* finde her selfe bereav'd;
And, after it, is forced to remove:
But, where *True Love* begetteth, and enjoys
The proper *Object*, which shee doth desire,
Nor *Time*, nor *Injury* the same destroyes;
But, it continues a *Perpetuall Fire*.

Like am'rous *Thisbe* to her *Pyramus*,
On all occasions, it continues true:
Nor *Night*, nor *Danger*, makes it timorous;
But, through all Perills, it will him pursue.

Thus, both in *Life*, in *Death*, in all estates,
True-*Lovers* will be true-*Associates*.



ILLVSTR. XXXIV.

Book. I.

THe *Westerne-Indians*, when they want a Fire
To warme their naked limbs, or dresse their Food,
At ev'ry need, accomplish their Desire,
By often rubbing of two *Stickses of Wood*.

From whence, these *Observations* we may take;
First, that in them whose Natures gentlest are,
A long *Contention* such a Change may make,
As did, before, scarce possible appeare.

Next, that when *Two* in *Opposition* bee,
Whose power and strength and Malice is the same,
Their struggling Hearts but seldome doe agree,
Till they beget, a *Selfe-devouring-Flame*.

And, thirdly, it informes, that those chaste *Fires*
Which on *Loves Aliars* keepe a Lasting-Heat;
Are those, which in two Hearts, two *Like-Desires*
Vpon each other, mutually beget.
Hence, therefore, learne thou, first, not to contemne
Their *Mildnesse*, who to anger are not prone;
Left, many wrongs doe stirre up *Fires* in them,
And worke thee *Mischiefe*, when thou look'st for none.

Be wary, next, though thou thy selfe be strong,
How with a pow'rfull Foe thou dost contend;
For, they that wrastle in *Contention*, long,
Will, sure, beshrew their *Madnesse*, in the end.

And, if to warme thee by *Loves Fires* thou seeke,
Thy *Peere* in *Yeares*, and *Manners*, pray to finde;
Let both your *Aymes*, and *Longings*, be alike;
Be one in *Faith*, and *Will*; and, one in *Minde*:
So, you shall reape the fruits of your Desire,
And warme each other with a kindly *Fire*.



ILLVSTR. XXXV.

Book. I.

When I behold the Havocke and the Spoyle,
Which (ev'n within the compasse of my Dayes)
Is made through every quarter of this Ile,
In Woods and Groves (which were this Kingdomes praise)
And, when I minde with how much greedinesse,
We seeke the present Gaine, in every thing;
Not caring (so our Lust we may possesse)
What Dammage to *Posterity* we bring:
They doe, me-thinkes, as if they did foresee,
That, some of those, whom they have cause to hate,
Should come in *Future-times*, their Heires to be:
Or else, why should they such things perpetrate?
For, if they thinke their *Children* shall succeed;
Or, can believe, that they begot their *Heires*;
They could not, surely, doe so foule a Deed,
As to deface the *Land*, that should be theirs.
What our *Forefathers* planted, we destroy:
Nay, all Mens labours, living heretofore,
And all our owne, we lavishly imploy
To serve our present *Lusts*; and, for no more.

But, let these carelesse *Wasters* learne to know,
That, as *Vaine-Spoyle* is open *Injury*;
So, *Planting* is a *Debt*, they truly owe,
And ought to pay to their *Posterity*.
Selfe love, for none, but for it selfe, doth care;
And, onely, for the present, taketh paine:
But, *Charity* for others doth prepare;
And, joyes in that, which *Future-Time* shall gaine.
If, *After-Ages* may my Labours blesse;
I care not, much, how Little I possesse.



ILLVSTR. XXXVI.

Book. I.

THe *Esfridge* (though with many *Feathers* trimm'd,
And deckt with goodly *Plumes* of no meane size)
Is so unwieldy, and so largely limb'd,
That, up into the Aire he cannot rise.
And, though in Wings and Feathers, he appears
A goodly *Fowle*, and beares his Head so high,
As if he could oretop the lower *Spheres*;
And, farre above the towring *Eagles* flie;
So uselesse are those *Feathers*, and those *Wings*,
To gaine him *Name* among their aery Race;
That, he must walke with such *Inferiour* things,
As in this *Common-Region*, have their place.

Such *Fowles* as these, are that *Gay-plumed-Crew*,
Which (to high place and Fortunes being borne)
Are men of goodly worth, in ourward view ;
And, in themselves, deserve nought els but scorne.
For, though their *Trappings*, their *high-lifted Eyes*,
Their *Lofty Words*, and their *Much-feared Powers*,
Doe make them seeme *Heroicke*, *Stout*, and *Wise*,
Their Hearts are oft as *fond*, and *faint* as ours.
Such *Animals* as these, are also those
That *Wise*, and *Grave*, and *Learned Men* doe seeme
In *Title*, *Habit*, and all *Formall shewes* ;
Yet, have nor *Wit*, nor *Knowledge*, worth esteeme.

And, lastly, such are they ; that, having got
Wealth, Knowl^dge, and those other *Gifts*, which may
Advance the *Publike-Good*, yet, use them not ;
Eur Feede, and *Sleepe*, and *laze their time away*.

He, may be but a *Goose*, which weares the *Quill*;
But, him we praise, that useth it with *Skill*.



ILLVSTR. XXXVII.

Book. I.



Ee to the Sea, this World may well compare ;
For, ev'ry Man which liveth in the same,
Is as a Pilot, to some Vessell there,
Of little size, or else of larger frame.

Some, have the Boats of their owne Life to guide,
Some, of whole Families doe row the Barge,
Some, governe petty Towneships too, beside,
(To those compar'd, which of small Barkes have charge)
Some others, rule great Provinces ; and, they
Resemble Captaines of huge Argosies :
But, when of Kingdomes, any gayne the Sway,
To Generalls of Fleets, we liken these.

Each hath his proper Course to him assign'd,
His Card, his Compasse, his due Tacklings, too ;
And, if their Businessse, as they ought, they mind,
They may accomplish all they have to doe.
But, most Men leave the Care of their owne Course,
To judge or follow others, in their wayes ;
And, when their Follies make their Fortunes worse,
They curse the Destiny, which they should prayse.
For, Waves, and Windes, and that oft-changing Weather
Which many blame, as cause of all their Losses,
(Though they observe it not) helps bring together
Those Hopes, which their owne Wisdome, often crosses.
Regard not, therefore much, what those things be,
Which come, without thy fault, to thwart thy Way ;
Nor, how, Rash-Lookers-on will censure thee ;
But, faithfully, to doe thy part, assay :

For, if thou shalt not from this Counsell vary,
Let my Hopes faile me, if thy Hopes miscarry.

A sudden



ILLVSTR. XXXVIII.

Book. I.



Hen th' *Ancients* made a solemne *League* or *Vow*,
Their Custome was to ratifie it, thus ;
Betore their *Idoll God*, they slew a *Sow*,
And sayd aloud ; *So be it unto us*.
Implying, that, if otherwise they did
Then had been vow'd ; or, if within their Brest
A *Fraudulent-Intention* had beene hid,
They merited such *Vsage*, as that *Beast*.
For, by the *Swine* that they had slaughtered so,
(Which, during *Life*, was helpefull unto none)
Of *Life* deprived by a sudden blow,
And, then, cast out, that none might feed thereon ;
They, mystically did inferre : that, he
Who falsify'd that *Oath* which he had sworne,
Deserv'd, by *Sudden-Death*, cut off to be ;
And, as a *Beast* uncleane, to lye torlorne.

That *Heathenish Hieroglyphicke*, dorth impley
This *Christian Doctrine* ; that, we should in *Vowes*,
In *Leagues*, and *Oathes*, assume no *Liberty*,
But, what sincerest *Honesty* allowes.

By *Swine*, the babbling *Sophisters* are meant,
In *Hieroglyphicall* Signification ;
Which wee doe *Sacrifice*, when our intent
Is free from *Falshehood*, and *Equivocation*.
And, this, let ev'ry *Man* endeavour for,
Who loves the *Blessings*, for just men prepar'd ;
Or, if the *Sinne* he doe not much abhorre,
At least, the *Danger* let him well regard :
For, to pursue him, *Vengeance* never leaves,
That falsely *Sweares*, or willingly *Deceives*.

Where



ILLVSTR. XX XIX.

Book. I.

Troubled Minde, ore-charged with *Desires*,
Betweene great *Hopes*, and no lesse *Feares* opprest,
And payned inwardly with secret *Fires*,
Was thus, by some, in former times exprest.
A *Smoking Heart*, they placed just betwixt
A *Fastned Anchor*, and a *Bended Bow*;
To which a *Barbed-Arrow* seemed fixt,
And, ready from the *Strayned-String* to goe.
The *Smoke* doth *Sighes*, the *Anchor* doth declare
That *Hope*. which keeps us from *Despairing* quite;
The *Bowe* and *Arrow*, signifie that *Feare*,
Which doth, perpetually, the Soule affright.

And, by this *Emblem*, it appeares to me
That they which are with strong *Desires* opprest,
(Though good or bad the Object of them be)
In seeking *Pleasures*, finde no small unrest:
For, they are not by *Feares*, alone, disturbed,
But, as the *Wiseman* saith, ev'n *Hope-Delayd*
Torments the Heart; and, when *Desire* is curbed,
The Soule becommeth sad, and ill-apayd.

A *Groundlesse-Hope*, makes entrance for *Despaire*,
And with *Deceiving*. shoves the Heart betrayes:
A *Causelesse-Feare*, doth *Reasons* force impaire,
And, terrifies the Soule, in doubtfull wayes.
Yet, quite neglect them not; For, *Hope* repells
That *Griefe* some times, which would our Hearts oppresse.
And, *Feare* is otherwhile the *Sentinel*
Which rouseth us from dang'rous *Carelesse*.

Thus, *Both* are good: but, *Both* are *Plagues* to such,
Who either *Fondly* feare, or *Hope* too much.

Those



ILLVSTR. XL.

Book. I.

When you doe next behold the wanton *Flies*
 About the shining *Candle*, come to play,
 Vntill the *Light* thereof hath dimm'd their *Eyes*,
 Or, till the *Flame* hath sing'd their *Wings* away :
 Remember, then, this *Emblem* ; and, beware
 You be not playing at such harmefull *Games* :
 Consider, if there sit no *Female*, there,
 That overwarmes you, with her *Beauties Flames*.
 Take heed, you doe not over dally so
 As to inflame the *Tinder of Desire* ;
 But, shun the *Mischiefe*, e're too late it grow,
 Lest you be scorched in that *Foolish-Fire*.

For, as those *Wandering-Fires* which in the *Night*,
 Doe leade unwary *Travellers* astray,
 Alluring them, by their deceiving *Sig't*,
 Till they have altogether lost their way :
 Right so fantasticke *Beauty* doth amaze
 The *Lust full Eye*, allures the *Heart* aside,
 Cap'tives the *Senses* (by a sudden blaze)
 And, leaves the *Iudgement* wholly stupify'd.
 Nay, if Men play too long about those *Torches*,
 Such is the Nature of their wanton *Flame*,
 That, from their *Bodies* (unawares) it scorches
 Those *Wings* and *Feet*, on which they thither came.
 It wasteth (ev'n to nothing) all their *Wealth*,
 Consumes their precious *Time*, destroyes their *Strength*,
 Bespots their *Honest-Fame*, impaires their *Health*,
 And (when their *Fatall Thread* is at the length)
 That thing, on which their *Hope of Life* is plac't,
 Shall bring them to *Destruction*, at the last.

Let him, that at GODS Altar stands,
In Innocencie, wash his Hands.

41



ILLVSTR. XLII.

Book. I.



Hen (*Reader*) thou hast first of all surwayd
That Reverend *Priest*, which here engraven stands,
In all his Holy *Vestiments* array'd,
Endeavouring for *Purified-Hands*;
Collect from hence, that, when thou dost appear
To offer *Sacrifice of Praise or Prayer*,
Thou oughtst the *Robes of Righteousnesse*, to weare,
And, by *Repentance*, thy defects repaire.
For, thou, that, with polluted *Hands* presum'st
Before *Gods Altar* to present thy Face;
Or, in the *Rags* of thine owne *Merits* com'st,
Shalt reape *Displeasure*, where thou look'st for *Grace*.

Then, if thou be of those that would aspire
A *Priest*, or *Prelate*, in *Gods Church* to be;
Besure, thou first those *Ornaments* acquire,
Which, may be fitting to that *High-Degree*.
Intrude not, as perhaps too many doe,
With *Gifts* unfit, or by an *Evill meane*:
Desire it with a right *Intention* too;
And, seeke to keepe thy *Conversation* cleane.
For, they that have assum'd this *Holy-Calling*,
With *Hands* impure, and *Hearts* un sanctify'd,
Defame the *Truth*; give others cause of *Falling*,
And, scandalize their *Brethren*, too, beside:
Yea, to themselves, their very *Sacrifice*
Becomes unhallow'd; and, their *Thankes* and *Prayers*,
The *God of Purity*, doth so despise,
That, all their *Hopes*, he turneth to *Despaires*:
And, all their best *Endeavours*, countermands,
Till they appear with unpolluted *Hands*.



ILLVSTR. XLII.

Book. I.

Ell-worthy of our better Heeding were,
That *Holy Pen-mans* Lesson, who hath sayd,
We should be *slow to Speake, and swift to Heare*;
If, well, the nature of the *Tongue* we waigh'd.
For, if we let it loose, it getteth *Wings*,
And, flies with wanton *Carelesnesse*, about;
It prateth in all places, of *All things*;
Tells *Truth* and *Lyes*, and babbleth *Secrets* out.
To speake, of things unknowne, it taketh leave,
As if it had all Knowledge in Possession;
And, *Mysteries* (which no Man can conceive)
Are thought fit Objects for the *Tongues* Expression.
With *Truth* it mixeth *Errors*; sayes, unsayes;
And, is the *Preacher* of all *Heresies*.
That Heart, which gives it motion, it betrayes;
And, utters Curses, Oathes, and Blasphemies.
It spreads all Slanders, which base *Envie* raiseth;
It moveth Anger, and begetteth Hates:
It blameth *Vertue*; filthy Deeds it praiseth;
And, causeth Vproares, Murthers, and Debates.
Yea, tis the chiefest *Factor* for the Devill;
And, yet, with speeches feignedly-sincere,
It otherwhile reproveth what is Evill,
And, will in Lowly-words, a *Saint* appeare.

Now this is knowne; we, next of all, should learne,
How we may shunne the Mischiefe being knowne;
How, we bad *Tongues*, in *Others*, may discern;
And, how to guide and moderate our *Own*.
And, reason good; for, none can apprehend,
What Mischiefe doth an Evill *Tongue* attend.

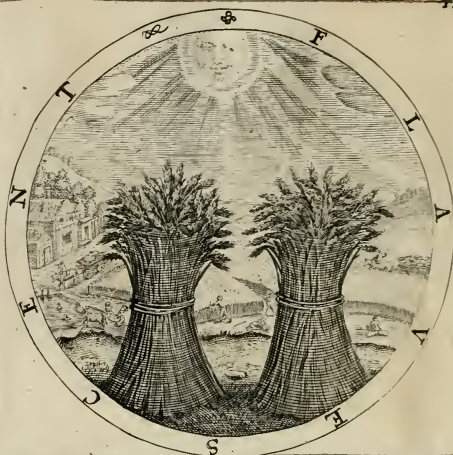


ILLVSTR. XLIII.

Book. I.

A Heart, which bore the figure of an Eye
Wide open to the *Sunne*; by some, was us'd,
When in an *Emblem*, they would signifie
A *Minde*, which on *Celestiall* Matters mus'd:
Implying, by the same, that there is nought
Which in this lower *Orbe*, our Eyes can see,
So fit an Object for a manly thought,
As those things, which in *Heav'n* above us be.

God, gave *Mankind* (above all other *Creatures*)
A lovely *Forme*, and upward-looking *Eye*,
(Among the rest of his peculiar *Features*)
That he might lift his *Countenance* on high:
And (having view'd the *Beauty*, which appears
Within the outward *Sights* circumference)
That he might elevate above the *Sphaeres*,
The piercing *Eye*, of his *Intelligence*.
Then, higher, and still higher strive to raise
His *Contemplations* Eyes, till they ascend
To gaine a glimpse of those eternall *Rayes*,
To which all undepraved *Spirits* tend.
For, 'tis the proper nature of the *Minde*
(Till fleshy *Thoughts* corrupt it) to despise
Those *Lusts* whereto the *Body* stands inclin'd;
And labour alwayes, upward to arise.
Some, therefore, thought those *Goblins* which appear
To haunt old *Graves* and *Tombes*, are *Soules* of such,
Who to these loathsome places doomed were,
Because, they doted on the *Flesh* too much.
But, sure we are, well-minded *Men* shall goe
To live above, when others bide below.



ILLVSTR. XLIV.

Book. I.


 Hen, in the sweet and pleasant Month of *May*,
 We see both *Leaves* and *Blossomes* on the *Tree*,
 And view the *Meadowes* in their best array,
 We hopefull are a *Ioyfull-Spring* to see ;
 Yet, oft, before the following *Night* be past,
 It chanceth, that a *Vapor*, or a *Frost*,
 Doth all those forward bloomings wholly waste ;
 And, then, their *Sweetnesse* and their *Beautie's* lost.

Such, is the state of ev'ry mortall Wight:
 In *Youth*, our *Glories*, and our *Lusts* we shew ;
 We fill our selves with ev'ry vaine Delight,
 And, will most thinke on that which may insue.
 But, let us learne to heed, as well as know,
 That, *Spring* doth passe ; that, *Summer* steales away ;
 And, that the *Flow'r* which makes the fairest show,
 E're many *Weckes*, must wither and decay.

And, from this *Emblem*, let each *Lab'ring-Swaine*
 (In whatsoever course of life it be)

Take heart, and hope, amidst his daily paine,
 That, of his *Travailes*, he good fruits shall see.
 The *Plow'd* and *Harrow'd Field*, which, to thine eye,
 Seemes like to be the *Grave*, in which the *Seeds*
 Shall (without hope of rising) *buried lye*,
 Becomes the fruitfull *Wombe*, where *Plenty* breeds.
 There, will be *Corne*, where nought but *Mire* appears ;
 The *Durty Seed*, will forme a greenish *blade* ;
 The *Blade*, will rise to *Stemmes* with fruitfull *Eares* ;
 Those *Eares*, will ripen, and be *yellow* made :

So, if in honest *Hopes*, thou persevere,
 A *Ioyfull Haruest* will at last appeare.



ILLVSTR. XLV.

Book. I.

 Hen some, in former Ages, had a meaning
An Emblem, of Mortality, to make,
They form'd an Infant, on a Deaths-head leaning,
And, round about, encircled with a Snake.
The Childe so pictur'd, was to signifie,
That, from our very Birth, our Dying Springs:
The Snake, her Taile devouring, doth implie
The Revolution, of all Earthly things.
For, whatsoever hath beginning, here,
Beginnes, immediately, to vary from
The same it was; and, doth at last appeare
What very few did thinke it should become.

The solid Stone, doth molder into Earth,
That Earth, e're long, to Water, rarifies;
That Water, gives an Airy Vapour birth,
And, thence, a Fiery-Comet doth arise:
That, moves, untill it selfe it so impaire,
That from a burning-Meteor, backe againe,
It sinketh downe, and thickens into Aire;
That Aire, becomes a Cloud; then, Drops of Raine:
Those Drops, descending on a Rocky-Ground,
There, settle into Earth, which more and more,
Doth harden, still; so, running out the round,
It growes to be the Stone it was before.

Thus, All things wheele about; and, each Beginning,
Made entrance to it owne Destruction, hath.
The Life of Nature, entreth in with Sinning;
And, is for ever, wayted on by Death:

The Life of Grace, is form'd by Death to Sinne;
And, there, doth Life-etsernall, straight beginne.

Though



ILLVSTR. XLVII.

Book. I.

A Serpent rais'd above the Letter *Tau*,
Aspiring to a *Crowne*, is figur'd here:
From whence, a *Christian-Morall* we may draw,
Which worth our good-regarding will appear.
For, by those *Characters*, in brieve, I see
Which *Way*, we must to *Happinesse* ascend;
Then, by what *Meanes*, that Path must clymed bee;
And, what *Reward*, shall thereupon attend.

The *Crosse*, doth shew, that *Suffring* is the *Way*;
The *Serpent*, seemes to teach me, that, if I
Will overcome, I must not then, assay
To force it; but, my selfe thereto applye.
For, by embracing what we shall not shunne,
We winde about the *Crosse*, till wee arise
Above the same; and, then, what *Prize* is wonne,
The *Crowne*, which overtops it, signifies.

Let me, O *God*, obtaine from thee the *Grace*,
To be partaker of thy *Blessed Passion*;
Let me, with *Willingnesse*, thy *Crosse* imbrace,
And, share the *Comforts* of thy *Exaltation*.
To beare that *Part*, whereto I doomed am,
My Heart, with *Strength*, and *Courage*, *Lord*, inspire:
Then, *Crucifie* my *Flesh* upon the same,
As much as my *Corruption* shall require.
And, when by thy *Assistance*, I am rear'd
Above that *Burthen*, which lyes yet upon me;
And, over all, which (justly may be fear'd)
Shall, during *Life-time*, be inflicted on me;
Among those *Blessed Soules*, let me be found,
Which, with eternall *Glory*, shall be *Crown'd*.



ILLVSTR. XLVIII.

Book. I.

Et no man be so sottish as to dreame,
Though all Men in their *Death* made equall are,
That, therefore, they may gather by this *Traine*,
That, *Parity*, in Life-time, sitting were.
For, as the *Bodies* Members (which in *Death*
Have all the like esteeme) had their Degrees,
And Honours, differing in time of *breath*;
The same (in *States*) Discretion comely sees.

Nor, should we hence inferre, that it were just
To disesteeme the breathlesse *Carcasses*
Of *Kings* and *Princes*, when they sleepe in Dust ;
For, *Civill-Reverence* is due to these.
Nor, ought we, in their Life-time, to apply
The Truth, which by this *Emblem* is declar'd,
The *Dignities* of Men to vilifie ;
Or, bring upon their *Persons* lesse regard.

That, which from hence, I rather wish to preach,
Is this ; that ev'ry Man of each degree,
Would marke it so, that he, himselfe might teach
What thoughts and deeds, to him most proper be.
If he be great ; let him remember, then,
That (since, nor *Wealth*, nor *Title*, can procure him
Exemption from the *Doomes* of other Men)
He ought to seeke, how *Virtue* may secure him.
If he be *Poore* ; let him this *Comfort* take,
That, though, awhile, he be afflicted here,
Yet, *Death* may him as fully happy make,
As he, that doth a *Crowne* *Imperiall* wear.

For, when his *Fatall-blow*, *Death* comes to strike,
He, makes the *Beggar*, and the *King*, alike.

What



ILLVSTR. XLIX.

Book. I.

SOME Foolish Boyes (and such a Boy was I)
When they at Schoole have certain honres to passe,
(To which they are compell'd unwillingly)
Much time they spend in shaking of the Glasse:
Thus, what they practise, to make-short their stay,
Prolongs it more; for while they seeke to force
The Sands, to runne more speedily away,
They interrupt them; and, they passe the worse.

Right so, in other things, with us it fares;
(And, seeming wise, we act a foolish part)
For, otherwhile, what Time alone prepares,
We seeke to make the subject of an Art.
Sometimes, by Rashnesse, we endeavour what
We ought with Leisure, and Advice, to doe:
But, if a good Successe doth follow, that,
Our Wit was nothing helpfull thereunto.
Sometime, againe, we prosecute a thing
By Violence; when our desir'd effect,
No other meanes so well to passe can bring,
As Love and Gentlenesse, which we neglect.

But, let this Emblem teach us to regard
What Way of Working, to each Worke pertaines:
So, though some Portion of our Hopes be barr'd,
We shall not, altogether, lose our paines.
Some things are strong, and, other some are weak;
With Labour, some; and, some with Ease be wrought:
Although the Reed will bend, the Kexse will breake;
And, what mends one thing, makes another naught.
Marke this; And, when much Haste will marre thy Speed,
That, then, thou take good Leisure; take thou Heed.



ILLVSTR. L.

Book, I.

AMong the many Faylings of the *Time*,
This *Emblem* giveth Cause to mention one,
Which, unto me, doth seeme the greater *Crime*,
Because, to many, it appeareth none.

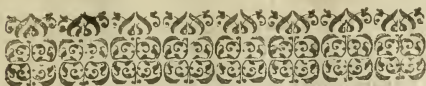
I finde, that petty things are so neglected
(Well nigh of all) in *Lossings* and in *Winnings*,
As if, what ere they thought to have effected,
Subsisted without *Members*, or *Beginnings*.
The Man, that loseth every Month a *Penny*,
May salve-up *Twelve-months* Losses, with a *Shilling*.
But, if of other Losses he hath many,
To save a *Pin*, at length, he shall be willing.
For, he that sees his Wine-fill'd *Vessell* drop,
(Although a *Drop*, in value, be but small)
Should, thence, Occasion take, the *Leake* to stop,
Lest many *Droppings* draine him drye of all.
Moreover, they, that will to *Greatnesse* rise,
A Course, not much unlike to this, must keepe:
They ought not *Small-Beginnings* to despise;
Nor, strive to runne, before they learne to creepe.
By many single *Eares*, together brought,
The *Hand* is fill'd; by *Handfulls*, we may gaine
A *Sheafe*; with many *Sheaves* a Barne is fraught:
Thus, oft, by *Little*, we doe much obtaine.

Consider this; And, though I wish not thee
Totake, of *Trifling-things*, too great a care;
Yet, know thus much (for truth) it best will bee,
If all things may be weighed as they are:

By slender Losses, great-ones are begunne;

By many trifling *Gaines*, much *Wealth* is wonne.

FINIS Libri primi.



THE FIRST LOTTERIE.

I

 Hou, dost overmuch respect
That, which will thy harme effect;
But, some other things there bee,
Which will more advantage thee:
Search thy heart; and, thou shalt, there,
Soone discover, what they are:
Yea, thine *Emblem* shoves thee, too,
What to shunne; and, what to doe.

See, *Emblem I.*

2

It is a little fear'd, that you
Are to your owne *Designes*, untrue;
And, that, if you more constant were,
You would be richer, then you are,
(It may be, also, wiser, too)
Looke, therefore, what you are to doe:
Then, follow it, and, you will say,
That, well advis'd, you were, to day.

See, *Emb. II.*

3

How rich or poore soc're thou be,
Thou, art a *Prince*, in some degree;
And, o're thy selfe, thou shouldst command,
As doth a *Monarch*, in his Land.
Within thy Heart, therefore, ingrave
The Lawes, that *Grace* and *Nature* gave:
For, thus (to counsell thee) inclines
That *Emblem*, which, thy *Lot* assigns.

See, *Emb. III.*

4

Much Liberty, thou hast assum'd;
And, heretofore, so much presum'd
On *Time*, which, alway rideth poast,
That, for awhile, some *Hopes* are crost.
But, loe, to keepe thee from *Despaire*,
And, thy *Misfortune*, to repaire,
Marke, what to thee, by *Lot*, befell,
And, practise, what is counsell'd, well.

See, *Emb. IV.*

5

Thou seekest *Honour*, to obtaine,
 By meanes, which frustrate all thy paine.
 Thy Predecessors rich were made,
 By using of the *Plough* and *Spade* :
 Thou, honourable wouldst be thought,
 By taking *Courses*, that are naught ;
 But, if, right noble, thou wilt be,
 Looke, what thine *Emblem* counsell thee.
 See, *Emb. V.*

M

6

This Man, what ever he may seeme,
 Is worthy of a high esteeme :
 Though *Fortune* may, his person, grinde ;
 She, cannot harme him, in his *Minde*.
 Right blest, this *Company* would be,
 If all of them, were such, as *He*.
 Reade that *Impresa*, which he drew ;
 For, that, in part, the same will shew.
 See, *Emb. VI.*

M

7

If some, now present, this had got,
 They, would have blushed, at their *Lot* ;
 Since, very fit, the same doth prove
 For one, that's either light of *Love*,
 Or, troubled with a fickle *Mate* :
 If you enjoy a better *Fate*,
 Yet, hearken, what your *Lot* doth say ;
 Left, you, hereafter, need it may,
 See, *Emb. VII.*

8

For ought, that, plainly, doth appeare,
 You may out-live the longest, here ;
 Yet, seeing, now, of all this crew,
 The *Lot* of *Death*, you, onely, drew,
 See what, your *Emblem* hath injoynd ;
 And, still, that *Morall*, beare in minde :
 So, *Deaths* deform'd and ghastly *Shade*
 Shall, *Meanes* of *Life*, to thee, be made.
 See, *Emb. VIII.*

9

Though you have *Wit*, and, know it well ;
 That, rash you are, your *Friends* can tell ;
 Yea, *Sleepe*, and *Ease*, possesse you so,
 That, some doe feare, you'l sottish grow :
 But, lo, your hind'rance, to prevent,
 This *Lot*, was, peradventure, sent ;
 For, in the *Moralls*, that, insue,
 Are *Counsell*s, fit, for such as you.
 See, *Emb. IX.*

10

You, have beene wronged, many wayes,
Yet, *patient* are; and, that's your praise:
Your *Actions*, also, seem'd upright;
Yet, some there are, that, beare you spite:
Left, therefore, you discourag'd grow,
An *Emblem*, you have drawne, to show
What other *Innocents* have borne,
And, how, the worlds despites, to scorne.
See, *Emb. X.*

M

11

Doubtlesse, you are either wooing,
Or, some other *Bus'nesse*, doing;
Which, you shall attempt, in vaine,
Or, much hazzard all your paine:
Yet, if good, your *meanings* are,
Doe not honest *meanes* forbear;
For, where things are, well, begunne,
God, oft, workes, when Man hath done.
See, *Emb. XI.*

12

Be not angry, if I tell
That, you love the *World*, too well;
For, this *Lot*, perhaps, you drew,
That, such *Faults*, you might eschew.
Marke, to what their Soules aspire,
Who, true *Blessednesse*, desire:
For, if you can doe, like those,
Heav'n you gaine, when *Earth* you lose.
See, *Emb. XII.*

13

You love the *Rich*; and, honour them;
The needy-person, you contemne:
Yet, *Wealth*, nor want of *Wealth*, is that,
Which, *wretched* makes, or *fortunate*:
From other *Causes*, those things flow;
Which, since, you either doe not know,
Or, heede not much, this *Emblem* came,
That, you might learne to minde the same.
See, *Emb. XIII.*

M

14

Thy *Chance* is doubtfull; and, as yet,
I know not, what to say of it;
But, this I know, a foe thou art
To what thine *Emblem* hath, in part,
Expressed by a *Mimicke Shape*;
Or, thou, thy selfe, art such an *Ape*.
Now, which of these, pertaines to thee,
Let them, that know thee, Iudges bee.
See, *Emb. XIV.*

Thy

15

Thy Vertues he may wrong, that sayes
 Thou spend'st thy selfe, in wanton wayes ;
 But, some have thought, and sayd of late,
 That, those thou lov'st, consume thy state :
 Yet, spare nor *Time*, nor Substance, tho,
 Where, them, thou oughtest to bestow ;
 But, to thine *Emblem* turne, and, see
 When Life, and Wealth, well ventur'd bee.
 See, *Emb. X V.*

16

Though *Troubles*, you may have (or had ;
 Enough, to make some others mad ;
 Yet, be content : for, they, that are
 As weake, have had as much to beare ;
 And, 'har, which *Malice* did contrive,
 To make them poore, hath made them thrive.
 That *Emblem*, which, by *Lot*, you drew,
 Prognosticates, as much, for you.
 See, *Emb. X VI.*

17

Though, you suffer blame and paine,
 You, at last, may Comfort gaine,
 (Sharing *Honours*, truly gotten,
 When, your Foes are dead, and rotten)
 For, of this, you have a pawne,
 In the *Lot*, that you have drawne ;
 And, by that, it may appeare,
 What your paines, and wages, are.
 See, *Emb. X VII.*

18

Take you serious heed, I pray,
 Whither, you doe goe to day ;
 Whom you credite ; and, for whom
 You, ingaged, shall become ;
 And, unlesse you wish for Sorrow,
 Be as provident, to morrow :
 For, there are some traps and Snares,
 Which, may take you unawares.
 See, *Emb. X VIII.*

19

Your *Wit*, so much, you trust upon,
 That, weaker *Meanes*, hath yours out-gone ;
 Sometime, you runne, when there is need
 Of much more *Warinesse*, then *Speed*.
 But, you, to *God* ward, worse have err'd ;
 And, yet, *Amendment* is deferr'd.
 See, therefore, what your *Chance* doth say,
 And, take good *Counsell*, while you may.
 See, *Emb. X IX.*

Take

20

Take heed, you doe not quite forget,
That you are dauncing in a *Net*;
More, then a few, your Course doe see,
Though, you, suppose, unseene to be.
Your Fault, we will no nearer touch;
Me-thinkes your *Emblem* blabs too much:
But, if, you minde, what is amisse,
You, shall be nere the worfe, for this.

See, *Emb. X X.*

21

Let such, as draw this *Lot*, have care,
For *Death*, and *Sorrow*, to prepare
All times, to come, lest one of these,
Their persons, unexpected, seize:
For, them, or some of theirs, to slay,
Pale *Death*, drawes neerer, ev'ry day.
Yer, let them not, disheartned, bee:
For, in their *Emblem*, they shall see,
Death, may (though, in appearance, grim)
Become, a *blesing*, unto them.

See, *Emb. X X I.*

22

With *Mary*, thou art one of those,
By whom, the better part, is chose;
And, though, thou tempted art, astray,
Continu'lt in a lawfull way.
Give *God* the praise, with heart unfaign'd,
That, he, such *Grace* to thee, hath dain'd;
And, view thy *Lot*, where thou shalt see,
What *Hag*, hath layd a *Trap*, for thee.

See, *Emb. X X I I.*

23

Although, that, thou demure appeare,
For *Pleasure*, there is no man here
Will venture more: And, some there are,
Who thinke you venture over farre:
Hercof, consider well, therefore,
E're, so, you venture, any more;
And, in your Lotted *Emblem*, see,
For what, your *Suffrings* ought to bee.

See, *Emb. X X I I I.*

24

If ought, thou purpose, to assay,
Pursue the same, without delay;
And, if thou meane to gather fruit,
Be constant in thy *Hopes* pursuit:
For, by thine *Emblem*, thou mayst finde,
Thy *Starres*, to thee, are well-inclin'd;
Provided, thy *Attempts* be good:
For, that, is ever understood.

See, *Emb. X X I V.*

Take

25

Take heed, thou love not their deceip;
 Who *Number* give, in steed of *Weight*;
 Nor, let their Fancies, thee abuse,
 Who, such-like foolish *Customes*, use.
 Perhaps, it may concerne thee much,
 To know the *Vanities* of such;
 And, who they are: Marke, therefore, what
 Thine *Emblem*, will, to thee relate.

See, *Emb.* XXV.

26

Thou, to *Impatience*, art inclin'd;
 And, hast a discontented Minde;
 That, therefore, thou mayst *Patience* learne,
 And, thine owne *Over-sights* discerne,
 Thy *Lot* (as to a Schoole to day)
 Hath sent thee to the *Squirrells* Dray;
 For, she instructs thee, to indure,
 Till, thou, a better *state*, procure.

See, *Emb.* XXVI.

27

Your *Lot*, is very much to blame,
 Or else, your person, or, your Name
 Hath injur'd beene, or, may have wrong
 By some loose wanton, ere't be long:
 Therefore, ere, hence, you passe away,
 Marke, what your *Emblem*, now, doth say.
 Perhaps, by drawing of this *Lot*,
 Some *Harmes* prevention may be got.

See, *Emb.* XXVII.

28

Vpon your head, those weights were laid,
 Which, your *Endeavours*, downeward waigh'd;
 For, those, who doe your *weale* envie,
 Much feare, your top will spring too high;
 Nay, yet, some *Burthen*, you sustaine:
 But, what their *Malice* will obtaine,
 Your *Emblem* prophesies; if you,
 With *Patience*, *Honest-ways*, pursue.

See, *Emb.* XXVIII.

29

This *Lot*, befell thee, for the nonce;
 For, if things come not, all at once,
 Thou, to despairing, soone, dost runne,
 Or, leav'st the Worke, that's well begun:
 Which, to prevent, regardfull be
 Of what thine *Emblem* counsell's thee.

See, *Emb.* XXIX.

30

Afflictions, are thy chiefest *Lot*;
Yea, great ones, too: yet, murmure not.
For, all, must fiery tryalls bide,
And, from their Drosse be purify'd.
Therefore, though this, in sport, be done,
Thy Morall'd *Emblem*, looke upon;
And, learne, those *Vertues* to acquire,
Which, will not perish in the *Fire*.

See, *Emb.* XXX.

31

You seeke a *Lot*, which, proving bad,
Would, peradventure, make you sad;
But, this may please: for, you are taught
To mend a Fortune, that is naught;
And, armed, with such Counsell, here,
That, you, no *Destiny*, need feare.
Now, if you come to Harme, or Shame,
Vpon the *Starres*, lay not the blame.

See, *Emb.* XXXI.

M

32

In *Court*, thou mayst have hope, to clime,
This present, or some other time;
But, something thou dost want, as yet,
Which, for that place, must make thee fit.
Presume not, therefore, on thy *Lot*,
Till, those accomplishments are got,
Which, in thine *Emblem*, are exprest;
And, then, march on, among the best.

See, *Emb.* XXXII.

33

Some thinke, you love; 'tis true, you doe;
And, are as well beloved too:
But, you (if we the truth shall say)
Love not so truly, as you may.
To make a perfect *Love*, there goes
Much more, then ev'ry *Lover* knowes.
Your *Emblem*, therefore heede; and, then,
Beginne, anew, to love agen.

See, *Emb.* XXXIII.

34

Now, some good *Counsell*, thou dost need;
Of what we say, take, therefore, heed.
Beware, lest thou, too much, offend
A mecke, and, gentle-natur'd, *Friend*:
Though pow'r thou hast, be carefull, too,
Thou vexe not, long, thine able *Foe*;
And, e're thou love, be sure to finde
Thy *Match*, in *Manners*, and in *Minde*.
If thou demand a Reason, why,
To thee, thine *Emblem* will replic.

See, *Emb.* XXXIV.

35

Beware, thou share not in their crime,
 Who care, but for the present time:
 For, by thy *Lot*, wee may suspect,
 Or that, or things, to that effect.
 If so it be, or if thy Minde,
 To such an *Errour*, be inclin'd,
 Thy *Chance*. unto an *Emblem*, brings,
 Which, will advise to better things.
 See, *Emb. X X X V.*

36

You, love to *seeme*; this, all Men see:
 But, would you lov'd, as well, to *bee*.
 If, also, better use were made
 Of those good *Blissings*, you have had;
 Your praise were more. Make, therefore, well,
 What *Moralls*, now, your *Emblem*, tell;
 And, gather, from it, what you may,
 To set you in a better way.
 See, *Emb. X X X V I.*

37

To scape a Storme, great thought you take;
 But, little heed, what *meanes* you make.
 You, love your ease, and, Troubles, feare;
 But, carelesse are, what *Course* you steere.
 Which *Indiscretions*, to prevent,
 You, to an *Emblem*, now, are sent:
 Whereof, if you regardfull are,
 You, lesse will feare, and better fare.
 See, *Emb. X X X V I I.*

38

What you have, done, consider, now;
 For, this your *Chance*, doth seeme to show
 That you have sworne, or vow'd, of late,
 Or promised (you best know what)
 Which, you have, since, unwilling bin,
 To keepe; or, else, did faile, therein.
 If it be so; repent, or els,
 What will befall, your *Emblem* tells.
 See, *Emb. X X X V I I I.*

39

Thy *Hopings*, and thy *Feares*, are such,
 That, they afflict, and paine thee, much;
 Because, thou giv'st too great a scope
 Vnto thy *Feare*, or to thy *Hope*:
 For, they will paine, or pleasure thee,
 As they enlarg'd, or cuibed be.
 But, lo; thine *Emblem*, if thou please,
 Instructs thee, how, to mannage these.
 See, *Emb. X X X I X.*

40

Let them, who get this *Chance*, beware,
Lest *Cupid* snarle them in a Snare:
For, by their *Lot*, they should be apt
To be, in such-like *Giennes*, intrapt.
Some helpe, is by their *Emblem*, got,
If they, too late, observe it not;
But, then, no profit will be done them:
For, *Counsell* will be lost upon them.
See, *Emb. XL.*

41

Whether, meerely, *Chance*, or no,
Brought this *Lot*, we doe not know:
But, received, let it be,
As, divinely, sent to thee:
For, that, merits thy regard,
Which, thine *Emblem* hath declar'd;
And, the best, that are, have need,
Such *Advisements*, well to heed.
See, *Emb. XLI.*

42

Thou, hast already, or, e're long,
Shalt have some dammage by the *Tongue*:
But, fully, yet, it is not knowne,
Whether the *Tongue* shall be thine owne,
Or else, anothers *tongue*, from whom
This Mischiefe, unto thee, shall come:
But, much the better, thou shalt speed,
If, now, thine *Emblem*, well thou heed.
See, *Emb. XLII.*

43

Vnworthy things, thou dost affect,
With somewhat overmuch respect;
Vnto the *World*, inclining so,
As if thy Hopes were all below:
But, now, to rowse thee from this crime,
Good *Counsell* comes in happy time.
Make use thereof; and, thinke it not
Meere casual, or a needlesse *Lot*.
See, *Emb. XLIII.*

44

Thou, either, too much love, hast plac't
On things, that will not alway last;
Or else, thou art a little fear'd.
Because thy Hopes are long deferr'd:
Nay, thou art touch'd, in both of these.
Thy Profit, therefore, and thine ease,
It will effect, if well thou minde
What, in thine *Emblem*, thou shalt finde.
See, *Emb. XLV.*

45

When thou hast *Changes*, good, or bad,
 Ore-joy'd, thou art, or over-sad;
 As if it seem'd very strange
 To see the *Winde* or *Weather*, change:
 Lo, therefore, to remember thee,
 How changeable, things Mortall, bee,
 Thou, art assisted by this *Lot*;
 Now, let it be, no more, forgot.

See, *Emb.* XLV.

46

Of thy just *Aymes*, though meanes be slight,
 Thou mayst attaine their wished height;
 Vnlesse, thy Folly shall destroy
 The Weale, thou seekest to enjoy,
 By thy Despaire, or by neglect
 Of that, which, may thy *Hopes* effect:
 For, by thine *Emblem*, thou mayst know,
 Great things, from small *Beginnings*, grow.

See, *Emb.* XLVI.

47

Thou must have *Crosses*; but they, shall,
 To *Blessings*, be converted, all;
 And *Sufferings*, will become, thy Praise,
 If, *Wisedome* order, well, thy wayes:
 Yea, when thy *Crosses* ended are,
 A Crowne of Glory, thou shalt weare.
 Yet, note, how this to passe is brought:
 For, in thine *Emblem*, it is taught.

See, *Emb.* XLVII.

48

If they, who drew this *Lot*, now be
 Of great *Estate*, or high *Degree*,
 They shall ere long, become as poore,
 As those, that beg from doore to doore.
 If poore they be; it plaine appeares,
 They shall become great *Princes* Peeres:
 And, in their *Emblem*, they may know,
 What very day, it will be, so.

See, *Emb.* XLVIII.

49

You, have attempted many a thing,
 Which, you, to passe, could never bring;
 Not, that, your Worke was hard to doe,
 But, 'cause, you us'd wrong *Meanes*, thereto.
 Hereafter, therefore, learne, I pray,
 The *Times* of Working, and, the *Way*;
 And, of thine *Emblem*, take thou heed,
 If, better, thou desire to speed.

See, *Emb.* XLIX.

50

If you, to greater *Wealth*, will rise,
 You must not, slender *Gain*, despise;
 Nay, if, you minde not, to be poore,
 You must regard slight *Losses*, more:
 For, *Wealth*, and *Poverty*, doe come,
 Not all at once, but, some and some.
 If this, concerne you, any wayes,
 See, what your *Emblem*, further, sayes.
 See, *Emb. L.*

51

Your *Fortune*, hath deserved thank,
 That she, on you, bestowes a *Blank*:
 For, as you, nothing good, have had;
 So, you, have nothing, that is bad.
 Yea, she, in this, hath favour showne,
 (If, now, your *Freedom* well be knowne)
 For, you, by *Lot*, these *Emblems*, mist,
 That you, may chuse out, which you list.

52

You, by an *Emblem*, seeke to get
 What Counsel your *Affaires* may fit;
 But, in particular, there's none,
 Which, you, by *Lot*, can light upon:
 And, why? because, no *Morall*, there,
 Doth, worthy of your Heed, appeare?
 No; but because you rather, need,
 Of ev'ry *Emblem*, to take heed.

53

The *Starres*, are, now, no friends of your,
 Or this is not their lucky houre:
 For, at this time, unto your *Lot*,
 They, by an *Emblem*, answer not.
 If, therefore, you desire to know,
 What good advice they will allow,
 Some further *Meanes*, you must assay,
 Or, trye your *Chance*, another day,

54

You, in your secret thoughts, despise
 To thinke an *Emblem* should advise,
 Or give you cause to minde or heed
 Those things, whereof you may have need:
 And, therefore, when, the *Lot*, you try'd,
 An answer, justly, was deny'd.
 Yet (by your leave) there are but few,
 Who, need good *Counsell*, more then you.

55

In some extreame, you often are,
 And, shoot too short, or else too farre;
 Yea, such an errour, you were in,
 When, for a *Lot*, you mov'd the *Pin*:
 For, one touch more, or lesse, had layd
 Our *Index*, where it should have stayd.
 But, if you can be warn'd, by this,
 To keepe the *Meane*, which oft you misse,
 You have obtain'd as good a *Lot*,
 As any one, this day, hath got.

56

Among these *Emblems*, none there be,
 Which, now by *Lot* will fall to thee;
 However, doe not thou repine:
 For, this doth seeme to be a signe,
 That, thou, thy Portion, shalt advance
 By *Virtue*, not by fickle *Chance*.
 Yet, nerethelesse, despise thou not
 What, by good *Fortune*, may be got.

FINIS.

A
COLLECTION
OF
EMBLEMES,
ANCIENT AND
MODERNE:

Quickened
VVith METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS; And,
disposed into LOTTERIES, both *Morall*
and *Divine*.

That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered
by an *Honest* and *Pleasant Recreation*.

By GEORGE WITHER.

The Second Booke.



LONDON,
Printed by AVGVSTINE MATHEVVES.
MDCXXXIV.

A
COLLECTION

OF
FAMOUS
ANCIENT AND
MODERN

Handwritten text, likely a title or description, possibly mentioning "The History of the City of London".



T O
THE HIGH AND MIGHTY
Prince, CHARLES, Prince
of WALES, &c.

FAir'st Blossome of our hopes; and Morning-starre
To all these *Ilands*, which inclosed are
By *Neptunes* armes, within our Northern climes;
And who (wee trust) shall rise, in future times,
To be the brightest *Light*, that, then will shine,
Betwixt the *Artick-Circle*. and the *LINE*.

To YOU (as now you are) that I present
These EMBLEMS, 'tis not so impertinent
As those may thinke it, who have neither seene
What, of your *Cradle-sports*, hath heeded beene;
Nor heard how many serious *Qu'estions*,
Your *Child-hood* frameth, out of trifling things:
And, if mine aime I have not much mistooke,
I come not oversoone with such a Booke.

So long as in this *Infant-Age* you are,
(Wherein, the speechlesse *Portraitures* appeare
A pleasurefull delight) your HIGHNESSE may
Among our EMBLEMS, finde a *Harmelesse-play*:
And, those mute *Objects* will from time to time,
Still *Riper*, seeme, till you to *ripenesse* clime.
When their dumb *Figures*, no more sport can make;
Their *Illustrations*, will begin to speake;
And, ev'ry day, new matter still disclose,
Vntill your *Iudgement* to perfection growes.

They likewise, who their *Services*, to do
Frequent your *Presence*, may have pleasure too,
From this your *Play-game*: yea, and some perchance,
May cure a *Folly*, or an *Ignorance*
By that, which they shall either heare or view
In these our *Emblems*, when they wait on You;
Or, shall be called, by your EXCELIENCE,
To try what *LOT*, they shall obtaine from thence.

It may, moreover, much increase the sport,
Which is allowed in a vertuous COURT;
When they whose faults have long suspected bin,
Shall draw forth private Censures of their Sin,

And, heare their EMBLEMS, openly, display,
What, others dare not, but in private, say :
Nor will, to Yov, the MORALS be in vaine,
Ev'n when to manly Knowledge you attaine ;
For, though to *Teach*, it will not them become
To be Remembrancers, they may presume :
And, that which in their (child-hood, men shall heed,
Will soonest come to minde, in time of need.

Incourag'd by these *Hopes*, I thought it meet
To lay this humble *Present* at your feet.

Accept it, now; and, please to favour *me*,
When I growe old, and, You a Man shall be.

To your Highnesse

most humbly devoted,

GEO: WITHER.

TO
THE MOST HIGH-BORNE
and hopeful Prince *JAMES*,
Duke of YORKE, &c.

Sweet PRINCE;

YOur hand I kisse; and, thus my *Lines* addresse
Vnto your wife, and vertuous * GOVERNESSE.

For, MADAME, (as his PROXY) it is fit,
That, Yov both Read, and answer for him, yet.

To Yov for HIM, I therefore tender, here,
To welcome-in the New-beginning Yeare,
This harmelesse PLAY-GAME; that, it may have place,
When somewhat riper Daies, shall Make his GRACE;
Affect such Objects; which, to looke upon
May pleasure yeeld him, ere this Yeare be gone.

'Tis not the least Discretion, in great COVRTS;
To know what Recreations, and what Sports
Become young PRINCES; or, to find out those,
Which may, with harmelesse pleasantnesse, dispose
Their Mindes to VERTVE: neither in their Cradles,
Should this be heeded lesse, than in their Sadles:
Because, when first to know, we doe begin,
A small Occasion, lets much Evill in.

Among those things, which both Instruct and please;
'But few, (for Children) are surpassing these:
For, they, to looke on Pictures, much desire;
And, not to Looke alone, but, to enquire
What things those are, that represented be,
In ev'ry MAP, or EMBLEM, which they see.

And, that which they shall view, or shall be told,
(By meanes of any Figure they behold)
Experience breedes; assisteth Memory;
Or, helps to forme a Witty Fantasie:
And, if those Formes to good Instruction tend,
Oft steads them, also, till their lives have end.

Then, since ev'n all of us, much Good receive
By Vertuous PRINCES; And should, therefore, strive
To adde some helpes, whereby they might acquire
That Excellence, which wee in them desire.

* The
Countesse of
Dorset.

I (being able, to present his G R A C E,
With nothing but a Rattle, or a Glasse,
Or some such Cradle-play-game) bring, to day,
This B O O K E, to be as usefull as it may:
And, how, and when, it will most usefull grow,
Without my Teaching, YOU can fully shew.

For, what is of your Ableness believ'd,
Through all these famous Ilands, hath receiv'd,
A large applause; in that, from out of those
Which ablest were, both King and State have chose
Your Faith and Wisedome, to be TREASURESSE
Of their chiefe Iewels; and the GOVERNESSE
Of our prime Hopes. And, now I thus have weigh'd,
Me thinks, there needs no more, by me, be said,
But, (having pray'd your HONOUR to receive
This PRESENT for the DUKE) to take my leave;
And Versifie to him, some other day,
When Hee can understand mee, what I say.

Till then, let it please your Honour sometimes to
remember Him, that

I am his Graces

daily and humble

Oratour,

GEO: WITHER.

We best shall quiet clamorous Thronges,
When we our selves, can rule our Tongues.

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ILLVSTR. I.

Book, 2

When I observe the Melanchollie Owles,
Considering with what patience, they sustaine
The many clamours, of the greater Fowles;
And, how the little Chirpers, they disdain:
When I remember, how, their Injuries
They sleight, (who, causeles give them an offence)
Vouchsafing, scarce to cast aside their eyes
To looke upon that foolish Insolence.
Me thinkes, by their Example, I am taught
To sleight the slaunders of Injurious Tongues;
To set the scoffes of Censurers, at naught,
And, with a brave neglect, to beare out Wrongs.
Hee, doubtles, whom the Psalmist, long agoe,
Vnto a lonely Desert-Owle compar'd,
Did practise thus; And, when I can doe so,
I, shall for all affronts, become prepar'd.
And, (though, this Doctrine, Flesh and blood gaine-say)
Yet, sure, to stopp the malice of Despight;
There is no better, (nay, no other) way:
Since, Rage by Opposition gathers Might.
Good God! vouchsafe, sufficient grace and strength,
That (though I have not yet, such Patience gott)
I may attaine this happy gift, at length;
And, finde the cause, that, yet, I have it not.
Though me, my Neighbours, and my Foes revile;
Make me of all their words, a Patient-bearer:
When er'e I suffer, let me be, the while,
As is the silent Lambe before the Shearer.
So; though my speakings, cannot quiet any,
My Patience may restrain the Tongues of many.

L

When

When wee by Hunger, VVisdome gaine,
Our Guts, are wiser then our Braine.



ILLVSTR. II.

Book. 2

THe Crowe, when deepe within a close-mouth'd-Pot.
She water finds, her thirstinesse to slake;
(And, knoweth not where else it might be got)
Her Belly, teacheth her, this course to take:
She flies, and fetcheth many Pibbles thither,
Then, downe into the Vessell, lets them drop;
Vntill, so many stones are brought together,
As may advance the water to the top.

From whence, we might this *observation* heed;
That, *Hunger*, *Thirst*, and those *necessities*,
(Which from the *Bellies* craving, doe proceed)
May make a *Foole*, grow provident and wise.
And, though (in sport) we say, the *braines* of some,
Not in their *Heads*, but in their *Guttes*, doe lye;
Yet, that, by wants, Men wiser should become,
Dissenteth not from true *Philosophy*:
For, no man labours with much *Willingnesse*,
To compasse, what he nought at all desires;
Nor seeketh so, his longing to possesse,
As, when some urgent neede, the same requires.
Nay, though he might, a *willingnesse*, retaine,
Yet, as the *Belly*, which is ever full,
Breeds fumes, that caule a *sottish-witles-braine*;
So, plentious *Fortunes*, make the *Spirits* dull.
All, borne to *Riches*, have not *all-times*, witt
To keepe, (much lesse, to better) their degree:
But, men to nothing borne, oft, passage get,
(Through many wants) renown'd, and rich to bee:
Yea, *Povertie* and *Hunger*, did produce,
The best *Inventions*, and, of chiefeest use.

Though



ILLVSTR. III.

Book. 2

MO Musicke, and the Mules, many beare
Much hatred; and, to whatsoever ends
Their *Soule-delighting-Raptures* tuned are,
Such peevish dispositions, it offends.
Some others, in a *Morall way*, affect
Their pleasing *Straines* (or, for a sensuall use)
But, in *Gods Worship*, they the same suspect;
(Or, taxe it rather) as a great abuse.
The *First* of these, are full of *Melancholy*;
And, Pitty need, or Comfort, more then blame;
And, soone, may fall into some dangerous folly,
Vnlesse they labour, to prevent the same.
The *Last*, are giddie-things, that have befool'd
Their Iudgements, with *beguiling-Fantasies*,
Which (if they be not, by discretion, school'd)
Will plunge them into greater *Vanities*.

For, *Musicke*, is the *Handmaid* of the *L O R D*,
And, for his *Worship*, was at first ordain'd:
Yea, therewithall she fitly doth accord;
And, where *Devotion* thriveth, is reteyn'd.
Shee, by a nat'rall power, doth helpe to raise,
The *mind* to God, when joyfull Notes are sounded:
And, *Passions* fierce Distemperatures, alaises;
When, by grave *Tones*, the *Melody* is bounded.
It, also may in *Mysticke-sense*, imply
What *Musicke*, in *our-selves*, ought still to be;
And, that our *jarring-lives* to certifie,
Wee should in *Voice*, in *Hand*, and *Heart*, agree:
And, sing out, *Faiths* new-songs, with full concent,
Vnto the *Lawes*, ten-stringed *Instrument*.



ILLVSTR. IIII.

Book. 2

A Sword unsheathed, and a strangling-Snare,
Is figur'd here; which, in dumbe-shewes, doe preach,
Of what the Malefactor should beware;
And, they doe threaten too, aswell as Teach.
For, some there are, (would God, that summe were lesse)
Whom, neither good Advise, nor, wholesome Lawe,
Can turne from Pathwaies of Vnrightheousnesse,
If Death, or Tortures, keepe them not in awe.
These, are not they, whose Conscience for the sake
Of Goodnesse onely, Godlinesse, pursues;
But, these are they, who never scruple make
What Guilt, but, what great punishment ensues.

For such as these, this Emblem was prepar'd:
And, for their sakes, in places eminent,
Are all our Gallow-trees, and Gibbets, rear'd;
That, by the sight of them, they might repent.
Let, therefore, those who feeble their hearts inclin'd
To any kind of Death-deserving-Crime,
(When they behold this Emblem) change their mind,
Lest, they (too late) repent, another time.
And, let not those our Counsell, now, contemne,
Who, doome poore Theeves to death; yet, guilty be
Of more, then most of those whom they Condemne:
But, let them Learne their perill to foresee.
For, though a little while, they may have hope
To seeme upright, (when they are nothing lesse)
And, scape the Sword, the Gallowes, and the Rope,
There is a Iudge, who sees their wickednesse;
And, when grim Death, shall summon them, from hence,
They will be fully plagu'd for their offence.

That



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ILLVSTR. V.

Book. 2

A Crowned Scepter, here is fixt upright,
Betwixt foure Fowles, whose postures may declare,
They came from Coasts, or Climats opposite,
And, that, they differing in their natures are.
In which, (as in some others, that we finde
Amongst these Emblems) little care I take
Precisely to unfold our Authors minde;
Or, on his meaning, Comments here to make.
It is the scope of my Intention, rather
From such perplext Inventions (which have nought,
Of Ancient Hieroglyphick) sense, to gather,
Whereby, some usefull Morall may be taught.

And, from these Figures, my Collections be,
That, Kingdoms, and the Royall-dignitie,
Are best upheld, where Subjects doe agree,
To keepe upright the state of Sovereignty.
When, from each Coast and quarrer of the Land,
The Rich, the Poore, the Swaine, the Gentleman,
Lends, in all wants, and at all times, his hand,
To give the best assistance that he can:
Yea, when with Willing-hearts, and Winged-speed,
The men of all Degrees, doe duely carry
Their Aides to publike-works, in time of need,
And, to their Kings, be freely tributary:
Then shall the Kingdome gayne the gloriest height;
Then shall the Kingly-Title be renown'd;
Then shall the Royall-Scepter stand upright,
And, with supremest Honour, then, be Crown'd.
But, where this Duty long neglect, they shall;
The King will suffer, and, the Kingdome fall.



ILLVSTR. V I.

Book. 2

THe little *Sparkes* which rak'd in *Embers* lie,
Are kindly kindled by a gentle *blast* :
And, *brands* in which the fire begins to die
Revive by blowing ; and, flame out at last.
The selfe same *wind*, becomming over strong,
Quite bloweth out againe that very flame ;
Or, else, consumes away (ere it be long)
That wasting substance, which maintain'd the same.

Thus fares it, in a Thousand other things,
As soone as they the *golden Meane* exceed ;
And, that, which keeping *Measure*, profit brings,
May, (by *excesse*) our losse, and ruine, breed.
Preferments (well and moderately sought)
Have helpt those men, new *Virtues* to acquire,
Who, being to superiour places brought,
Left all their *goodnesse*, as they climed higher.
A little *wealth*, may make us better able
To labour in our Callings : Yet, I see
That they, who being poore, were charitable,
Becommung rich, hard-hearted grow to be.
Love, when they entertaine it with discretion,
More worthy, and more happy, maketh men ;
But, when their *Love* is overgrowne with *Pasion*,
It overthrowes their happinesse, agen.
Yea, this our *Flesh*, (in which we doe appeare
To have that *being*, which we now enjoy)
If we should overmuch the same endear,
Would our *Well-being*, totally destroy.

For, that which gives our *Pleasures* nourishment,
Is oft the poysen of our best *Contents*.



ILLVSTR. VII.

Book. 2

The Xions wheele, and he himselfe thereon
Is figur'd, and (by way of *Emblem*) here,
Set forth, for *Guilty men* to looke upon ;
That, they, their wicked Courfes might forbear,
To gaine a lawlesse favour he desired,
And, in his wicked hopes beguiled was :
For, when to claspe with *Iuno*, he aspired,
In stead of her, a *Clowd*, he did embrace.
He, likewise, did incurre a dreadfull *Doo*me,
(Which well befitted his presumptuous Crime)
A terror, and, a warning, to become,
For wicked men, through all succeeding time.
As did his longings, and his after *Paine*,
So, theirs affecteth, nor effecteth ought,
But, that, which proveth either false or vaine ;
And, their false *Pleasures*, are as dearly, bought :
Yea, that, whereon they build their fairest *Hope*,
May, bring them (in conclusion of the Deed)
To clime the *Gallows*, and to stretch a *Rope* ;
Or, send them thither, where farre worse they speed :
Ev'n thither, where, the *never-standing-Wheele*
Of *everlasting-Tortures*, turneth round,
And, racks the *Conscience*, till the soule doth feele
All Paines, that are in *Sense*, and *Reason* found.
For, neither doth black Night, more swiftly follow,
Declining *Day-lights* : Nor, with Nimbler Motion
Can *waves*, each other, downe their Channell follow,
From high-raisd *Mountaines*, to the bigg-womb'd *Ocean*,
Then, *Iustice* will, when she doth once begin,
To prosecute, an *Unrepented-Sin*.

When



ILLVSTR. VIII.

Book. 2

When, all the yeare, our fields are fresh and greene,
And, while sweet *Flowers*, and *Sunshine*, every day,
(As oft, as need requireth) come betweene
The Heav'ns and earth; they heedles passe away.
The fulnes, and continuance, of a blessing,
Doth make us to be senseles of the good:
And, if it sometime flie not our possessing,
The sweetnesse of it, is not understood.

Had wee no *Winter*, *Summer* would be thought
Not halfe so pleasing: And, if *Tempests* were not,
Such Comforts could not by a *Calme*, be brought:
For, things, save by their *Opposites*, appeare not.
Both *healib*, and *wealsh*, is tastles unto some;
And, so is *ease*, and every other *pleasure*,
Till *poore*, or *sicke*, or *grieved*, they become:
And, then, they relish these, in ampler measure.

God, therefore (full as *kinde*, as he is *wise*)
So temp'reth all the *Favours*; he will doe us,
That, wee, his *Bounties*, may the better prize;
And, make his *Chastisements* lesse bitter to us.
One while, a scorching *Indignation* burnes
The *Flowers* and *Blofomes* of our *HOPES*, away;
Which into *Scarfitie*, our *Plentie* turnes,
And, changeth *unmowne-Grasse* to *parched-Hay*;
Anon, his fruitfull *showres*, and pleasing *dewes*,
Commixt with cheerefull *Rayes*, he sendeth downe;
And then the *Barren-earth* her cropp renews,
Which with rich *Harvests*, *Hills*, and *Vallies Crowne*:
For, as to relish *Joyes*, he sorrow sends,
So, Comfort on *Temptation*, still, attends.

To brawle for Gaine, the Cocke doth sleight ;
But, for his Females, he will fight.

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ILLVSTR. IX.

Book. 2

Some, are so quarrellous, that they will draw,
And Brawle, and Fight, for every toy they see;
Grow furious, for the wagging of a straw;
And, (otherwile) for lesse then that may be.
Some, are more staid, a little, and will beare,
Apparent wrongs (which to their face you doe ;)
But, when they *Lye*, they cannot brooke to heare
That any should be bold to tell them so.
Another sort, I know, that *blowes* will take,
Put up the *Lye*, and give men leave to say
What words they please ; till spoile they seeke to make
Of their estates ; And, then, they'le kill and slay.
But, of all *Hacksters*, farre the fiercest are
Our *Cockrills of the game*, (Sir Cupid's knights)
Who, (on their foolish *Coxcombes*) often weare
The Scarres they get in their *Venerian-fights*.

Take heede of these ; for, you may pacifie
The *first*, by time : The *second*, will be pleas'd
If you submit, or else your words denie ;
The *third*, by satisfaction, are appeal'd :
But, he that for his *Female*, takes offence,
Through Icalousy, or madnesse, rageth so ;
That, he accepteth of no recompence,
Till he hath wrought his *Rivals* overthrow.

Such Fury, shun ; and, shunne their Vulgar minde,
Who for base trash despitefully contend ;
But, (when a just occasion, thou shalt finde)
Thy Vertuous *Mistresse*, lawfully defend.

For, he, that in such cases turns his face,
Is held a *Capon*, of a Dunghill Race.

M

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ILLVSTR. X.

Book. 2

OVr Elders, when their meaning was to shew
A native-speedinesse (in Emblem wise)
The picture of a *Dolphin-Fish* they drew;
Which, through the waters, with great swiftnesse, flies.
An *Anchor*, they did figure, to declare
Hope, staydnesse, or a grave-deliberation:
And therefore when those two, united are,
It giveth us a two-fold Intimation.
For, as the *Dolphin* putteth us in minde,
That in the Courses, which we have to make,
Wee should not be, to *slothfulness* enclin'd;
But, swift to follow what we undertake:
So, by an *Anchor* added thereunto,
Inform'd wee are, that, to maintaine our speed,
Hope, must bee joyn'd therewith (in all we doe)
If wee will undiscouraged proceed.
It sheweth (also) that, our speedinesse,
Must have some staydnesse; lest, when wee suppose
To prosecute our aymes with good successe,
Wee may, by *Rashnesse*, good endeavors lose.

They worke, with most securitie, that know
The *Times*, and best *Occasions* of delay;
When, likewise, to be neither *swift*, nor *slow*;
And, when to practise all the *speed*, they may.
For, whether calme, or stormie-passages,
(Through this life's *Ocean*) shall their *Bark* attend;
This double *Vertue*, will procure their ease:
And, them, in all necessities, befriend.

By *Speedinesse*, our works are timely wrought;
By *Staydnesse*, they, to passe are, safely, brought.

They,



ILLVSTR. XI.

Book. 2

IF thou desire to cherish true *Content*,
And in a troublous time that course to take,
Which may be likely milchieves to prevent,
Some use, of this our *Hieroglyphick*, make.
The *Fryers Habit*, seemeth to import,
That, thou (as ancient *Monkes* and *Fryers* did)
Shouldst live remote, from places of resort,
And, in *retirednesse*, lye closely hid.
The *clasped-Booke*, doth warne thee, to retaine
Thy *thoughts* within the compasse of thy breast;
And, in a quiet *silence* to remaine,
Vntill, thy mind may safely be exprest.
That *Anchor*, doth informe thee, that thou must
Walke on in *Hope*; and, in thy *Pilgrimage*,
Beare up (without *despairing* or *distrust*)
Those wrongs, and sufferings, which attend thine *Age*.

For, whensoever *Oppression* groweth rise,
Obscurenesse, is more safe than *Eminence*;
Hee, that then keeps his *Tongue*, may keep his *Life*;
Till Times will better favour *Innocence*.
Truth spoken where *untruth* is more approved,
Will but enrage the malice of thy foes;
And, otherwhile, a wicked man is moved
To cease from wrong, if no man him oppose.

Let this our *Emblem*, therefore, counsell thee,
Thy life in safe *Retirednesse*, to spend:
Let, in thy breast, thy thoughts reserved bee,
Till thou art layd, where none can thee offend.

And, whilst most others, give their *Fancie scope*,
Enjoy thy selfe, in *Silence*, and in *Hope*.



ILLVSTR. XII.

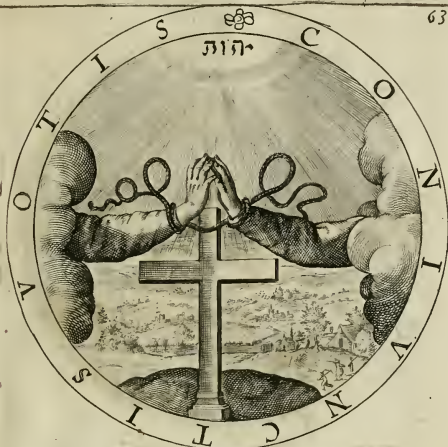
Book.2

BEe merry man, and let no causelesse feare
Of Constellation, fatall Destinie,
Or of those false Decrees, that publish'd are
By foolish braines; thy Conscience terrifie.
To thee, these *Figures* better Doctrines teach,
Than those blind *Stoikes*, who necessitate
Contingent things; and, arrogantly teach
(For doubtlesse truths) their dreames of changelesse Fate.
Though true it bee, that those things which pertaine,
As *Ground-workes*, to Gods glorie, and our blisse,
Are fixt, for aye, unchanged to remaine;
All, is not such, that thereon builded is.
God, gives men power, to build on his *Foundation*;
And, if their *workes* bee thereunto agreeing,
No *Power-created*, brings that Variation,
Which can disturbe, the *Workmans* happy being.
Nor, of those *workings*, which required are,
Is any made impossible, untill
Mans heart begins that *Counsell* to preferre,
Which is derived from a *crooked-will*.

The *Starres*, and many other things, incline
Our nat'rall *Constitutions*, divers wayes;
But, in the Soule, God plac'd a *Power-divine*,
Which, all those *Inclinations*, overwayes.
Yea, God, that *Prudence*, hath infus'd, by *Grace*,
Which, till *Selfe-will*, and *Lust*, betrayes a man,
Will keepe him firmly, in that happy place,
From whence, no *Constellation* move him can.

And, this is that, whereof I notice take,
From this great *Starre*, enclosed by a *Snake*.

Their



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. 2

XHen first I knew the world, (and was untaught
By tryde experience, what true *Friendship* meant)
That I had many *faithfull friends*, I thought;
And, of their Love, was wondrous confident.
For, few so young in yeares, and meane in fortune,
Of their *Familiars*, had such troopes, as I,
Who did their daily fellowship importune;
Or, seeme so pleased in their company.
In all their friendly meetings, I was one;
And, of the *Quorum*, in their honest game:
By day or night, I seldome sate alone;
And, welcome seemed, wherefoere I came.

But, where are now those multitudes of *Friends*?

Alas! they on a sudden flisht away.

Their love begun, but, for some sensuall ends,

Which sayling them, it would no longer stay.

If I to vaine expences, would have mov'd them,

They, nor their *paines*, nor *purses*, would have spared;

But, in a reall need, if I had prov'd them,

Small shoves of kinnesse, had bin then declared.

Of thrice three thousands, two, perhaps, or three,

Are left me now, which (yet) as *Friends* I prize;

But, none of them, of that great number be,

With whom I had my youthfull Iollities.

If, therefore, thou desire a *Friend*, on Earth,

Let one *pure-faith* betwixt you bee begot,

And, seeke him not, in *vanities*, or *mirth*,

But, let *Afflictions* tye your *true-love-knot*:

For, they who to the *Crosse*, are firmly tyde,

Will fast, and everlasting *Friends*, abide.



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. 2

Here be of those in every *Common-weale*,
Whom to this *Emblem* we resemble may;
The *Name* of none I purpose to reveale,
But, their *Condition*, heere, I will display.
Some, both by gifts of *Nature*, and of *Grace*,
Are so prepared, that, they might be fit
To stand as *Lights*, in profitable place;
Yet, loose their *Talent*, by neglecting it.
Some, to the *common Grace*, and *nat'rall parts*,
(By helpe of *Nurture*, and good *Discipline*)
Have added an accomplishment of *Arts*,
By which, their *Light* may much the brighter shine.
Some others, have to this, acquired more:
For, to maintaine their *Lampe*, in giving light,
Of *Waxe*, and *Oyle*, and *Fatnesse*, they have store,
Which over-flowes unto them, day and night.
And, ev'n as *Lampes*, or *Candles*, on a *Table*,
(Or, fixt on golden *Candlesticks*, on high)
To light *Assemblies*, Great and Honourable,
They, oft, have (also) place of *Dignitie*.
By meanes of which, their *Splendor* might become
His praise, who those high favours did bequeath:
They might encrease the *Light* of *Christendome*,
And, make them see, who sit in shades of *Death*.
But, many of them, like those *Candles* bee,
That stand unlighted in a *Branch* of gold:
For, by their helpe wee nothing more can see,
Than wee in grossest darknesse, may behold.
If such there be, (as there bee such, I feare)
The question is, *For what good use they are*.



ILLVSTR. XV.

Book. 2

NO Age, hath had a people, to profess
Religion, with a shew of holiness,
Beyond these times; nor, did men sacrifice,
According to their foolish fantasies,
More oft than at this present. One, bestowes
On pious-works, the hundredth part, of those
Ill-gotten goods, which from the poore he seized,
And, thinks his God, in that, is highly pleased.

Another, of her dues, the Church bereaves:
And, yet, himsef a holy man conceives,
(Yea, and right bountifull) if hee can spare
From those his thefts, the tenth, or twentieth share,
To some new Lecture; or, a Chaplaine keepe,
To please Himsef, or, preach his Wife asleepe.

Some others, thinke they bring sincere Oblations,
When, fir'd with zeale, they roare out Imprecations
Against all those, whom wicked they repute:
And, when to God, they tender any sure,
They dreame to merit what they would obtaine,
By praying-long, with Repetitions vaine.

With many other such like Sacrifices
Men come to God: but, he such gifts despises:
For, neither gifts, nor works, nor any thing
(Which we can either doe, or say, or bring,)
Accepted is of God; untill he finde
A Spirit-humbled, and a troubled-minde.
A contrite Heart, is that, and, that alone,
Which God with love, and pitie, looks upon.

Such he affects; therefore (Oh Lord) to thee;
Such, let my Heart, and, such, my Spirit bee.

A King



ILLVSTR. XVI.

Book. 2

THe Royall-Scepter, Kingly power, implies;
The Crowne-Imperiall, GLORIE, signifies:
And, by these joyn'd in one, we understand,
A King, that is an honour to his Land.

A Kingdome, is not alwaies eminent,
By having Confines of a large extent;
For, *Povertie*, and *Barbarousnesse*, are found
Ev'n in some large *Dominions*, to abound:
Nor, is it *Wealth*, which gets a *glorious-Name*;
For, then, those *Lands* would spread the widest *Farme*,
From whence we fetch the *Gold* and *Silver-ore*;
And, where we gather *Pearles* upon the shore:
Nor, have those *Countries* highest exaltations,
Which breed the strongest, and the Warlikst *Nations*;
For, proud of their owne powre, they sometimes grow,
And quarrell, till *themselves* they overthrow.
Nor, doe the chiefeft *glories*, of a *Land*,
In many *Cities*, or much *People*, stand:
For, then, those *Kingdomes*, most renowned were,
In which *Vnchristian Kings*, and, *Tyrants* are.

It is the King by whom a *Realme's* renowne,
Is either builded up, or overthrowne.
By *Solomon*, more fam'd was *Iudah* made,
Then, by the Multitude of men it had:
Great *Alexander*, glorified *Greece*,
Throughout the World, which, else had bene a piece
Perhaps obscure; And, *Caesar* added more
To *Rome*, then all her greatnesse did before.

Grant, Lord, these *Iles*, for ever may be blessed,
With what, in this our Emblem is expressed.

By



ILLVSTR. XVII.

Book. 2

Thinke you would be wise; for, most men seeme
To make of *Knowledge* very great esteeme.
If such be your desires, this *Emblem* view;
And, marke how well the *Figures*, counsell you.
Wee by the Bird of *Athens*, doe expresse,
That painefull, and that usefull *watchfulnesse*,
Which ought to bee enjoyned, unto them,
Who seeke a place, in *Wisdomes* Academ.
For, as an *Owle* mewes up her selfe by *Day*,
And warcheth in the *Night*, to get her prey;
Ev'n so, good *Students*, neither must be such,
As *daily* gad; or *nightly* sleepe too much.

That *open-booke*, on which the *Owle* is perch'd,
Affords a *Morall*, worthy to be search'd:
For, it informes, and, darkly doth advise,
Your *Watchings* be not after *Vanities*;
(Or, like their *Wakings*, who turne dayes to nights,
In following their unlawfull appetites)
And, that, in keeping *Home*, you doe not spend
Your houres in sloth, or, to some fruitlesse end.
But, rather in good *Studies*; and, in that,
By which, true *Knowledge*, is arrived at.
For, if your *Studies*, and your *Wakings*, bee
To this intent; you shall that *Path-way* see
To *Wisdom*, and to *Honour*, which was found,
Of them, whose *Knowledge* hath been most renown'd.
But, if your *Watchings*, and *Retirednesse*,
Be for your *Lust*, or, out of *Sottishnesse*,
You are not, what th' *Athenian-Owle* implies,
But, what our *English-Owle* signifies.

They, after suffering, shall be crown'd,
In whom, a Constant-faith, is found.

81



ILLVSTR. XIX.

Book. 2

MArke well this *Emblem*; and, observe you thence
The nature of true *Christian-confidence*.
Her *Foot* is fixed on a *squared-Stone*,
Which, whether side soe're you turne it on,
Stands fast; and, is that *Corner-stone*, which props,
And firmly knits the structure of our *Hopes*.

Shee, alwayes, beares a *Crosse*; to signifie,
That, there was never any *Constancie*
Without her *Tryalls*: and, that, her perfection,
Shall never be attain'd, without *Affliction*.

A *Cup* shee hath, moreover, in her hand;
And, by that *Figure*, thou mayst understand,
That, shee hath draughts of *Comfort*, alwayes neere her,
(At ev'ry brunt) to strengthen, and to cheare her.
And, loe, her head is crown'd; that, we may see
How great, her *Glories*, and *Rewards*, will be.

Hereby, this *Virtue's* nature may be knowne:
Now, practise, how to make the same thine owne.
Discourag'd be not, though thou art pursu'd
With many wrongs, which cannot be eschew'd;
Nor yeeld thou to *Despairing*, though thou hast
A *Crosse* (which threatens death) to be embrac't;
Or, though thou be compell'd to swallow up,
The very dregs, of *Sorrows* bitter *Cup*:
For, whensoever griefes, or torments, paine thee,
Thou hast the same *Foundation* to sustaine thee:
The selfe same *Cup* of *Comfort*, is prepared
To give thee strength, when fainting fits are feared:
And, when thy *time* of *tryall*, is expired,
Thou shalt obtaine the *Crowne*, thou hast desired.



ILLVSTR. XXI.

Book. 2



Hat may the reason be, so many wed,
And misse the blessings of a joyfull-Bed,
But those ungodly, and improper ends,
For which, this Age most *Marriages* intends ?
Some, love *plumpe-flesh* ; and, those as kinde will be
To any gamesome *Wanton*, as to thee.
Some, doate on *Honours* ; and, all such will prize
Thy *Person*, meerely, for thy *Dignities*.
Some, fancy *Pleasures* ; and, such *Flirts* as they,
With ev'ry *Hobby-horse*, will runne away.
Some (like this *Couple* in our *Emblem*, here)
Woode hard for *Wealth* ; and, very kind appeare,
Till they have wonne their prize : but, then they show
On what their best *Affections* they bestow.

This *Wealth*, is that sweet *Beautie*, which preferres
So many to their *Executioners*.

This, is that rare *Perfection*, for whose sake,
The *Politian*, doth his *Marriage*, make.
Yea, most of those whom you shall married find,
Were coulned, (or did coulsen) in this kind ;
And, for some *by-respects*, they came together,
Much more, than for the sakes, of one another.
If this concernes thee, now, in any sense ;
For thy instruction, take this warning hence :
If thou hast err'd already, then, lament
Thy passed crime, and, beare thy punishment.
If thou, as yet, but tempted art to erre ;
Then, let this *Emblem* be thy *Counsellor* :

For, I have said my mind, which, if thou slight,
Goe, and repent it, on thy *wedding night*.



ILLVSTR. XXII.

Book. 1

I Rather would (because it seemeth just)
Deceived be, than causelesly distrust:
Yet, *whom* I credited; and, then, how *farre*;
Bee *Cautions*, which I thought worth heeding were;
And, had not this been taught me long agoe,
I had been poorer, if not quite undone.

That, others to such warinesse, may come,
This *Emblem*, here, hath filled up a roome;
And, though a vulgar *Figure*, it may seeme,
The *Morall*, of it, meriteth esteeme.
That *Seeing-Palme*, (endowed with an *Eye*,
And handling of a *Heart*) may signifie
What warie *Watchfulnessse*, observe we must,
Before we venter on a weightie *Trust*:
And, that, to keepe our *kindnesse* from abuse,
There is of *double-diligence*, an use.
Mens hearts, are growne so false, that most are loath
To trust each others *Words*, or *Bands*, or *Oath*:
For, though wee had in every part an *Eye*,
We could not search out all *Hypocrisie*;
Nor, by our utmost providence, perceive
How many wayes, are open to deceive.

Now, then (although perhaps thou art so wise,
To know already, what I would advise)
Yet may this *Emblem*, or this *Motto*, bee
Instead of some *Remembrancer*, to thee.
So, take it therefore; And, be sure, if either
This *Warning*, or thy *Wis*, (or both together)
Can, still, secure thee from *deceitfull-hearts*;
Thy *luck* exceedeth all thy other parts.



ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book. 2

EOrd! what a coyle is here! and what a putter,
To save and get? to scratch and scrape together
The Rubbish of the world? and, to acquire
Those vanities, which *Fancie* doth desire?
What *Violence* is used, and what *Cunning*?
What nightly *Watchings*, and what daily *Running*?
What sorrowes felt? what *difficulties* entred?
What *losses* hazarded? what *perills* ventred?
And, still, how sottishly, doe wee persever
(By all the power, and meanes wee can endeavour)
To wheele our selves, in a perpetuall *Round*,
In quest of that, which never will be found?
In *Objects*, here on *Earth*, we seeke to finde
That perfect sollidnesse, which is confinde,
To things in *Heaven*, though every day we see,
What emptinesse, and faylings, in them be.

To teach us better; this, our *Emblem*, here,
Assayes to make terrestriall things appeare
The same they be, (both to our eares and eyes)
That, wee may rightly their Condition prize.
The best, which of earths *best things*, wee can say,
Is this; that they are *Grasse*, and will be *Hay*.
The rest, may be resembled to the *Smoke*,
(Which doth but either blind the sight, or choke)
Or else, to that uncleanly *Mushrum-ball*,
Which, in some Countries, wee a *Puff-foyst* call;
Whose *ont-side*, is a nastie rotten *skin*,
Containing dirt, or smoking-dust, *within*.

This is my *mind*; it wrong you thinke I've done them,
Be *Fooles*; and, at your perils, dote upon them.



ILLVSTR. XXIIII.

Book. 2

THis Emblem is a *Tortoise*, whose owne shell
Becomes that *house*, where he doth rent-free dwell;
And, in what place soever hee resides,
His *Arched-Lodging*, on his backe abides.
There is, moreover, found a kind of these,
That live both on the shore, and in the Seas;
For which respects, the *Tortoise* represents
That man, who in himselfe, hath full contents;
And (by the *Vertues* lodging in his minde)
Can all things needfull, in all places, finde.

To such a *Man*, what ever doth betide;
From him, his *Treasures*, nothing can divide.
If of his *outward-meanes*, Theeves make a prise;
Hee, more occasion hath to exercise
His *inward-Riches*: and, they prove a *Wealth*,
More usefull, and lesse lyable to stealth.
If, any at his harmelesse person strike;
Himselfe hee streight contracteth, *Tortois-like*,
To make the *Shell* of *Suffrance*, his defence;
And, counts it *Life*, to die with *Innocence*.
If, hee, by hunger, heat, or cold, be payn'd;
If, hee, be flaudred, sleighted, or disdayn'd;
Hee, alwayes keepes and carries, that, within him,
Which may, from those things, *ease* and *comfort*, win him.
When, him unclothed, or unhous'd, you see;
His *Resolutions*, clothes and houses bee,
That keepe him safer; and, farre warmer too,
Than *Palaces*, and princely *Robes*, can doe.

God give mee wealth, that hath so little Cumber;
And, much good doe't the World with all her Lumber.



ILLVSTR. XXV.

Book. 2

Here, we an *Aged-man* described have,
That hath *one foot*, already, in the *Grave* :
And, if you marke it (though the *Sunne* decline,
And morned *Cynthia* doth begin to shine)
With open booke, and, with attentive eyes,
Himselfe, to compasse *Knowledge*, he applies :
And, though that *Evening*, end his last of dayes,
Yet, *I will study, more to learne*, he sayes.

From this, we gather, that, while time doth last,
The time of *learning*, never will be past ;
And, that, each houre, till we our *life* lay downe,
Still, something, touching *life*, is to be knowne.
When he was old, wise *Cato* learned Greeke :
But, we have *aged-folkes*, that are to seeke
Of that, which they have much more cause to learne ;
Yet, no such minde in them, wee shall discern.
For, that, which they should studie in their *prime*,
Is, oft, deferred, till their *latter-time* :
And, then, *old-age*, unfit for *learning*, makes them,
Or, else, that common *dulnesse* overtakes them,
Which makes ashamed, that it should be thought,
They need, like *little-children*, to be taught.
And, so, out of this world, they doe returne
As wise, as in that weeke, when they were borne.

God, grant me grace, to spend my *life-time* so,
That I my *duety* still may seeke to know ;
And, that, I never, may so farre proceed,
To thinke, that I, more *Knowledge*, doe not need :
But, in *Experience*, may continue growing,
Till I am fill'd with fruits of pious knowing.



ILLVSTR. XXVI.

Book. 2

MArke, how the *Cornucopias*, here, apply
Their *Plenties*, to the *Rod of Mercury*;
And (if it seeme not needlesse) learne, to know
This *Hieroglyphick's* meaning, ere you goe.
The *Sages* old, by this *Mercurian-wand*
(*Caduceus* nam'd) were wont to understand
Art, Wisdome, Vertue, and what else we finde,
Reputed for endowments of the *Minde*.
The *Cornucopias*, well-knowne *Emblems*, are,
By which, great *wealth*, and *plenties*, figur'd were;
And (if you joyne together, what they spell)
It will, to ev'ry *Vnderstanding*, tell,
That, where *Internall-Graces* may be found,
Eternall-blessings, ever, will abound.

For, this is *truth*, and (though some thought in you
Suggest, that this is, often times, untrue)
This, ever is the *truth*; and, they have got
Few right-form'd *Vertues*, who believe it not.
I will confesse, true *Vertue* hath not ever
All *Common-plenties*, for which most indeavour;
Nor have the *Perfect'st-Vertues*, those high places,
Which *Knowledge, Arts* (and, such as have the faces
Of outward *beauty*) many times, attaine;
For, these are things, which (often) those men gaine,
That are more *flesh*, then *spirit*; and, have need
Of *carnall-helpers*, till higher they proccede.
But, they, of whom I speake, are flowne so high,
As, not to want those *Toyes*, for which wee cry:
And, I had showne you somewhat of their store,
But, that, this *Page*, had roome to write no more.

The



ILLVSTR. XXVII.

Book. 2

THis moderne Emblem, is a mute expressing
Of Gods grea Mercies, in a Moderne-bleſſing ;
And, gives me, now, juſt cauſe to ſing his praiſe,
For granting me, my being, in theſe dayes.
The much-deſired Meſſages of Heav'n,
For which, our Fathers would their lives have giv'n,
And in Groves, Caves, and Mountaines, once a yeare)
Were glad, with hazard of their goods, to heare ;
Or, in leſſe bloody times, at their owne homes,
To heare, in private, and obſcured roomes.
Lo ; theſe, thoſe Joyfull-tydings, we doe live
Priviledg'd, in every Village, to perceive ;
And, that, the ſounds of Gladneſſe, eccho may,
Thro'gh all our goodly Temples, ev'ry day.

*This man (Oh God) thy doing ; unto thee,
Asper. ſed, for ever, let all Prayſes bee.
Prolong this Mercie, and, vouchſafe the fruit,
May to thy Labour, on this Vine-yard, ſuit :
Leſt, for our fruitleſſe, thy Light of grace,
Thou, from our Golden candleſticke, diſplace.*

*We doe, me thinkes, already, Lord, beginne
To wantonize, and let that loathing in,
Which makes thy Manna taſtleſſe ; And, I feare,
That, of thoſe Chriſtians, who, more often heare,
Then pra'iſe, what they know, we have too many :
And, I ſuſpect my ſelfe, as much as any.
Oh ! mend me ſo, that, by amending mee,
Amends in others, may increaſed be :*

*And, let all Graces, which thou haſt beſtow'd,
Retourne thee honour, from whom, firſt, they flow'd.*

*The Bees, will in an Helmet breed ;
And, Peace, doth after Warre, succeed.*



ILLVSTR. XXVIII.

Book. 2

When you have heeded, by your *Eyes of sense*,
This *Helmet*, hiving of a *Swarme of Bees*,
Consider, what may gather'd be from thence,
And, what your *Eye of Vnderstanding* sees.

That *Helmet*, and, those other *Weapons*, there,
Betoken *Warre*; the *Honey-making*, *Flyes*,
An *Emblem* of a happy *Kingdome*, are,
Injoying *Peace*, by painfull *Industries*:
And, when, all these together are exprest,
As in this *Emblem*, where the *Bees*, doe seeme
To make their dwelling, in a *Plumed-Crest*,
A *Morall* is implied, worth esteeme.

For, these inferre, mysteriously, to me,
That, *Peace*, and *Art*, and *Thrift*, most firme abides,
In those *Re-publiques*, where, *Armes* cherisht bee;
And, where, true *Martiall discipline*, resides.
When, of their *Stings*, the *Bees*, disarm'd, become,
They, who, on others *Labours*, use to prey,
Incourag'd are, with violence, to come,
And, beate their *Honey*, and, their *Waxe*, away.

So when a *People*, meerely, doe affect
To gather *Wealth*; and (foolishly secure)
Defences necessary, quite neglect;
Their *Foes*, to spoyle their *Land*, it will allure.
Long *Peace*, brings *Warre*; and, *Warre*, brings *Peace*, againe:
For, when the smart of *Warfare* seizeth on them,
They crye, *Alarme*; and, then, to fight, are faine,
Vntill, their *Warre*, another *Peace*, hath wonne them;
And, out of their old rusty *Helmes*, then,
New *Bees* doe swarme, and, fall to worke agen.



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. 2

THis Emblem, with some other of the rest,
Are scarce, with seemly Properties, exprest,
Yet, since a vulgar, and a meane Invention
May yield some Fruit, and shew a good Intention ;
Ile, hence, as well informe your Intellects,
As if these Figures had not those defects.

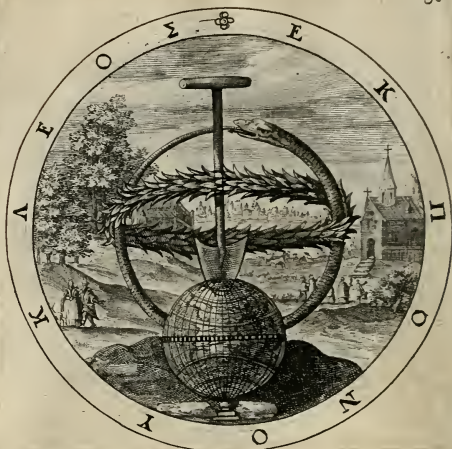
The Booke, here shadow'd, may be said, to show
The Wisdom, and Experience, which we know
By Common meanes, and, by these Creatures, here,
Which to be plac'd below us, may appeare.

The Winged-heart, betokens those Desires,
By which, the Reasonable-soule, aspires
Above the Creature ; and, attempts to clime,
To Myseries, and Knowledge, more sublime :
Ev'n to the Knowledge of the Three-in-one,
Implied by the Tetragrammaton.

The Smokings of this Heart, may well declare
Those Perturbations, which within us are,
Vntill, that Heavenly wisdom, we have gain'd,
Which is not, here, below, to be attain'd ;
And, after which, those Hearts, that are upright,
Enquire with daily studie, and delight.

To me, Oh Lord, vouchsafe thou, to impart
The gift of such a Rectified-heart.
Grant me the Knowledge of Inferiour things,
So farre, alone, as their Experience, brings
The Knowledge, which, I ought to have of thee,
And, of those Duties, thou requir'st of mee :
For, thee, Oh God, to know, and, thee to feare,
Of truest Wisdom, the Perfections are.

Where



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. 2

DOe men suppose, when Gods free-giving Hand,
Doth by their *Friends*, or, by *Inheritance*,
To *Wealth*, or *Titles*, raise them in the Land,
That, those, to *Lasting-glories*, them advance?
Or, can men thinke, such *Goods*, or *Gifts* of Nature,
As *Nimble-apprehensions*, *Memory*,
An *Able-body*, or, a comely *Feature*
(Without improvement) them, shall dignifie?
May Sloth, and Idlenesse, be warrantable,
In us, because our *Fathers* have been rich?
Or, are wee, therefore, truly honourable,
Because our *Predecessours*, have beene such?
When, nor our *Fortunes*, nor our *naturall parts*,
In any measure, are improved by us,
Are others bound (as if we had deserts)
With Attributes of *Honour* to belye us?
No, no; the more our *Predecessours* left,
(Yea, and, the more, by *nature*, we enjoy)
We, of the more esteeme, shall be bereft;
Because, our *Talents*, we doe mis-imploy.
True *Glory*, doth on *Labour*, still attend;
But, without *Labour*, *Glory* we have none.
She, crownes good *Workmen*, when their Works have end;
And, *Shame*, gives payment, where is nothing done.
Laborious, therefore, bee; But, lest the *Spade*
(which, here, doth *Labour* meane) thou use in vaine,
The *Serpent*, thereunto, be sure thou adde;
That is, Let *Prudence* guide thy taking-paine.
For, where, a *wise-endeavour*, shall be found,
A *Wreath* of *Glory*, will inclose it round.

Behold, you may, the Picture, here,
Of what, keepes Man, and Childe, in feare.

23



ILLVSTR. XXXI.

Book. 2

THese, are the great'st Afflictions, mo'st men have,
Ev'n from their Nursing-cradle, to their Grave :
Yet, both so needfull are, I cannot see,
How either of them, may well spared bee.
The Rod is that, which, most our Child-hood feares ;
And, seemes the great'st Affliction that it beares :
That, which to Man-hood, is a plague, as common
(And, more unsufferable) is a Woman.

Yet, blush not Ladies ; neither frowne, I pray,
That, thus of Women, I presume to say ;
Nor, number mee, as yet, among your foes ;
For, I am more your friend, then you suppose :
Nor smile ye Men, as if, from hence, ye had
An Argument, that Woman kinde were bad.
The Birch, is blamelesse (yea, by nature, sweet,
And gentle) till, with stubborne Boyes, it meet :
But, then, it smarts. So, Women, will be kinde,
Vntill, with froward Husbands, they are joyn'd :
And, then indeed (perhaps) like Birchen boughes,
(VVhich, else, had beene a trimming, to their House)
They, sometimes prove, sharpe whips, and Rods, to them,
Thar Wisdome, and, Instruction doe contemne.

A Woman, was not given for Correction ;
But, rather for a furtherance to Perfection :
A precious Balme of love, to cure Mans grieffe ;
And, of his Pleasures, to become the chiefe.
If, therefore, she occasion any smart,
The blame, he merits, wholly, or in part :
For, like sweet Honey, she, good Stomackes, pleases ;
But, paines the Body, subject to Diseases.

Dearh's



ILLVSTR. XXXII.

Book. 2

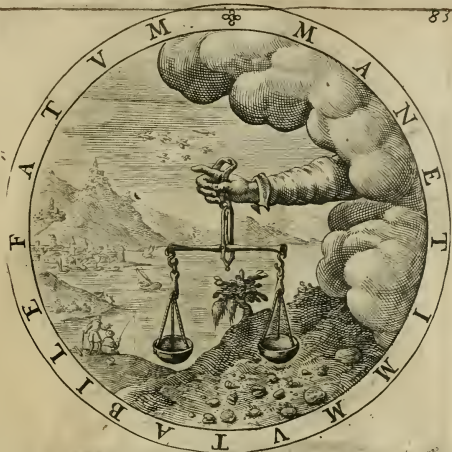


Ten, on this *Child-like figure*, thou shalt looke,
Wh ch, with his *Lights*, his *Houre-glasse*, and his *books*,
sits, in a *watching-posture*, tormented here;
And, when thou hast perus'd that *Motto*, there,
On which he layes his hand; thy selfe apply
To what it counselleth; and, *learne to die*,
While that *Light* burnes, and, that *short-houre* doth last,
Which, for this *Lesson*, thou obtained hast.

And, in this *bus'nesse*, use thou no delays;
For, if the bigger *Motto* truely, sayes,
There is not left unto thee, one whole *Watch*,
Thy necessary labours, to dispatch.
It was no more, when first thy *Life* beganne;
And, in my *Glasses* of that *Watch* be runne:
Which thou observing, shouldst be put in minde,
To husband well, the *space* that is behind.

Endeavour honestly, whilst thou hast *lights*:
Deferre thou nor, thy *Journey*, till the *night*;
Nor, sleepe away, in Vanities, the *prime*,
And *store*, of thy most acceptable *time*.
So watchfull, rather, and, so carefull be,
That, whensoever the *Bridegroom* summons thee;
And, when thy *Lord* returnes, unlookt for, home;
Thou mayst, a *Partner*, in their joyes, become.

And, oh my God! so warie, and so wise,
Let me be mare: that, this, which I advise
To other men (and really have thought)
May still, in practice, by my selfe be brought:
And, helpe, and pardon me, when I transgresse,
Through humane frailtie, or, forgetfulnesse.



ILLVSTR. XXXIII.

Book. 2

ME thinks, that Fate, which God weighs forth to all,
I, by the Figure of this Even-Scale,
May partly show; and, let my Reader, see
The state, of an *Immutable-decree*;
And, how it differs, from those *Destinies*,
Which carnall understandings, doe devise.

For, this implies, that ev'ry thing, *to-come*,
Was, by a steady, and, by equall doome,
Weigh'd out, by *Providence*; and, that, by *Grace*,
Each thing, each person, ev'ry time, and place,
Had thereunto, a powre, and portion given,
So proper to their nature (and, so even
To that ju't measure, which, aright became
The *Workings*, and, the *being*, of the same)
As, best might helpe the furthering of that end,
Which, God's eternall wisdom, doth intend.
And, though, I dare not be so bold, as they,
Who, of God's Closet, seeme to keep the Key;
(And, things, for absolute *Decrees*, declare,
Which, either false, or, but *Contingents* are)
Yet, in his *Will-reveal'd*, my Reason, sees
Thus much, of his *Immutable-decrees*:
That, him, a *Doome-eternall*, reprobateh,
Who scorneth *Mercie*; or, *Instruction* hateh,
Without *Repenting*: And, that, whensoever,
A *Sinner*, true amendment, shall indeavour;
Bewaile his *Wickednesse*, and, call for *grace*;
There shall be, for *Compassion*, time, and place.

And, this, I hold, a branch of that *Decree*,
Which, Men may say, shall never changed be.



ILLVSTR. XXXIV.

Book. 2

MArke well this *Caged-fowle*; and, thereby, see,
What, thy estate, may, peradventure, be.
She, wants her *freedome*; so, perhaps, dost thou,
Some *freedomes* lacke, which, are desired, now;
And, though, thy *Body* be not so confin'd;
Art straitned, from some liberty of *Minde*.

The *Bird in thrall*, the more contented lyes,
Because, the *Hawke*, so neere her, she espyes;
And, though, the *Cage* were open, more would feare,
To venture out, then to continue there:
So, if thou couldst perceive, what *Birds of prey*,
Are hov'ring round about thee, every day,
To seize thy *Soule* (when she abroad shall goe,
To take the *Freedom*, she desireth so)
Thou, farre more fearefull, wouldst of them, become,
Then thou art, now, of what thou flyest from.

Not *Precepts*, but *Experience*, thus hath taught me;
Which, to such resolutions, now have brought me,
That, whatsoever mischiefs others doe me,
I make them yield some true Contentments to me;
And, seldome struggle from them, till I see,
That, *smother-fortunes* will securer be.
What spight soere my Foes, to me, can doe,
I laugh thereat, within an houre or two:
For, though the *World*, and I, at first, believe,
My *Suffrings*, give me cause enough to grieve;
Yet, afterward, I finde (the more to glad me)
That, better *Fortunes*, might farre worse have made me.
By some young *Devills*, though, I scratched am,
Yet, I am hopefull, I shall scape their *Dam*.



ILLVSTR. XXXV.

Book. 2

Observe the nature of that *Fiery-flame*,
Which on the *Mountaines* top so brightly shoves;
The *Windes* from every quarter, blow the same,
Yea, and to blow it out, their *fury* blowes;
But, lo; the more they *storne*, the more it *shineth*;
At every *Blast*, the *Flame* ascendeth higher;
And, till the *Fuels* want, that rage confineth,
It, will be, still, a great, and glorious *Fire*.

Thus fares the man, whom *Vertue*, *Beacon-like*,
Hath fixt upon the *Hills* of *Eminence*,
At him, the *Tempests* of mad *Envie* strike,
And, rage against his *Piles* of *Innocence*;
But, still, the more they wrong him, and the more
They seeke to keepe his worth from being knowne,
They, daily, make it greater, then before;
And, cause his *Fame*, the farther to be blowne.

When, therefore, no selfe-doting *Arrogance*,
But, *Vertues*, cover'd with a modest vail,
Breake through *obscurity*, and, thee advance
To place, where *Envie* shall thy worth assaile;
Discourage not thy selfe: but, stand the shockes
Of wrath, and fury. Let them snarle and bite;
Pursue thee, with *Detraction*, *Slanders*, *Mockes*,
And, all the venom'd Engines of *Despight*,
Thou art above their malice; and, the blaze
Of thy *Celestiall*-fire, shall shine so cleare,
That, their besotted soules, thou shalt amaze;
And, make thy *Splendours*, to their shame, appeare.

If this be all, that *Envies* rage can doe,
Lord, give me *Vertues*, though I suffer too.



ILLVSTR. XXXVI.

Book. 2

Some better *Arguments*, then yet I see,
I must perceive; and, better causes, why,
To those gay things, I should addicted bee,
To which, the *Vulgar* their *Affections* tye.
I have consider'd, *Scepters*, *Miters*, *Crownes*,
With each appurtenance to them belonging;
My heart, hath search'd their *Glories*, and *Renowmes*;
And, all the pleasant things about them thronging:
My *Soule*, hath truly weigh'd, and, tooke the measure,
Of *Riches* (which the most have so desired)
I have distill'd the Quintessence of *Pleasure*,
And, scene those Objects, that are most admired.
I, likewise feele all *Passions*, and *Affections*,
That helpe to cheat the *Reason*, and perswade
That those poore *Vanities*, have some perfections,
Whereby their Owners, happy might be made.

Yet, when that I have rouz'd my *Vnderstanding*,
And cleans'd my Heart from some of that Corruption,
Which hinders in me *Reasons* tree commanding,
And, shewes, things, without vailles, or interruption;
Then, they, me thinks, as fruitlesse doe appeare,
As *Bubbles* (wherewithall young-children play)
Or, as the *Smoke*, which, in our *Emblem*, here,
Now, makes a show, and, straight, consumes away.

Be pleas'd, Oh God, my *value* may be such
Of every Outward-blessing, here below,
That, I may neither love them overmuch,
Nor underprise the Gifts, thou shalt bestow:
But, know the use, of all these fading *Smokes*;
And, be refresh'd, by that, which others chokes.

Death



ILLVSTR. XXXVII.

Book. 2

UPon an Altar, in this Emblem, stands
A Burning-heart; and, therewithall, you see
Beneath Deaths-head, a paire of Loving-hands,
Which, close, and fast-united, seeme to be.
These moderne Hieroglyphickes (vulgarly
Thus bundled up together) may afford
Good-meanings, with as much Propriety,
As best, with common Iudgements, will accord.
It may imply, that, when both Hand and Heart;
By sympathizing dearenesse are invited,
To meet each others nar'rall Counterpart;
And, are by sacred Ordinance united:
They then have entred that strict Obligation,
By which they, firmly, ev'ry way are ty'd;
And, without meanes (or thought of separation)
Should in that Union, till their Deaths, abide;
This, therefore, minde thou, whatsoere thou be
(Whose Marriage-ring, this Covenant, hath sealed)
For, though, thy Faith's infringement, none can see;
Thy secret fault, shall one day, be revealed.
And, thou that art at liberty, take heed,
Lest thou (as over great a number doe)
Of thine owne person, make a Privy-deed,
And, afterwards, deny thy doing so.
For, though there be, nor Church, nor Chappell, nigh thee
(Nor outward witnelles of what is done)
A Power-invisible doth alwayes eye thee;
And, thy pretended Lev.; so lookes upon,
That, if thou be not, till thy dying, true;
Thy Falschood, till thy dying, thou shalt rue.

Falſe



ILLVSTR. XXXVIII.

Book. 2

BOrth of a Cloud (with Scale and Rule) extended
 An *Arme* (for this next *Emblem*) doth appeare;
 Which hath to us in *silent-shownes*, commended,
 A *Virtue*, that is often wanting, here.
 The World, is very studious of *Deceits*;
 And, he is judged wisest, who deceives.
 False-measures, and, *Adulterated-weights*,
 Of many dues, the needy-man bereaves.
 Ev'n *Weights* to sell, and, other *Weights* to buy
 (*Two sorts of weights*) in practice are, with some;
 And, both of these, they often falsifie,
 That, they to great, and *suddaine wealth*, may come.

But, Conscience make of rayning your estates,
 By such a base, and such a wicked way:
 For, this Injustice, *God* expressly hates;
 And, brings, at last, such *thrivvers* to decay.
 By *Weight* and *measure*, *He*, on all-bestowes
 The Portions due; That, *Weight* and *Measure*, then,
 Which Man to *God*, or to his *Neighbour* owes,
 Should, justly, be returned backe agen.
 Give ev'ry one, in ev'ry thing his owne:
 Give *honour*, where an *honour* shall be due;
 Where you are *loved*, let your *love* be showne;
 And, yield them succours, who have succour'd you.
 Give to thy *Children*, breeding and *Corrections*;
 Thy *Charities*, ev'n to thy *Foes* extend:
 Give to thy *wife*, the best of thy *Affections*;
 To *God*, thy *selfe*, and, all thou hast, commend:
 And, lest thou faile, Remember who hath sayd,
 Such measure, as thou giv'st, shall be repay'd.



ILLVSTR. XXXIX.

Book. 2



Hen, in this *Emblem* here, observe you shall
An *Eaglet*, perched, on a *Winged-ball*
Advanced on an *Altar*; and, have ey'd
The *Snakes*, assaying him, on ev'ry side:
Me thinkes, by that, you straight should apprehend
Their state, whom *Wealth*, and *Vertue*, doe besfriend.

My Iudgement, by that *Altar-stone*, conceives
The tollidnesse, which, true *Religion* gives;
And, that fast-grounded goodnesse, which, we see,
In grave, and sound *Morality*, to be.
The *Flying-ball*, doth, very well, expresse
All *Outward-blessings*, and, their *sicklenesse*.
Our *Eaglet*, meaneth such *Contemplatives*,
As, in this world, doe passe away their lives,
By so possessing that which they have got,
As if they car'd not, though, they had it not.
The *Snakes*, may well resemble those, among them,
Who, meerely out of *envie*, seeke to wrong them;
And, all these *Figures* (thus together layd)
Doe speake to me, as if these words, they sayd:

That man, who builds upon the best foundation,
(And spreads the widest wings of *Contemplation*)
Whil'st, in the flesh, he bides, will need some props
Of earthly-fortunes, to support his hopes:
And, other-while, those things, may meanes become,
The stings of *Envie*, to secure him from.

And, hence, I learne; that, such, as will abide,
Against all *Envie*, strongly fortify'd,

Must joyne, great *Vertues*, and great *Wealth*, together.

God helpe us, then, poore-soules, who scarce have either!

Time



ILLVSTR. XL.

Book. 2

Ive *Termes*, there be, which five, I doe apply
To all, that *was*, and *is*, and, *shall be done*.
The *first*, and *last*, is that ETERNITIE,
Which, neither shall have *End*, nor, was *begunne*.
BEGINNING, is the *next*; which, is a space
(Or moment rather) scarce imaginarie,
Made, when the first *Materiall*, formed was;
And, then, forbidden, longer time to tarry.
TIME entred, when, BEGINNING had an *Ending*,
And, is a *Progresse*, all the workes of *Nature*,
Within the circuit of it, comprehending,
Ev'n till the *period*, of the *Outward-creature*.
END, is the *fourth*, of those five *Termes* I meane;
(As *briefe*, as was *Beginning*) and, ordayned,
To set the last of *moments*, to that *Scene*,
Which, on this Worlds wide *Stage*, is entertayned.
The *fifth*, we EVERLASTING, fitly, call;
For, though, it once *begunne*, yet, shall it never
Admit, of any *future-end*, at all;
But, be extended onward, still, for ever.

The knowledge of these *Termes*, and of what *actions*,
To each of them belongs, would set an end,
To many *Controversies*, and *Distractions*,
Which doe so many trouble, and offend.
TIME's nature, by the *Fading-flowre*, appears;
Which, is a *Type*, of *Transitory* things:
The *Circled-snake*, ETERNITIE declares;
Within whose *Round*, each fading *Creature*, springs.
Some *Riddles* more, to utter, I intended,
But, lo; a sudden stop, my words have ended.



ILLVSTR. XLI.

Book. 2

IF (Reader) thou desirous be to know
What by the *Centaure*, seemeth here intended;
What, also, by the *Snake*, and, by the *Bowe*,
Which in his hand, he beareth alway bended:
Learne, that this *halfe-a man*, and *halfe-a horse*,
Is ancient *Hieroglyphicke*, teaching thee,
That, *Wiseaome* should be joyn'd with outward *force*,
If prosperous, we desire our workes to be.
His *Vpper-part*, the shape of *Man*, doth beare,
To teach, that, *Reason* must become our *guide*.
The *hinder-parts*, a *Horses* Members are;
To shew, that we must, also, *strength* provide:
The *Serpent*, and the *Bowe*, doth signifie
The same (or matter to the same effect)
And, by two *Types*, one *Morall* to impleie,
Is doubled a *fore-warning* of neglect.
When *Knowledge* wanteth *Power*, despis'd we grow,
And, know but how to aggravate our paine:
Great *strength*, will worke it owne sad overthrow,
Vnlesse, it guided be, with *Wisedomes* reine.

Therefore, Oh God, vouchsafe thou so to marry
The gifts of Soule and Body, both, in me,
That, I may still have all things necessary,
To worke, as I commanded am, by thee.
And, let me not possesse them, Lord, alone,
But, also, know their use; and, so well know it,
That, I may doe each duety to be done;
And, with upright Intentions, alwayes doe it.
If this be more, then, yet, obtaine I may,
My will accept thou, for the deed, I pray.



ILLVSTR. XLII.

Book. 2

WE doe acknowledge (as this *Emblem* shoves)
 That *Fruits* and *Flowres*, and many pleasant-things,
 From out the *Ground*, in ev'ry season grows;
 And, that unto their *being*, helpe it brings.
 Yet, of it selfe, the *Ground*, we know is dull,
 And, but a *Willing-patient*, whereupon
 The *Sunne*, with Beames, and Vertues wonderfull,
 Prepareth, and effectueth, what is done.
 We, likewise, doe acknowledge, that our eyes
 Indowed are with faculties of *Seeing*,
 And, with some other nat'rall properties,
 Which are as much our owne, as is our *Being*.
 However, till the *Sunne* imparts his light,
 We finde, that we in *darkenesse* doe remaine,
 Obscured in an everlasting night;
 And, boast our *Seeing-faculties*, in vaine.

So, we, by nature, have some nat'rall powers:
 But, *Grace*, must those abilities of ours
 First move; and, guide them, still, in moving, thus,
 To worke with *God*, when *God* shall worke on us:
 For, *God* so workes, that, no man he procures
 Against his *nature*, ought to chafe, or shun:
 But, by his *holy-Spirit*, him allures;
 And, with sweet mildnesse, proveth ev'ry one.
 The *Sunne* is faultlesse of it, when the birth
 Of some bad *Field*, is nothing else but *Weeds*:
 For, by the selfe-same *Sun* shine, fruitfull Earth
 Beares pleasant Crops, and plentifully breeds.
 Thus, from our selves, our *Vices* have increase,
 Our *Vertues*, from the *Sunne* of Rightenesse.



ILLVSTR. XLIII.

Book. 2

His is the *Poets-horse* ; a *Palfrey*, *SIRS*,
(That may be ridden, without rod or spurres)
Abroad, more famous then *Bucephalus*,
Though, not so knowne, as *Banks* his horse, with us ;
Or some of those *fleets-horses*, which of late,
Have runne their *Masters*, out of their estate.
For, those, and *Hobby-horses*, best besit
The note, and practice of their moderne wit,
Who, what this *Horse* might meane, no knowledge had,
Vntill, a *Taverne-signe*, they saw it made.

Yet, this old *Emblem* (worthy veneration)
Doth figure out, that *winged-contemplation*,
On which the *Learned* mount their best *Invention*,
And, climbe the *Hills* of highest *Apprehension*.
This is the nimble *Gennet*, which doth carry,
Their *Fancie*, thorow *Worlds* imaginary ;
And, by *Idaas* feigned, shewes them there,
The nature of those *Truths*, that reall are.
By meanes of *this*, our *Soules* doe come to know
A thousand secrets, in the *Deeps* below ;
Things, here on *Earth*, and, things above the *Skyes*,
On which, we never fixed, yet, our eyes.

No thorny, miery, steepe, nor craggy place,
Can interrupt this *Courser*, in his race :
For, that, which others, in their passage troubles,
Augments his courage, and his vigour doubles.
Thus, fares the *Minde*, *insus'd* with brave desires ;
It flies through *Darkenesse*, *Dangers*, *Flouds*, and *Fires* :
And, in despite of what her ayme resisteth :
Pursues her hopes, and takes the way she listeth.



ILLVSTR. XLIV.

Book. 2

Hepainfull Husbandman, with sweaty browes,
Consumes in labour many a weary day:
To breake the stubborne earth, he digs and ploughes,
And, then, the Corne, he scatters on the clay:
When that is done, he harrowes in the Seeds,
And, by a well cleans'd Furrow, layes it drye:
He, frees it from the Wormes, the Moles, the Weeds ;
He, on the Fences, also hath an eye.
And, though he see the chilling Winter, bring
Snowes, Flouds, and Frosts, his Labours to annoy ;
Though blasting-windes doe nip them in the Spring,
And, Summers Meldewes, threaten to destroy:
Yea, though not onely Dayes, but Weekes, they are
(Nay, many Weekes, and, many Moneths beside)
In which he must with payne, prolong his care,
Yet, constant in his hopes he doth abide.
For this respect *H O P E's Emblem*, here, you see
Attends the Plough, that men beholding it,
May be instructed, or else minded be,
What Hopes, continuing Labours, will besit.
Though, long thou toyled hast, and, long attended
About such workings as are necessary ;
And, oftentimes, ere fully they are ended,
Shalt finde thy paines in danger to miscarry:
Yet, be not out of hope, nor quite dejected:
For, buried Seeds will sprout when Winter's gone ;
Unlikelier things are many times effected ;
And, God brings helpe, when men their best have done.
Yea, they that in Good-workes their life imploy ;
Although, they sowe in teares, shall reape in joy.

Things



ILLVSTR. XLV.

Book. 2

When, thou shalt visit, in the Moneth of *May*,
A costly *Garden*, in her best array ; (Bowers,
And view the well-grown Trees, the wel-trimm'd
The Beds of Herbs, the knots of pleasant flowers,
With all the deckings, and the fine devices,
Perteyning to those earthly *Paradises*,
Thou canst not well suppose, one day, or two,
Did finish all, which had beene, there, to doe.
Nor dost thou, when young Plants, or new-sowne Lands,
Doe thirst for needfull Warrings, from thy hands,
By *Flood-gates*, let whole Ponds amongst them come ;
But, them besprinklest, rather, *some and some* ;
Lest, else, thou marre the *Flowres*, or chill the *Seed*,
Or drowne the *Saplings*, which did moisture need.

Let this experiment, which, to thy thought,
May by this *Emblem*, now perhaps, be brought,
Perswade thee to consider, that, no actions,
Can come, but by *degrees*, to their perfections ;
And, teach thee, to allot, for every thing,
That *leisurely-proceeding*, which may bring
The ripenessse, and the fulnessse, thou expectest :
And, though thy *Hopes*, but slowly thou effectest,
Discourage not thy selfe ; since, oft they prove
Most prosperous actions, which at leisure move,
By many *drops*, is made a mighty *showre* ;
And many *minutes* finish up an *houre* :
By *little*, and by *little*, we possesse
Assurance of the greatest *Happinesse*.

And, oft, by too much *haste*, and, too much *cost*,
Great *Wealth*, great *Honours*, and, great *Hopes*, are *lost*.
Affliction,



ILLVSTR. XLVI.

Book. 2

THough I am somewhat soberer to day,
I have been (I confesse) as mad as they,
Who think those men, that large Possessions have,
Gay Clothes, fine Furnitures, and Houses brave,
Are those (nay more, that they alone are those)
On whom, the stile of *Rich*, we should impose.

But, having, by experience, understood
His words, who sayd, *his troubles did him good*,
I, now perceive, the *Worldly-rich* are poore,
Vnlesse of *Sorrowes*, also, they have store.
Till from the *Straw*, the *Flaile*, the *Corne* doth bear;
Vntill the *Chaffe*, be purged from the *Wheat*,
Yea, till the *Mill*, the *Graines* in pieces teare,
The richnesse of the *Flowre*, will scarce appeare.

So, till mens persons great *Afflictions* touch
(If worth be found) their worth is not so much,
Because, like *Wheat*, in *Straw*, they have not, yet,
That value, which in *threshing*, they may get.
For, till the bruising *Flailes* of *GOD's* *Corrections*,
Have threshed out of us our vaine *Afflictions*;
Till those *Corruptions*, which doe misbecome us,
Are by thy *Sacred spirit*, winnowed from us;
Vntill, from us, the *straw* of *Worldly-treasures*;
Till all the dusty *Chaffe* of empty *Pleasures*;
Yea, till his *Flaile*, upon us, he doth lay,
To thresh the huske of this our *Flesh* away;
And, leave the *Soule* uncover'd; nay, yet more,
Till *God* shall make, our very *Spirit* poore;
We shall not up to highest *Wealth* aspire:
But, then we shall; and, *that is my desire*.

Though



ILLVSTR. XLVII.

Book. 2

A Snake, (which was by wise *Antiquitie*
Much us'd, the type of *Prudencie* to be)
Hemmes in a *Winged-ball*, which doth imply,
That *Fickle-fortune*, from which, none are free.
Above this *Ball*, the *Snake* advanceth too,
The *Laurell*, and the *Sword*; which, *Emblems* are,
Whereby our *Authour* maketh much adoe,
A *Conquest* over *Fortune*, to declare.
And, well enough this purpose it befits,
If (*Reader*) any one of those thou be,
Whose *Fortunes* must be mended by their *Wits*;
And, it affords instructions fit for thee:
For, hence, thou mayst collect, that, no estate
Can, by *Misfortunes* means, become so bad,
But, *Prudence* (who is *Mistresse* over *Fate*)
May rule it so, that, good it might be made.

Though *Fortunes* outlawes, on thy *Riches* prey,
By *Wisedome*, there is meanes, of getting more;
And, ev'ry rub that's placed in thy way,
Shall make thee walke more safely, then before.
Nor *Pöverty*, nor *Paynes*, nor *Spightfulnessse*,
Nor other *Mischiefes*, that *Mischance* can doe thee,
Shall bring thee any sorrow or distresse,
Which will not be, at last, advantage to thee.

Lord, give me such a *Prudence*: for my *Fortune*
Puts many foyles, and cruell thrusts upon me:
Thy helpe, long since, it made me to importune;
And, thou didst grant it, or she had undone me.
Still, duigne me thy assistance, Lord, and, than,
Let all *Misfortunes*, doe the worst they can.

A life,



ILLVSTR. XLVIII.

Book.2

IN this our *Emblem*, you shall finde exprest:
A *Man*, incountring with a *Salvage-beast*;
And, he resolveth (as his *Motto* sayes)
To live with *honour*; or, to dye with *praise*.
I like the *Resolution*, and the *Deed*,
In which, this *Figure* teacheth to proceed.
For, us, me thinkes, it counselleth, to doe,
An act, which all men are oblig'd unto.
That ugly *Bore* (wherewith the man in strife
Here seemes to be) doth meane a *Swinish-life*,
And, all those beastly *Vices*, that assay
To root becomming *Vertues* quite away;
Those *Vices*, which not onely marre our features,
But, also, ruinate our manly natures.

The harmefull fury, of this raging *Bore*,
Oppose couragiously, lest more and more,
It get within you; and, at last, appeare
More prevalent, then your defences are.
It is a large-growne *Pig*, of that wilde *Swine*,
Which, ev'ry day, attempts to undermine
Our *Safeties Fort*: 'Twas he, which long agoe,
Did seeke the *Holy Vineyards* overthrow:
And, if we charge him not with all our power,
The *Sire*, or *hee*, will enter and devoure.

But, what's our strength, O Lord! or, what are wee
In such a *Combate*, without ayde from thee?
Oh, come to helpe us, therefore, in this *Fight*;
And, let us be enabled in thy might:
So, we shall both in life-time, Conquests have;
And, be victorious, also, in the *Grave*.



ILLVSTR. XLIX.

Book. 2

That in this Emblem, that mans meanings were,
Who made it first, I neither know nor care ;
For, whatsoere, he purposed, or thought,
To serve my purpose, now it shall be taught ;
Who, many times, before this Taske is ended,
Must picke out *Moralls*, where was none intended.

This knot of *Moones* (or *Crescents*) crowned thus,
Illustrate may a *Mystery* to us,
Of pious use (and, peradventure, such,
As from old *Hieroglyphicks*, erres not much)
Old-times, upon the *Moone*, three names bestow'd ;
Because, three diuerse wayes, her selfe she show'd :
And, in the *sacred-bookes*, it may be showne,
That *holy-Church*, was figur'd by the *Moone*.

Then, these three *Moones* in one, may intimate
The *holy-Churches* threecfold blest estate.
The *Moone*, still, biding in our *Hemisphere*,
May typifie the *Church*, consisting, here,
Of men, yet living : when she shewes her light
Among us here, in *portions of the night* ;
The *Church* it figures, as consist she may
Of *them*, whose *bodies* in the *Grave* doe stay ;
And, whose blest *spirits*, are ascended thither,
Where *Soule* and *Body* meet, at last, together.
But, when the *Moone* is hidden from our eyes,
The *Church-triumphant*, then, she signifies ;
Which, is a *Crescent* yet, that, some, and some,
Must grow, till all her parts together come :

And, then, this *Moone* shall beames, at full, display ;
LORD, hasten this great *Coronation-day*.



ILLVSTR. L.

Book. 2

IOrd, what a coyle men keepe, and, with what care
 Their *Pistolls*, and, their *Swords* doe they prepare,
 To be in readinesse? and, how they load
 Themselves with *Irons*, when they ride abroad?
 How wise and wary too, can they become,
 To fortifie their persons up at home,
 With lockes, and barres? and such *domestick-Armes*,
 As may secure their bodies, there, from harmes?

However, when all's done, we see, their foes
 Breake in, sometimes, and worke their overthrowes.
 For, though (about themselves, with *Cable-quoiles*,
 They could inclose a hundred thousand miles)
 The *gunshot* of a slanderous *tongue*, may smite,
 Their *Fame* quire through it, to the very *White*.
 Yea, more (though, there, from others, they were free)
 They wounded, by themselves, to death might be,
 Except their *Innocence*, more guards them, than
 The strength of twenty royall *Armies*, can.

If, therefore, thou thy *Spoylers*, wilt beguile,
 Thou must be armed, like this *Crocodile*;
 Ev'n with such nat'rall *Armour* (ev'ry day)
 As no man can bestowe, or take away:
 For, spitefull *Malice*, at one time or other,
 Will pierce all borrowed *Armours*, put together.

Without, let *Patience* durifie thy *Skin*;
 Let *Innocencie*, line thy heart *within*;
 Let constant *Fortitude*, unite them so,
 That, they may breake the force of ev'ry blow:
 And, when thou thus art arm'd, if ill thou speed;
 Let me sustaine the *Mischiefe*, in thy *steed*.

Finus Libri secundi.



THE SECOND LOTTERIE.

1

Some friends, and foes, of thine, there be,
That make a *wondring-socket* of thee;
Some other over-much, of late,
To thy dishonour boldly prate,
And, peradventure, to thy face,
E're long, they'l doe thee some disgrace:
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, doth advise
That thou should'st make them no replies;
And shewes that *silent-patience*, than
Shall stead thee more then *Answers* can.
See, *Emblem. I.*

2

By such as know you, it is thought,
That, you are better *fed* then *taught*:
And, that, it might augment your *wit*,
If you were sometimes *hunger-bit*.
That *Emblem*, which by *Lot* you drew,
To this effect doth somewhat shew:
But 'twill goe hard, when you are faine,
To feed your *Bowells*, by your *Braine*.
See, *Emb. II.*

3

Perhaps you may be one of those,
Whom, from the *Church*, an *Organ* blowes;
Or, peradventure, one of them,
Who doth all melody contemne:
Or, one, whose *life* is yet untaught,
How into *tune* it should be brought.
If so, your *Lot*, to you hath sent
An *Emblem*, not impertinent.
See, *Emb. III.*

4

God blesse thee, whosoere thou art,
And, give thee still an honest heart:
For, by the fortune of thy *Lot*,
That *Sword*, and *Halter*, thou hast got,
Which threatens *death*, with much disgrace;
Or, promises the Hang-mans's place.

But, be not griev'd ; for, now and than,
 The *Gallows* makes an honest man ;
 And, some, who scape an outward curse,
 Both in their *lives* and *deaths* are worse,
 See, *Emb.* I V.

M 5
 Thou would'st be loth, we should suspect,
 Thou didst not well thy *King* affect;
 Or, that, thou should'st be so ingrate,
 To sleight the welfare of the *State* :
 Yet, thou, perchance, art one of those,
 Who *discord* through the *Kingdome* sowes.
 We know not, but if such thou be,
 Marke, what thine *Emblem* teaches thee.
 See, *Emb.* V.

6
 In you, a naturall desire
 Beginnes to blow *Affection's* fire ;
 But, by *discretion*, guide the *blast*,
 Lest, it consume you, at the last ;
 Or, by the fury of the same,
 Blow out some necessary *Flame*.
 Yea, that, which doth your *Profit* breed,
 May harme you, if you take not heed.
 See, *Emb.* V I.

7
 Be carefull, what you goe about ;
 For, by this *Lot*, there may be doubt,
 That you, some wickednesse intend,
 Which will undoe you, in the end.
 If you have done the *deed*, repent :
 If purpos'd ill, the same prevent.
 Else, though in *jest*, this *Counsell* came,
 In *earnest*, you may rue the same.
 See, *Emb.* V I I.

8
 Thou art afflicted ; or, ere long
 Shalt sing some lamentable Song :
 And, of those troubles, take some share,
 Which, thou art very loth to beare.
 But, be not overmuch dismayd,
 Nor pine, what ere on thee be layd,
 For, comfort shall thy joy restore,
 And, make thee gladder, then before.
 See, *Emb.* V I I I.

9
 If this thy *Chance* hath done thee right,
 Thou art, or hast beene apt to fight ;
 And, wilt upon occasion smill,
 Beginne, sometimes, a needlesse *brawle*.

To shew thee, therefore, thy defect;
Or, that thy folly may be check'd;
And, fit thy minde for better things,
Thine *Emblem*, some good *counsell* brings.
See, *Emb. I X.*

10

What thing soere thou undertak'st,
Thou seldome good conclusion mak'st;
For, still, when thou hast ought to doe,
Thou art too *hasty*, or too *slow*;
And, from that equall temper stray'st,
By which, thy worke effect thou may'st.
To mend this fault thou counsell'd art,
Be wiser, therefore, then thou wert.
See, *Emb. X.*

11

Thou hast in publicke lived long,
And, over freely us'd thy *tongue*;
But, if thy safety thou desire,
Be *silent*, and, thy telfe *retire*.
And, if thou wilt not be undone,
Possesse thy *joyes*, and *hopes*, alone:
For, they, that will from harmes be free,
Must *silent*, and *obscured*, bee.
See, *Emb. X I.*

12

Thy *Fortune*, thou dost long to heare,
And, what thy *Constellations* are:
But, why should'st thou desire to know,
What things, the *Planets* doe foreshow;
Seeke, rather, *Wisedome* to procure,
And, how, all *Fortunes* to indure:
So, thou shalt gaine a blest estate,
And, be the *Master* of thy *Fate*.
See, *Emb. X II.*

13

Thou, seem'st to have great store of *friends*,
But, they affect thee, for their ends.
There is, in those, but little trust,
Who love, for *profit*, *mirth*, or *lust*.
Learne, therefore, when, thou may'st be sure,
Thy *Friend's* affection will indure;
And, that this *Knowledge* may be got,
Good notice take thou of thy *Lot*.
See, *Emb. X III.*

14

It is conceiv'd, that meanes thou hast,
Or, might'st have had good meanes, at least,
To bring those matters to effect,
Which thou dost carelesly neglect;

And,

And, good for many might'st have done,
 Who, yet, hast pleasur'd few, or none.
 If this be true, thy *Lot* peruse,
 And, *God's* good gifts, no more abuse.
 See, *Emb. X I V.*

15

Religious thou would'st faine be deem'd,
 And, such, to many thou hast seem'd:
 But, to this matter more there goes,
 Then zealous lookes, and formall shewes.
 Lookt, therefore, that thy heart be true,
 What e're thou seeme in outward view.
 And, if *God's* favour thou would'st have,
 Observe what *Off'rings*, he doth crave.
 See, *Emb. X V.*

16

That *Emblem*, which this *Lot* will bring,
 Concernes the honour of a *King*:
 How, therefore, thee it may concerne,
 By thy discretion seeke to learne.
 Perhaps, the *Royall power* hath seem'd
 To thee, not so to be esteem'd,
 As well it merits, to be priz'd.
 If so, now better be advis'd.
 See, *Emb. X V I.*

17

Both learn'd, and wise, thou would'st become,
 (Else thou hast much deceived some)
 But, if thy *hopes* thou wilt effect,
 Thou must not likely *meanes* neglect;
 And, what the likeliest *meanes* may bee,
 Thine *Emblem* hath advis'd thee:
 For, by a *Fowle*, that's blockish thought,
 Good *counsell* may to thee be taught.
 See, *Emb. X V I I.*

18

If, to *preferment* thou wilt rise,
 Thou must not *Arts*, nor *Armes*, despise;
 Nor so in one of these delight,
 That, thou the *other*, wholly sleight.
 Nor, to thy *Body* be inclin'd,
 So much, as to neglect thy *Minde*.
 This, by thine *Emblem*, thou mayst learne;
 And, much thy good it may concerne.
 See, *Emb. X V I I I.*

19

Thy *fortunes* have appeared bad;
 For, many *suff'rings* thou hast had:
 And *tryalls* too, as yet made knowne
 To no mans knowledge, but thine owne.

But,

But, let nor losse, nor fame, nor smart,
From constant hopes remove thy heart:
And, as thine *Emblem* doth foreshew,
A good conclusion will insue.

See, *Emb. XIX.*

W 20

Your *Lot* informeth how to know
Where, best your *Love* you may bestow:
And, by the same it may appeare
What *Musicke* most affects your eare.
Denye it not; for (by your leave)
Wee by your lookes, your heart perceive:
And, this perhaps you'l thinke upon
(To purpose) when you are alone.

See, *Emb. XX.*

21

This *Lot* may make us all suspect,
That some wrong *object* you affect;
And, that, where dearenesse you pretend,
It is not for the noblest end.
What mischief from such fallshood flowes,
Your *Emblem* very truly showes;
And, may more happy make your *Fate*,
If counsell be not come too late.

See, *Emb. XXI.*

22

To trust on others, thou art apt;
And, hast already beene intrapt;
Or, may'st er'e long be much deceiv'd.
By some, whom thou hast well believ'd.
Be heedfull, therefore, of thy *Lot*;
And, let it never be forgot:
So, though some hazzard thou mayst run,
Yet, thou shalt never be undone.

See, *Emb. XXII.*

23

It seemes thou tak'st too great a care
For things, that vaine, and fading are;
Or else, dost overprize them so,
As if all blisse from them did flowe.
That, therefore, thou mayst view their worth,
In *Hieroglyphicke* shaddow'd forth,
Thy *Lot* befriends thee: marke the same,
And, be in this, no more to blame.

See, *Emb. XXIII.*

24

Though some, should thee, for one, mistake,
Whole *wealth* is all upon his backe,
If what thou hast, bee all thine owne,
God, hath enough on thee bestowne.

A *Princes* ranfome, wee may beare,
 In *Jewells*, which moſt precious are ;
 And, yet, to many men may ſeeme,
 To carry nothing worth eſteeme.
 Therefore, though ſmall thy ſubſtance be,
 Thine *Emblem*, ſomewhat comforts thee.

See, *Emb. X X I V.*

25

By this your *Emblem*, wee diſcerne,
 That, you are yet of age to learne ;
 And, that, when elder you ſhall grow,
 There, will be more for you to know :
 Preſume not, therefore of your wit,
 But, ſtrive that you may better it.
 For, of your age, we many view,
 That, farre more *wiſedome* have, then you.

See, *Emb. X X V.*

26

By thy complaints, it hath appear'd,
 Thou think'ſt thy *Vertues* want reward ;
 And, that, if they their merit had,
 Thou *rich*, and *nobler* ſhould'ſt be made.
 To drive thee from that partiall thought,
 Thou, by an *Emblem*, ſhalt be taught,
 That, where true *Vertue* may be found,
 The trueſt *wealth* will ſtill abound.

See, *Emb. X X V I.*

27

By this thy *Lot*, thou doſt appeare
 To be of thoſe, who love to heare
 The *Preacher's* voyce ; or, elſe of them,
 That undervalue, or contemne
 Thoſe dayly *ſhowres* of whoſome words,
 Which *God*, in theſe our times, affords.
 Now, which ſoere of theſe thou bee,
 Thine *Emblem*, ſomething, teaches thee.

See, *Emb. X X V I I.*

28

Thou deal'ſt, when thee thy *ſoe* offends,
 As if, you never ſhould be *friends*.
 In *peace*, thou ſo ſecure doſt grow,
 As if, thou could'ſt not have a *ſoe*.
 How, therefore, *Peace* and *Warre* purſues
 Each other, this thine *Emblem* ſhewes,
 That, thou may'ſt learne, in ev'ry tide,
 For future chances, to provide.

See, *Emb. X X V I I I.*

29

What e're thou art in outward ſhew,
 Thy Heart is ever very true,

And,

And, to those *Knowledges* aspires,
Which every prudent *Soule* desires:
Yet, be not proud that thou hast got
This testimonie, by thy *Lot*.
But, view thine *Emblem*, and endeavor
In search of *Knowledge* to perlever.
See, *Emb. X X I X*.

³⁰
If *Glory*, thou desire to get,
Thy *Wits*, thou must on working set;
And, labour unto *Prudence* adde,
Before true *Honor* will be had:
For, what thy *Friends*, or *Parents* brought;
To make thee *famous*, profits nought;
But, rather will procure thy *shame*,
Vnlesse, thou shalt improve the same.
See, *Emb. X X X*.

M ³¹
The time hath beene, that of the *Rod*,
Thou wert more fearefull, then of *God*;
But, now unlesse thou prudent grow,
More cause thou hast to feare a *shrowe*;
For, from the *Rod*, now thou art free,
A *Woman*, shall thy torment be.
At her, yet doe not thou repine,
For, all the fault is onely thine.
See, *Emb. X X X I*.

³²
It seemes, thy *Time* thou dost *mispend*:
To warne thee, therefore of thine *end*;
To shew, how short thy *Life* will be;
And, with what speed it flies from thee;
This *Lot* was drawne: and, may advize,
That, thou thy time shouldst better prize.
Which, if accordingly thou doe,
This, will be *sport*, and profit too.
See, *Emb. X X X I I*.

³³
It may be, thou art one of those,
Who, dost not all aright suppose,
Of *Gods Decrees*; or, of the state
Of an inevitable *Fate*.
That, therefore, so thou maist beleewe,
(And, of these *Mysteries* conceive)
As thou art bound; this *Lot* befell.
Peruse, and minde thine *Embleme* well.
See, *Emb. X X X I I I*.

³⁴
Thou, at thy *Fortune*, hast repin'd,
And, seem'it imprisond in thy minde,

Because thou art not straight recast
 From those things which have thee oppress.
 To thee, a *Lot* is therefore sent,
 To qualifie thy *discontent*,
 By shewing, that thy present *Fate*
 Preserves thee, from a worle estate.

See, *Emb.* X X X I V.

35

Thy *Vertues* and thy *Worth* are such,
 That, many doe envie thee much ;
 And, they that hate thee, take delight
 To doe thee mischiefte and despight.
 But, heart assume, and follow on
 The *course* that thou hast well begunne ;
 For, all their spight shall doe no more,
 But, make thee greater then before.

See, *Emb.* X X X V.

36

In outward pompe, thy pleasures are ;
 Thy hope of blisse is placed there ;
 And, thou this *folly* wilt not leave,
 Till, all *content*, it shall bereave,
 Vnlesse, thou timely come to see
 How vaine, all earthly *Glories* bee.
 An *Emblem*, therefore, thou hast gain'd,
 By which, this *Knowledge* is obtain'd.

See, *Emb.* X X X V I.

37

It may be feared, that thou hast
 In publicke, or in private, past
 Some *promise*, or else made some *vow*,
 That's broke, or else indanger'd, now.
 If so ; this *Lot* is come, in time,
 To mend, or to prevent this crime ;
 And, shew what should by them be done,
 'Twixt whom *Affection* is begunne.

See, *Emb.* X X X V I I.

38

Thou art reproved of *deceit*,
 In faulty *Measures*, and in *Weight* ;
 And, overbackward hast been knowne,
 In giving ev'ry one his owne.
 Thine *Emblem*, therefore, counsells thee,
 That, thou more just, hereafter be.
 For, that, which is by *falsehood* got,
 Makes likely shoves, but prospers not.

See, *Emb.* X X X V I I I.

39

So highly, thou dost *Vertue* prize,
 That, thou dost *Fortunes* helpe despise,

As if, where *Vertues* present are,
 Her favours alwayes needlesse were :
 But, sometimes there's enough to doe,
 For *Fortune*, and for *Vertue* too,
 The pow'r of envious tongues to charme,
 And, keepe an *Innocent* from harme.
 Therefore, make both of *these*, thy friends ;
 For, thereunto thine *Emblem* tends.

See, *Emb.* XXXIX.

40

Thou mayst be one of those, perchance,
 Who *Schisme*, and *Heresies* advance,
 Because they *Times* and *Termes* mistake;
 And, *diff'rence* know not how to make
 'Twixt that, which *temp'rall* doth appeare,
 And, those things which *eternall* are.
 Thou, by thy *Lot*, art therefore warn'd,
 To search what should of these be learn'd.

See, *Emb.* XL.

41

Great workes to doe, thou hast a *minde* ;
 But, *pow'r* thereto thou canst not finde.
 Sometime, thy *pow'r* is not unfit ;
 But, then thou failest in thy *wit*.
 Such *Vndertakings*, therefore, chuse
 (If thou wilt not thy time abuse)
 As to thy *pow'rs*, and *wits* agree ;
 And, let them both imployed bee.

See, *Emb.* XLI.

42

When any *Blessing* thou hast gain'd,
 Thou mind'st not whence it was obtain'd ;
 But, bear'st thy selfe, as if the same
 By thine owne *pow'r*, or *merit*, came :
 That, therefore, thou *mayst* better heed
 From whence, all *Graces* doe proceed,
 Thou, hast an *Emblem*, by this *Lot*,
 From which, good *Cautions* may be got.

See, *Emb.* XLII.

43

By this thy *Lot*, it should appeare,
 The *Muses* thy acquaintance are ;
 Or, that thou art (at least) of those,
 Who, of their *Steed* ambitious growes.
 If thou hast *wit*, his *Reynes* to guide,
 Vpon his backe, mount up and ride ;
 But, if thou finde thy selfe to weake,
 Forbeare him, lest thy necke he breake.

See, *Emb.* XLIII.

44

In many things, the worse thou art,
 By thy despayring, fainting heart ;

And, oft, thy labour, and thy cost,
 For want of *hopefulnessse*, is lost.
 This indiscretion to prevent,
 Thou, therefore, by thy *Lot*, art sent,
 The *Plough-man's* *hopefulnessse* to see:
 Observe it; and, reformed bee.

See, *Emb.* XLIV.

45

As soone as e're thy *Seeds* are sowne,
 Thou *fruits* expectest, fully g owne.
 And, if they ripe not in a day,
 Thou, foollest all thy hopes away:
 That wiser, therefore, thou mayst grow,
 Thy *Lot*, an *Emblem* doth bestow,
 To reach, that *workes* both faire and great,
 By *small-degrees*, are made complet.

See, *Emb.* XLV.

46

Thou hadst, or hast, or thou shalt have
 Much trouble, ere thou fill thy *Grave*;
 And, may'st, when thou expectest rest,
 With paine, or sorrowes, be oppressd.
 But, be content, and waile not much:
 For, *Poverty* shall make thee *rich*.
 The paine will soone be overpast,
 And, thou shalt happy be at last.

See, *Emb.* XLVI.

47

Thy *Fortune*, be it good or bad,
 May, by thy *wit*, be better made;
 Yea, whatsoere *mischances* fall,
 By *prudence*, thou may'st helpe them all.
 That, hopefull, therefore, thou mayst bide,
 What change soever, shall betide,
 Thou, by thy *Lot*, informed art,
 What succours, *Wisedome* doth impart.

See, *Emb.* XLVII.

M

48

A man at *Armes*, thou wouldst be thought,
 And, hast the Crowne of *Honour* sought;
 But, thou hast much mistooke the *wayes*,
 Which tend to well-deserved *praise*.
 How, *Honour*, therefore, may be got,
 Thou art informed by thy *Lot*;
 And, with what *Foes*, and, for what *end*,
 Thou shouldst be ready to contend.

See, *Emb.* XLVIII.

49

Perhaps, thou mayst be one of those,
 Who doth *God's* holy Church oppose;

For,

For, over many in these dayes,
Disturbe her *Peace*, and sleight her *Praise*:
That her *esteeme*, therefore may bee
Increased, or preserv'd, by thee,
Thine *Emblem*, now, to thee, will show,
To what perfection she will grow.

See, *Emb. X L I X.*

50

Thou *safety* lov'st, and wouldst have *Armes*,
Thy person to secure from harmes:
But, most of those thou hast prepar'd,
Are but a weake uncertaine *Guard*,
And, if thou take not greater heed,
May faile thy trust, in time of need.
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, hath exprest,
What *Armes*, for thy defence are best.

See, *Emb. L.*

51

Of *Planetary-Calculations*,
Of *Superstitious-Observations*,
Of *Loss*, and *Dreames*, and *Accidents*,
Which have but casuall events,
Thou art so fond; and, unto such,
Thou dost adhere, and trust so much,
That, it succeedeth very well,
No *Emblem*, now, to thee befell:
Lest, these, which onely *Counsell*s bee,
Might seeme firme *Destinies* to thee.

52

He that by drawing, here, his *Lot*,
Some caveat or advice hath got,
Did, peradventure, need alone
That *Caution*, which he lighted on:
But, unto thee, so needfull are
All *Warnings*, and, all *Counsell*s here,
That, *Fortune* will not one bestow,
Lest, thou may'st thinke thou need'st no noe.

53

You, may be glad, you drew not that,
Which, in your thought, you guessed at;
For, so it points out that *condition*,
Whereof you give a great suspicion,
That, had it such an *Emblem* nam'd,
As fits you right, you had beene sham'd.
Since, then, your fault is unreveal'd,
Amend, and keep it still conceal'd.

54

The *Muses* Oracle is dumbe,
Because to tempt them you are come;

For,

For, in your *heart*, you much despise,
 To follow that, which they advise:
 Their admonitions, you doe jeere,
 And, scorne to helpe your *Wisedome*, here.
 The *Muses*, therefore, leave you, still,
 To be as foolish, as you will.

5

It would, perhaps, have made thee proud,
 If, now, thy *Lot* had beene allow'd
 To let an *Emblem* shadow forth
 What is conceived of thy *worth*.
 Or, if thy *Virtues* were descry'd,
 Perchance, thou wouldst be more envy'd
 Then prayesd, when they are exprest;
 A *Blanke* for thee, was therefore best.

6

No *Emblem*, to this *Lot*, replies;
 Minde, therefore, well (I thee advise)
 What from the *Preacher's* voice thou hear'st,
 When in the *Church*, thou next appear'st:
 Yea, there indeavour thou, to seeke
 Thy *Lot* of *Counsell*, ev'ry weeke.
 For, at all seasons, there will bee
 Such *Prophecies*, concerning thee,
 That, if of those, thou takest heed,
 These *Emblems*, thou shalt never need.

FINIS.

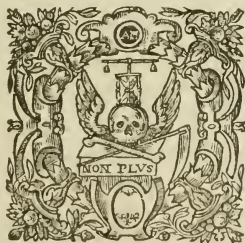
A
COLLECTION
OF
EMBLEMES,
ANCIENT AND
MODERNE:

Quickened.
VVith METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS, both
Morall and Divine: And disposed into
LOTTERIES.

That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered
by an *Honest and Pleasant Recreation*.

By GEORGE WITHER.

The third Booke.



LONDON,
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MDCXXXIV.

COLLECTION

1911-1912
1913-1914



TO THE MOST ILLVSTRIOVS

Princede, *FRANCIS*, Dutchesse Dowager of *RICHMOND*, and *LENNOX*, &c.

FAME sayes (great *PRINCESSE*) that the *Pow'rs-above*,
Will soone forgive; which, I desire to prove:

For, I am gultie of a *Venial-sinne*
Against your *GRACE*; and, have remain'd therein
Without an *Absolution*, so long time,
That, now, my *Conscience* checks me for the *Crime*;
And, to reprove me for it, will not cease
Till I have, someway, sought to make my *Peace*.

To palliate my *Fault*; I could produce
Enough, perhaps, to stand for an *Excuse*.
But, when I mind what *Favours*, and what *Fame*
I might have purchased unto my *Name*,
(By taking *Courage*, to have done my best)
I dare not make *Excuses*; but, request
Your pardon, rather, and, that some *Oblation*
May gaine my *Person*, future acceptation.

To that intent, this humble *Offering*, here,
Within your gracious presence, doth appeare.
And, that it may the more content your eye,
Well-graven *Figures*, help to beautifie
My lowly *Gift*: And, vailed are in these,
A *Treasury* of *Golden Sentences*;
By my well-meaning *Muse*, interpreted,
That, with your *NAME*, their *Morals* may be spread
And scattred, *Largeesse-like*, (at your commanding)
To helpe enrich the *Poore in Vnderstanding*.

If You accept the *Tender*, I shall know,
Your *GRACE* is pleased with your *Servant*, so,
As, that there may be hope, my future *Actions*,
Will give the more contenting *Satisfactions*:
And, your *Encouragements*, my *Pow'rs* may raise,
To make the *BEAVTIES* of your *Later dayes*,
More glorious, far, than your fresh *YOUTH's* perfection,
Though, knowne to be, the *Load-stone* of *Affection*.

For, like the loving *TURTLE*, you have stood
So constant, in your vowed *Widdow-hood*;
So strictly, kept a solitarie state;
So faithfull beene, to your deceased *MATE*;
So firmly true, and truly kinde, to *them*,
Which are the *Branches* of his *Princely-stemme*;
And, personated in so high a *Straine*,
The parts of *HONOUR*; that, my rusticke *vaine*,
Must railed be, before it can ascend
To say, how much, your *Fame*, doth you commend.

Yet, if these *Lines*, (or, that they Viser in)
For me, some *Passage* may. anew, begin
To your *Esteeme*; I, may so happily,
Illustrate forth, the *Golden-History*

Of those *Affections*, which within your Brest,
Have to the world remained unexpressed.
That, future times, to your applause may read,
The matchlesse *Paterne* of a *Widdowed-bed*,
Which you have drawne, for those to *imitate*
Who can; and, for the rest to wonder at.
For, what (thereto) yet wanteth, in my *Muse*,
Your *GRACE*, as my *Minerva*, may infuse.

Nor, will it be in vaine, to shew the worth
Of those *Perfections*, truly blazed forth,
Which you may personate: Nor, shall it be
To your *Content* unusefull, when you see
The *Best part of your selfe*, (as in a *Glasse*)
Disclod, and set up, before your *GRACE*,
To represent those *Beauties*, wherein lurkes,
More sweetnesse, than in *Picture-drawers* *Workes*;
And shew, how temp'rall *Glories*, and *Affections*,
Have hourly ripened you, for those *Perfections*
That, make *Immortall*; and, which are that *End*,
Whereto, all Earthly *Graces*, ought to tend.

Then, if your *EXCELLENCE* desire to heare,
Those *MUSES*, honour you, whose prayes are
Attending *Vertue*; and, shall please to live
That *Life of Glory*, which my *Vers*e can give;
Your *GRACES* favour, (when you please) hath pow'rs
To make both *MEE*, and all my *Muses* yours.
And, wee are hopefull, that, so well wee know
Your *Merits*, and those *Duties*, which wee owe,
That, wee shall raise, your *HONOUR'S* *Trophies* high,
Though, *Wee our selves*, upon the pavement lie.

Thus, I have made mine *Offring*; and I stand
Attending, now, to kisse your *GRACE'S* hand.

Your *GRACES*

in all humilitie,

GEO: WITHER.

TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY
Prince, *JAMES*, Duke
of LENNOX, &c.

VVHEN RICHMOND, your beloved Vnkle, liv'd,
(For whose departure, all this Empire griev'd,
And, yet laments) his GRACE did not refuse

To deigne respects, to my obscured *MUSE*;
Nor scorne, from Highest-worth, to stoope so low,
As, mee, in my despisednesse, to know:
And, had not Bashfulnesse restrain'd my Wit,
From pressing-on, (when he encourag'd it,)
My *PENGASVS*, had learn'd, e're now, to rise;
Which, yet, with lame, and sickly Feathers flies.
But, *HEE* hath left us; and, I thought not on
The losse I had of *HIM*, till he was gone;
Nor could I dreame, till he did hence ascend,
What it was to want an Honourable-friend:
Nor, what they feele, whom Fate constraines, to tarry
On stormy Plaines, without a *SANCTVARIE*.

Assoone, as from among us, he made wing,
My Hopes did waine, and, I began to sing
A Mournfull-song, not easie to forget;
Because, I beare the burthen of it, yet.
Nor was I silent (though my Epicede
Appear'd nor, for the publike eye to reade)
But, griev'd in private, as one wanting Art,
To give, the Life of praile, to his desert:
Which, if I could have equall'd with his Name,
His Death had gain'd my Verse, a living-Fame:

And, why expresse I this? except it give
Your GRACE, a fit occasion to perceive,
That, my decayed Hopes I would renew,
And, faine derive them downe, from *HIM* to *YOU*?
That, as you branched from his Princely Stemme;
(Are, honour'd with his Ducall-Diadem)
And, imitate his Vertue; So, you might
Be Lord, in mee, of that, which was his right:
And, for his Noble sake, vouchsafe to own
A Servant, which, to you, is yet unknowne.

As Prologue, to the service I intend,
This PRESENT comes; and, without Hope, or End,
Of gaining further Grace, or more Esteeme,
That may, with humblest modestie, beseeeme
His Love, and Honest-meaning, to expect;
Whose Merits have, no visible effect,
Conducing to your profit; and, from whom
The best of his intents, are yet to come.

I cannot thinke, these Lots, or Emblems, are
So worthy in themselves, as they'l appeare
In your acceptance; Or, that they can give,
Such Grace to *YOU*, as they'l from you receive.

Yes, if YOU please, they may be, otherwhile,
A profitable Meanes, to help beguile
A Melancholy thought; And, have the pow'r
To shorten (without losse) a tedious howre.

Sometime (no doubt) content you are to walke
In Artlesse Groves; Or, to admit the talke
Of Rustick Swaines (though ev'ry day you might
Tour self in well-trim'd garden-bow'r's, delight,
Or, heare the learnedst Muses, when you please;) VV
Ev'n so, for change, you may, perhaps, in these
A Recreation finde; and, in some measure,
A Profit, intermix'd with your Pleasure.

I will not make, my Promises too large,
Lest, my Performances, they overcharge
With Expectation: but, I leave them, SIR,
To Bee, and to be thought, the same they are.
And, if your EXCELLENCE, (when you behold
The Ground whereon I first became so bold,
To make this Entrance) shall vouchsafe to digne
Those Favours which, I dare not thinke to gaine
By Meer-deserving; you may then, perchance,
My Willingnesse, to Ablesse advance:
And reap in mee (when ripened they are grown)
Some timely fruits, of that, which you have sown.

Till then, let it suffice, that I professe
A cheerefull, and a thankfull Readinesse
To honour You; and, openly to show
The Dutie, which, it may appeare, I owe
To HIM that's gone. And, let your GRACE descend
To take this Pledge, of what I more intend.

Who am in all humilitie

YOUR GRACES to be

commanded,

GEO: WITHER.



ILLVSTR. I.

Book.3

 Hen, many, for the chiefeſt *Garland* runne,
That height of *Glory*, can befall but one;
Yet, *Wreaths* there are, for ev'ry man prepar'd,
According as he meriteth reward:

And, though the *Worke* deserveth little meed,
Grace, prints a worth, on ev'ry willing-deed,
Which formes it currant; and, doth gracious make
Man's weake endeavors, for GOD's promise sake.

All seeke the selfe-same prize; but, doe not seeke,
With *mindes*, and, with *endeavours*, all alike.
Most, with the *Wreath*; but, few those things will doe,
That may be helpfull to attaine thereto:
And, so ne (that *will be doing*) more delight
In *doing their owne will*, then *doing right*.

One, thinkes by *airie titles*, to atchieve
The *Palme* he seekes; Another, doth believe
Tis gain'd, by giving to his *Appetite*,
The fulnesse of his *Bodies* vaine delight:
To reach their *aim*, some others no wish hopes,
By scrambling up unto the dunghill-tops
Of temp'ral *Riches*: and, of all the wayes,
Most thinke this *course* deserves the greatest *praise*.

But, this our *Emblem's* Motto, doth implic,
That, nothing Man possesseth outwardly
Can purchase him the *Crowne*, that should be sought,
Like *rightly-doing*, what is *rightly-taught*.

And, that God never pussed any *doome*,
To burieth their *blisse*, who righteous would become:

For, ev'nto *Cain* he said (of siue detected)

If well thou dost, thou shalt be well respected.



ILLVSTR. II.

Book. 3

THe Squirrel, when shee must goe seeke her food,
By making passage through some neighb'ring flood,
(And feares to be deuoured by the Streame)
Thus, helps her weaknesse, by a *Stratagem*.
On *b ocks*, or *chips*, which on the waves doe flote,
She nimbly leaps; and, making them her boate
(By helpe of Windes, of Current, and of Tide)
Is waisted over to the further side.
Thus, that, which for the *Body* proves unfit,
Must often be acquired by the *Wit*.
And, what our outward *Fortunes* shall denye,
Our *providence* must labour to supply.
Those *Casualties*, which may our need befriend,
We should with heedfull diligence attend;
And, warch to seize those *opportunities*,
Which, men of abler fortunes may despise.

Some Birds, when they an *Oyster* would unlock,
Mount up, and let it fall upon a Rock;
And, when the Cockles on the Shores lye gasping,
(At eu'ry Tides approach their Shells unclasping)
Crows cast in *Pebles*, and so take that meat
By *craft*, which by their force they could not get.

Wee, by indeav'ring thus, may gaine, at length,
That, which at first appeares above our strength.
I'v little *Screws* an entrance we may make,
Where *Barres of Iron* cannot passage breake.
Small *Engines*, lift huge weights; and, we have heard,
That one *Wise-man* (though poore without regard)
May save a City, when the *Men of Warre*,
And, all their *Captaines*, at a *non plus* are.



ILLVSTR. III.

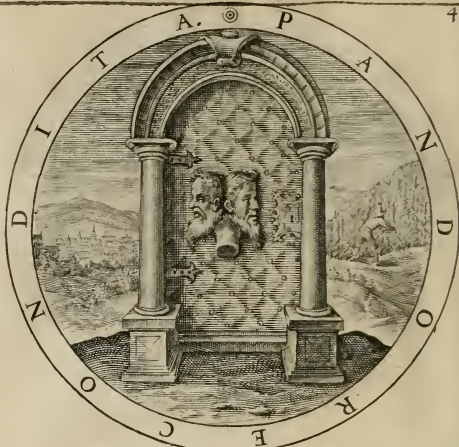
Book. 3

When thou behold'st, upon a Day of State,
The King (or, some inferiour Magistrate)
Walke forth in publicke, and the royall Mace,
The Sword, or Scepter borne before his face:
Suppose thou not, that those are carried, so,
In ostentation, or for idle show.
These vulgar Emblems, are significant;
And, that authority, which Princes grant
To Bodies-politicke, was, heretofore
Declared, by those Ensignes, which they bore.
The bruizing Mace (although, perhaps, with us,
It be not in these times, restrained thus)
That branch of Royall-power did signifie,
Which doth by Fines, or losse of liberty,
Correct Offenders. By the Sword, they meant,
That larger branch of pow'r, to represent,
Which takes the Malefactors life away;
And, armes it selfe, when Rebels disobay.

As often, therefore, as thou shalt espie
Such Hieroglyphickes of Authority;
Be miadefull, and advis'd (how meane soere
The Persons, or the Places may appeare,
Who get this pow'r) that still thou honour them:
Lest, thou in those, the pow'r of God contemne.
If not for theirs, yet for thy Sou'raignes cause,
Whom these doe personate; Or, for the Lawes,
(Which threaten punishment) thy selfe submit;
And, suffer what Authority thinks fit:

For, whatsoere they be that guide the Reyne,
He, gave the pow'r, who gave it, nor, in vaine.

*He, that concealed things will finde,
Must looke before him, and behinde.*



ILLVSTR. IV.

Book. 3

That Head, which in his *Temple*, heretofore,
The well-knowne figure of old *Ianus* bore,
Retain'd the forme, which pictur'd here you finde;
A Face before him, and a Face behinde.
And this old *Hieroglyphicke* doth comprize
A multitude of *Heathenish Mysteries*;
Which, wee omitting, will insist on what
This *Emblem's* Motto, chiefly poynteth at.

In true *Divinity*, 'tis *God alone*,
To whom, all hidden things are truly knowne.
Hee, onely, is that ever-present-being,
Who, by the vertue of his pow'r all-seeing,
Beholds, at one aspect, all things that are,
That ever *shall be*, and that ever *were*.

But, in a *Morall-sense*, we may apply
This *double-face*, that man to signifie,
Who (whatsoere he undertakes to doe)
Lookes, both *before him*, and *behinde him*, too.
For, he shall never fruitfully forecast
Affaires to come, who mindes not what is *past* :
And, such as doe not, oft, *before them* looke,
May lose the labour, that's already tooke.
By, sometimes, looking *backward*, we behold
Those things, which have been done in *times of old*;
By looking wisely *forward*, we foresee
Such matters, as in *future-times* will bee:
And, thus, we doe not onely fruits receive,
From that short space of *time*, in which we live ;
But, by this meanes, we likewise have a share,
In *times to come*, and, *times that passed are*.

Good



ILLVSTR. V.

Book. 3

THe Gryphon, is the figure of a creature,
Not found within the Catalogues of *Nature* :
But, by those Wits created, who, to shew
Internall things, externall Figures drew :
The Shape, in which this *Fiction* they exprest,
Was borrow'd from a *Fowle*, and, from a *Beast* ;
Importing (when their parts were thus combin'd)
The *Vertues*, both of *Body*, and of *minde* :
And, Men are sayd on *Gryphons* backs to ride,
When those mixt *Vertues*, them have dignify'd.

The *Stone* (this *Brute* supporting) may expresse
The firme abiding, and the solidnesse
Of all true *Vertues* : That, long-winged *Ball*,
Which doth appeare fast-linked therewithall,
The gifts of changing *Fortune*, doe implye :
And, all those things together, signifie,
That, when by such-like *Vertues* Men are guided,
Good *Fortune* cannot be from them divided.

If this be true (as true I this believe)
Why should wee murmare, why repine, or grieve,
As if our *Studies*, or our honest paines,
Deprived were of some deserved gaines ?
Why should we thinke the world hath done us wrong,
Because wee are not register'd among
Those thriving men, who purse up ev'ry day,
For *twelve houres labour* more then *twelve months pay* ?
If wee our *paines* rewarded cannot see,
Wee count our *Merits* greater then they be.

But if we bide content, our worth is more ;
And rich we are, though others think us poore.

When



ILLVSTR. VI.

Book. 3

SVch pleasant *Floures*, as here are shadow'd out
(Full-grown, well-trim'd, and strongly fenc'd about)
At first, perchance, had planting (where they stand)
And, husbanding, by some good *Gard'ners* hand:
But, when to perfect ripenessse, they are grown,
(And, spread forth leaves, and blossomes, fully blowne)
They draw it from the Vertue of the *Sunne*,
Which worketh, when the *Gard'ners* worke is done:
For, lost were all his Travaile, and his praise,
Vnlesse that *Planet* cheare them with his rayes.

In this our *Pilgrimage*, it fares with us
(In all our *hopes*, and all our *labours*) thus.
For, whatsoever bus'nesse wee intend,
On *God*, our good successes doe depend.
Our Hands may build; but, structures vaine we make,
Till *God*, to be *Chiefe-builder*, undertake.
To wall a *City*, wee may beare the cost;
But, he must guard it, or, the *Towne* is lost:
The *Plow-man* useth diligence to sowe;
But, *God* must blesse it, or, no *Corn* will grow:
Yea, though *Paul* plant, and, though *Apollo* water,
They spend their sweat, upon a fruitlesse matter,
Till *God*, from heaven, their labours please to blesse,
And crowne their traualles, with a good increase.

Let, therefore, those that flourish, like this *Floure*,
(And, may be wither'd, e're another houre)
Give *God* the praise, for making of their *Seeds*
Bring forth sweet *Floures*, that, else, had proved *Weeds*:
And, me despise not, though I thrive not so;
For, when, *God* pleaseth, I shall flourish too.



ILLVSTR. VII.

Book. 3

Some *Sects* are found, who so believing be,
They think themselves from *legall-workings* free;
And, so they live, as if they stood in feare
That, with *Good-works*, their *God* offended were.
Another sort we know, who credit not,
That any hope of *Mercie* can be got,
Till they themselves, by their *externall-deed*,
Have *merited* the favours they shall need :
And, so they prize their *workings* ; that, for *Grace*,
They seeme to disallow all usefull place.
Both sorts, their errors may be purged from,
When to the *Fiery-tryall* they shall come.
So, likewise, may another *Faction* too,
That erre more deadly then these former doe.

These doe (forsooth) affirme, that *God's* decree
Before all *Worlds* (what Words can fouler be ?)
D' barr'd the greatest part of *humane-race*,
Without respecting sinne, from hope of *Grace* ;
And, that, howere this number shall indeaver,
They must continue *Reprobates*, for ever.

The first, are errors of Impiety ;
But, this, ascends the top of blisphemy ;
Dispyles *Religion* wholly of her fruits ;
And, wrongeth *God* in all his *Attributes*.
These *Errors*, therefore shunne ; and, so believe,
That wee thy *Faith*, may by thy *Workes* perceive.
So worke, that thy *believing* may approve
Thou wrought'st not for thy *Wages* ; but, for love.

For (whatsoever thou be) if thus thou doe,
Thou must have hopes, and, *God* will grant them too.

By



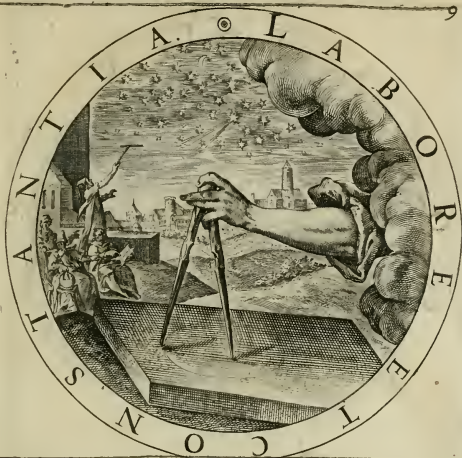
ILLVSTR. VIII.

Book. 3

THe *Lawrell*, which is given for a *Crowne*
 (To men deserving *Glory*, and *renowne*)
 Is figur'd here; whose noble deeds to show,
 For which, the *Wreaths* of *Honour*, we bestow.
 Two *Serpents* (*Wisdomes Emblems*) twisted are
 About this branch of *Lawrell*, to declare,
 That, *Wisdom*e is the surest means to save
 Our Names and Actions, from *Oblivion's Grave*.
 The *Snakes* are two, perhaps, to signify
 That *Morall-wit*, and *Christian-politicie*
 (United both together) doe contrive
 The safest guard, and best *preservative*.

Consider this, all yee, that trust your *Names*
 To *Marble Monuments*; or, mount your *Fames*
 By those poore meanes, which *Fooles* and *Knaves* pursue;
 And, may effect as easily as you:
 Nay, with more ease; and, overtop you too,
 When you have done the best, your wits can doe.
 I say, consider this; and, let the *Pen*
 Of learned, wise, and understanding men,
 Renowne your worths, and register the story
 Of your deserved, and, well-gotten glory;
 Lest, else, it suffer close-imprisonments,
 Within the walls of such poore *Monuments*,
 As oft are built, to leave it quite forgotten,
 Whose bones they cover'd, e're those bones be rotten.
 But, you shall best preserve your *Honest fame*,
 Your *Workes*, your *Hopes*, and *Honours* of your *Name*,
 If you your selves be wise, and, so provide
 That *Prudence*, all your *Workes*, and *Speeches* guide.

Good



ILLVSTR. IX.

Book. 3

Some Folkes there are, (and many men suppose,
That I my selfe, may passe for one of those)
Who many likely Businesse intend,

Yet, bring but very few, unto an end.
Which folly to prevent, this *Emblem*, here,
Did in a luckie houre, perhaps, appeare.
For, as to draw a *Circle*, with our hand,
We cause the brazen *Compasses* to stand
With one foot firmly fixed one the ground ;
And move the other in a *Constant-round* :
Right so, when we shall purpose to proceed
In any iust, and profitable deed,
We first, should by a *constant-resolution*,
Stand firme, to what we put in execution :
And, then, with *perseverance*, labour out
Those workings, which we are employ'd about.

For, we with *constant-liking*, must elect
Those Businesse, we purpose to effect :
Or els, our *time*, our *labour*, and our *cost*,
Will, oft, be much in vaine, or wholly lost.
With *constant-labour*, we must follow, too,
Those things; which we resolved are to do ;
Or, els, our hopes will never be effected,
How warily soe're we have projected.
Long Journeys I abhorre ; yet, otherwhile
I meane a *Furlong*, and performe a *Mile*.
I greatly feare *Long-labours* to begin ;
Yet, some I finish, when I'me entred in:
And, if in *Labour*, I more *constant* grow,
How I improve, hereafter, you shall know.



ILLVSTR. X.

Book.3

BEfore the *Plowman* hopefull can be made,
His untill'd earth good Hay or Corne will yeeld,
He breakes the hillocks downe, with *Plough* or *Spade*;
And, harrowes over, all the cloddie Field.
Then, from the *leave'd* ground, at last, he mooves
That Cropp of grasse, which he had hope to gaine;
Or, there, doth reape the fruit of what he sowes,
With profit, which contents him for his paine.

Our *craggie* Nature must be tilled, thus,
Before it will, for *Herbes of Grace*, be fit.
Our *high conceit*, must downe be broke in us;
Our heart is proud, and God must humble it.
Before good *Seed*, in us will rooting take,
Afflictions ploughes and harrowes, must prepare us:
And, that the truer *levell*, he may make,
When we are *sunk* too low, *Gods* hand must reare us.
Then, neither stormings of *Adversitie*,
Shall drowne the *Seedes of Hope*, which we have sowne;
Nor shall the *Sunne-beames* of *Prosperitie*,
Dre up their moisture, ere they ripe are growne.

Oh *Lord*, thou know'st the nature of my *minde*;
Thou know'st my *bodies* tempers what they are;
And, by what meanes, they shall be best inclin'de
Such *Fruits* to yeeld, as they were made to beare.
My barren *Soule*, therefore, manure thou so;
So, harrow it; so emptye, and so fill;
So raise it up, and bring it downe, so low
As best may lay it *levell* to thy *Will*.

In this *De fire*, the worke is well begunne;
Say thou the *Word*, and all is fully done.



ILLVSTR. XI.

Book. 3

BY viewing this *fixt-Head*, enwreath'd with *Bayes*,
(And, what the *Motto* round about it sayes)
Your Apprehension's eye, may partly see
What *constant Vertues*, in true *Knowledge* be.
For, if right plac'd it be, it ever will
Continue in the same condition, still:
And, though it make mens manners to be chang'd;
Yet, never is it, from it selfe, estrang'd:
Nor doth, nor can it, cease to be a *Friend*,
What *Fate* soever, shall on us attend.

When *Wealth* is lost, or faileth to besteed us;
Shee findes out honest meanes to cloath and feede us.
In *farre*, and *forraigne Lands*, shee will become,
As kinde, and as familiar, as at home;
And, *travelleth*, without the costly cumber,
Of Carriages, or Clokebagges full of Lumber.
No *Place* can from our presence, her enclose;
Nor is she frighted from us by our *Foes*.
No *Pickthankes*, of her Favours, can bereave us;
No *Promises*, can woo her to deceive us.
In *Youth*, in *Age*, in *Sicknesse*, and in *Griefe*,
Shee bringeth Consolation and reliefe:
And, is in all estates, a blessing to us,
So constant (and so apt, all helpes to doe us)
That, he for whom, such *Knowledge*, God provideth,
Enjoyes a *Friend*, that alwaies firme abideth.

Lord, I am *friendlesse* left; therefore, to me,
This *Knowledge*, and this *Friend*, vouchsafe to bee:
For, thou that *Wisdome* art, (from heav'n descending)
Which, neither hath *beginning*, *change*, nor *ending*.



ILLVSTR. XII.

Book. 3

 Hen Emblems, of too many parts conſiſt,
Their Author was no choice Emblematiſt :
But, is like thoſe, that waſt whole howres, to tell
What, in three minutes, might be ſaid as well.
Yet, when each member is interpreted,
Out of theſe vulgar Figures, you may read
A Morall, (altogether) not unfit
To be remembred, ev'n, by men of wit.
And, if the Kernell proove to be of worth,
No matter from what ſhell we drew it forth.

The Square whereon the Globe is placed, here,
Muſt Vertue be ; That Globe upon the Square,
Muſt meane the World ; The Figure, in the Round,
(Which in appearance doth her Trumpet ſound)
Was made for Fame ; The Booke ſhe beares, may ſhow,
What Breath it is, which makes her Trumpet blow :
The Wreath, incloſing all, was to intend
A glorious Praise, that never ſhall have end :
And, theſe, in one ſumm'd up, doe ſeeme to ſay ;
That, (if men ſtudy in a vertuous way)
The Trumpet of a never-ceaſing Fame,
Shall through the world proclaim their praiſefull Name.

Now Reader, if large Fame, be thy ambition,
This Emblem doth informe, on what condition
She may be gain'd. But, (herein, me beleve)
Thy ſtudie for meere-praiſe, will thee deceive :
And, if thy Vertues, be, but onely, thoſe
For which the vulgar Fame, her Trumpet blowes,
Thy Fame's a blaſt ; Thy Vertues, Vices be ;
Thy Studie's vaine ; and, ſhame will follow thee.



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. 3

E Xalt thou not thy selfe, though, plac'd thou be,
Vpon the topp of that old *Olive-tree*,
From whence the nat'rall branches prin'd have bin,
That, thou, the better, mightst be grafted in.
Be not so *over-wise*, as to presume
The *Gard'ner*, for thy goodnesse, did assume
Thy small *Crab-Olive*, to insert it, there,
Where, once, the *sweetest-berries*, growing were:
Nor let thy *Pride* those few *old-boughes* contemne;
Which, yet, remaine upon their ancient *Stemme*;
Because, thy new-incorporated *Sprays*,
Doe more enjoy the *Sunnes* refreshing raies:
But, humbled rather, and, more awfull bee;
Lest, *hee* that cut off *them*, doe breake downe *thee*.

Be *wise*, in what may to thy good, belong;
But, seeke not *Knowledge*, to thy neighbours wrong:
Be thankfull for the *Grace* thou hast receiv'd,
But, judge not those, who seeme thereof bereav'd;
Nor into those forbidden *secrets* peepe,
Which *God-Almighty*, to himselfe doth keepe.
Remember what our Father *Adam* found,
When he for *Knowledge*, sought beyond his bound.
For, doubtlesse, ever since, both *good* and *ill*
Are left with *Knowledge*, intermingled still;
And, (if we be not humble, meeke, and warie)
We are in daily danger, to miscary.
Large, proves the fruit which on the *Earth* doth lie;
Winds, breake the twigge, that's grafted *over-high*;
And, he that will, beyond his bounds, be *wise*,
Becomes a very *Foole*, before he dies.

When each man keepes unto his Trade,
Then, all things better will be made.



ILLVSTR. XIV.

Book. 3

E more should thrive, and erre the seldomer,
If we were like this honest *Carpenter*,
Whose *Emblem*, in reproofe of those, is made,
That love to meddle, farther then their *Trade*.
But, most are now exceeding cunning growne
In ev'ry mans affaires, except their owne:
Yea, *Coblers* thinke themselves not onely able,
To censure; but, to mend *Apelles Table*.

Great-Men, sometime, will gravely undertake
To teach, how *Broomes* and *Morters*, we should make.
Their *Indiscretions*, *Peasants* imitate,
And boldly meddle with affaires of *State*.

Some *Houswives* teach their *Teachers* how to pray,
Some *Clarks*, have shew'd themselves, as wise as they;
And in their *Callings*, as discreet have bin,
As if they taught their *Grandames* how to spinne:
And, if these *Customes*, last a few more Ages,
All Countries will be nothing els, but *Stages*
Of evill-acted, and mistaken parts;
Or, *Gallemaufries*, of imperfect *Arts*.

But, I my selfe (you'll say) have medlings made,
In things, that are improper to my *Trade*.
No; for, the *M V S E S* are in all things free;
Fit subject of their *Verse*, all Creatures be;
And, there is nothing nam'd so meane, or great,
Whereof they have not Liberty to treat.

Both *Earth* and *Heav'n*, are open unto these;
And (when to take more libertie they please)

They *Worlds*, and *things*, create, which never were;
And, when they list, they play, and meddle, there.



ILLVSTR. XV.

Book. 3

THe Figure of a *Storke* in elder dayes,
Was us'd in *Hieroglyphick*, many wayes :
But, when one *Foot*, thus grasp'd a *Peple-stone*,
The other being firmly fixed on
The *Staffe Episcopall*; in that position,
It makes an *Emblem*, of a late edition :
By some, thought not improper, to expresse
Their painefull, and their serious, *watchfulnesse*,
Who take upon themselves, the *Pastorall care* ;
And, in that *Function*, truly *watchfull* are.

The *Shepherds-Crooke*, doth some expression make
Of that regard, which, of their *Flocks*, they take.
The *Peble in the Foot*, doth seeme to shewe,
That, these must farther diligence bestowe,
(And, use their utmost power) themselves to keepe
From *slothfull Ease* ; and from intemperate *sleepe* :
For, he that hath such *Duties* undertooke,
(And, must the lives of others overlooke)
Shall finde himselfe, unto himselfe become
A burthen, and a Charge more troublefome
Then all his *Flocke*, unles, he still provide
His owne, aswell as others *waies*, to guide.

Now, though this *Emblems* Morail doth concerne
The *Clergie* most ; yet, hence we all may learne
Strict *watch* to keepe ; since, unto all that bee,
A *Watchmans* place belongs, in some degree.
Which, to discharge, if wee endeavour, still,
Our universall *Shepherd* aide us will,

Aid us from harmes and error he will keepe,
For, *Hee that guardeth Israell doth not sleepe.*

Our Dayes, untill our Life hath end,
In Labours, and in Hopes, wee spend.



ILLVSTR. XVI.

Book. 3

AS soone as our first Parents disobey'd,
Forthwith a Curse, for their offence, was layd,
Inforcing them, and their succeeding race,
To get their Food, with sweatings of the Face.
But, afterward, this Doome to mitigate,
(And ease the miseries of their estate)
God gave them Hope, that she might helpe them beare
The burthens of their Travaile, and their care.

A Woman with an Anchor, and a Spade,
An Emblem of that Mystery is made:
And, this Estate, wee all continue in,
By God's free Mercie, and our proper Sinne.
By Sinne, the Labour is on us intail'd;
By Grace, it is, that Hoping hath not fail'd;
And, if in Hope, our Labours wee attend,
That Curse will prove a Blessing, in the end.

My Lot is Hope, and Labour; and, betweene
These Two, my Life-time hath prolonged beene:
Yet, hitherto, the Best of all my Paine,
With most of all my Hopes have beene in vaine;
And to the VVorld-ward, I am like to wast
My time in fruitlesse Labours, till the last.

However, I have still my Hopes as faire
As hee, that hath no temptings to Despaire;
And, change I will not, my last howres for theirs,
Whose Fortune, more desirable appeares;
Nor cease to Hope and Labour, though, of most,
My Hope and Labour be adjudged lost:

For, though I lose the shadow of my Paines,
The substance of it, still, in God, remains.



ILLVSTR. XVII.

Book. 3

Hen from the harmelesse *Turt e*, and the *Snake*,
Their most commended *properties* wee take,
(And mixe them well) they make a composition,
Which yeelds a *temper* of the best condition.
Yet, *wickednesse*, or *sorrow*, doth abound,
Where, any one of theſe, alone, is found:
For, whenſoe're the *Serpents-braine* we find,
With which, there is no *Dove-like-meekeneſſe* joyn'd,
(Wi' hout all peradventure) thence proceedes,
All ha-metull fraud, and all injurious deedes.
And, where ſuch *meekeneſſe* as doth ſeeme to be
In har-melesſe *Doves*, divided you ſhall ſee
From that *diſcretion*, and that *policie*,
Which in the *Serpents* head, is thought to lie;
They liable to ev'ry wrong become;
And, to it ſelfe, make *Vertue* burthenſome.
But, where theſe two are joyned, they procure
A life ſo ſweet, ſo rich, and ſo ſecure,
That, all the pow'rs of *Malice* cannot ſhake
Their *out-workes*, nor *within* them, terrors make.

Vouchſafe thou oh my God! vouchſafe, in me,
That theſe two Vertues may united be.
Such Prudence grve, as never will diſdain
The Dove-like Innocencie, to retaine.
That meekeneſſe, grant me, which delighteth not,
It ſelfe, with indiſcretion, to beſot:
But, let theſe two, each other ſo defend,
And ſo, in me continue, till my end,
That, ſimple-prudence, I may ſtill poſſeſſe,
Althoug the World ſhall count it fooliſhneſſe.

Where'er we dwell, the Heav'ns are neere;
Let us but fly, and wee are there.



ILLVSTR. XVIII.

Book. 3

WHy, with a trembling faintnesse, should we feare
The face of *Death*? and, fondly linger here,
As if we thought the *Voyage* to be gone
Lay through the shades of *Styx* or *Acheron*?
Or, that we either were to travell downe
Touncouth *Deapthes*, or up some *heights* unknowne?
Or, to some place remote, whose nearest end
Is farther then *Earths* limits doe extend?

It is not by one halfe that distance, thither
Where *Death* lets in, as it is any whither:
No not by halfe so farre, as to your bed;
Or, to that place, where you should rest your head,
If on the ground you layd your selfe (ev'n there)
Where at this moment you abiding are.
This *Emblem* shewes (if well you looke thercon)
That, from your *Glasse of life*, which is to run,
There's but one step to *Death*; and, that you tread
At once, among the *Living*, and, the *Dead*.

In whatsoever *Land*, we live or die,
God is the same; And, *Heav'n* is, there, as nigh
As in that place, wherein, we most desire
Our *Soules*, with our last breathing, to expire.
Which things, well heeding; let us not delay
Our *Journey*, when we summon'd are away,
(As those inforced *Pilgrims* use to doe,
That know not whither, nor, how farre they goe)
Nor let us dreame that we in *Time*, or *Place*,
Are farre from ending our uncertaine *Race*.

But, let us fix on *Heav'n*, a faithfull eye,
And, still, be flying thither, till wee die.



ILLVSTR. XIX.

Book. 3

A Travailer, when he must undertake
To seek his passage, o're some *Frozen Lake*,
With *leisure*, and with *care*, he will assay
The glassy smoothnesse of that *Icye-way*,
Lest he may *slip*, by walking over-fast;
Or, breake the crackling *Pavement*, by his haft:
And, so (for want of better taking heed)
Incur the mischiefes of *Vnwary-speed*.

We are all *Travellers*; and, all of us
Have many passages, as dangerous,
As *Frozen-lakes*; and, *Slippery-ways*, we tread,
In which our Lives may soone be forfeited,
(With all our hopes of *Life-eternall*, too)
Unlesse, we well consider what we doe.
There is no private *Way*, or publicke *Path*,
But rubs, or holes, or slipp'rinesse it hath,
Whereby, wee shall with *Mischiefes* meet; unlesse,
Wee walke it, with a *stedfast-warmesse*.

The steps to *Honour*, are on *Pinnacles*
Compos'd of melting *Snow*, and *Icicles*;
And, they who tread not nicely on their tops,
Shall on a suddaine slip from all their *hopes*.
Yea, ev'n that way, which is both sure and holy,
And, leades the Minde from Vanities and Folly,
Is with so many other *Path-ways* crost,
As, that, by *Rashnesse*, it may soone be lost;
Unlesse, we well deliberate, upon
Those *Tracts*, in which our *Ancestours* have gone:
And, they who with more *haste*, then *heed*, will runne,
May lose the way, in which they well begunne.



ILLVSTR. XX.

Book. 3

LOoke here, and marke (her sickly birds to feed)
How freely this kinde *Pelican* doth bleed.
See, how (when other *Salves* could not be found)
To cure their sorrowes, she, her selfe doth wound;
And, when this holy *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
Lift up thy soule to him, who dy'd for thee.

For, this our *Hieroglyphick* would expresse
That *Pelican*, which in the *Wildernesse*
Of this vast *World*, was left (as all alone)
Our miserable *Nature* to bemone;
And, in whose eyes, the teares of pitty stood,
When he beheld his owne unthankfull *Brood*
His *Favours*, and his *Mercies*, then, contemne,
When with his wings he would have brooded them:
And, sought their endlesse peace to have confirm'd,
Though, to procure his ruine, they were arm'd.

To be their *Food*, himselfe he freely gave;
His *Heart* was pierc'd, that he their *Soules* might save.
Because, they disobey'd the *Sacred-will*,
He, did the *Law of Righteousnesse* fulfill;
And, to that end (though guiltlesse he had bin)
Was offred, for our *Vniuersall-sinne*.

Let mee Oh *God!* forever, fixe mine eyes
Vpon the Merit of that *Sacrifice*:
Let me retaine a due commemoration
Of those deare *Mercies*, and that bloody *Passion*,
Which here is meant; and, by true *Faith*, still, feed
Vpon the drops, this *Pelican* did bleed;
Yea, let me firme unto thy *Law* abide,
And, ever love that *Flicke*, for which he dy'd.



ILLVSTR. XXI.

Book. 3

That, which wee call the *Sea-horse*, is a Creature,
Whereby the Priests of *Egypt*, wonted were,
To typify an *Ill-disposed nature*;
And, such, as to their *Parents*, cruell are:
Because, this *Monster* (as their *Authors* write)
When strong he growes, becommeth so ingrate,
That he pursues, with violent despight,
His old and weakly *Sire*, which him begate.

Contrariwise, the *Storke*, they figur'd, then,
When they occasion had, to signifie
The good condition, of those honest men,
Who pleasure take, in workes of *Piety*:
Because, the *Storkes*, not onely harmed none,
But, holpe their aged *Parents* in their need;
And, those offensive *Serpents*, prey'd upon,
Which, in the Fennes of *Egypt*, yearely, breed.

The *Royall-Crowne*, therefore, supporting thus
That pious *Fowle*, and overtopping, here,
The wicked, and the fierce *Hippotamus*,
May serve to *comfort*, and to keep in *fear*.
For, it informes, that, if we pious grow,
And love our *Princes* (who those *Parents* bee,
To whom all *Subjects*, filiall duties owe)
The blessings of their *Favours*, we shall see.
It shewes us, also, that, if we affect
Vnrighteous-ways, no *Wit*, or *Strength* of our,
Nor any *Vncouth-place*, shall us protect
From being reached, by the *Sou'raigne-power*.

The way of *Iustice*, therefore, learne thou still,
For love of *Godnesse*, or for feare of *Ill*.

Take



ILLVSTR. XXII.

Book. 3

 *Hen Ganymed, himselfe was purifying,
Great Iupiter, his naked beauty spying,
Sent forth his Eagle (from below to take him)
A blest Inhabitant, in Heav'n to make him :
And, there (as Poets feigned) he doth still,
To love, and other God beads, Nectar fill.*

*Though this be but a Fable, of their feigning,
The Morall is a Reall truth, pertayning
To ev'ry one (which harbours a desire
Above the Starry Circles, to aspire.)
By Ganymed, the Soule is understood,
That's washed in the Purifying flood
Of sacred Baptisme (which doth make her seeme
Both pure and beautifull, in God's esteeme.)
The Eagle, meanes that Heav'nly Contemplation,
Which, after Washings of Regeneration,
Lifts up the Minde, from things that earthly bee,
To view those Objects, which Faith's Eyes doe see.
The Nectar, which is filled out, and given
To all the blest Inhabitants of Heaven,
Are those Delights, which (Christ hath sayd) they have,
When some Repentant soule beginnes to leave
Her foulness ; by renewing of her birth,
And, slighting all the Pleasures of the Earth.*

*I aske not, Lord, those Blessings to receive,
Which any Man hath pow'r to take, or give ;
Nor, what this World affords ; for, I contemne
Her Favours ; and have seene the best of them :*

*Nay, Heav'n it selfe, will unsufficient bee,
Vnlesse, Thou, also, give Thy selfe, to mee.*

Through



ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book. 3



Ld Sages by the Figure of the Snake
(Encircled thus) did oft expression make
Of *Annua*l-*Revolutions*; and of things,
Which wheele about in *everlasting-rings*;
There *ending*, where they first of all *begun*,
And, there *beginning*, where the *Round* was *done*.
Thus, doe the *Planets*; Thus, the *Seasons* doe;
And, thus, doe many other *Creatures*, too.

By minutes, and by houres, the *Spring* steales in,
And, rolleth on, till *Summer* doth begin:
The *Summer* brings on *Autumne*, by degrees;
So ripening, that the eye of no man sees
Her *Entrances*. That *Season*, likewise, hath
To *Winter*. ward, as leasurely a path:
And, then, cold *Winter* wheeleth on amaine,
Vntill it brings the *Spring* about againe,
With all those *Resurrections*, which appeare,
To wait upon her comming, every yeare.

These *Roundells*, helpe to shew the *Mystery*
Of that immense and blest *Eternitie*,
From whence the *CREATURE* sprung, and, into *whom*
It shall, againe, with full perfection come,
When those *Additions*, it hath fully had,
Which all the sev'ral *Orbes* of *Time* can add.
It is a full, and fairely written *Scrowle*,
Which up into it selfe, it selfe doth rowle;
And, by *Unfolding*, and, *Infolding*, shoves
A *Round*, which neither *End*, nor *entrance* knowes.

And (by this *Emblem*) you may partly see,
Tis that which *IS*; but, cannot uttered be.

Each

Each Day a Line, *small tasks appeares :*
Yet, much it makes in threeſcore Teares.



ILLVSTR. XXIV.

Book. 3

Here's but *one Line* ; and, but *one Line a Day*,
Is all the *task* our *Motto*, ſeemes to lay :
And, that is thought, perhaps, a thing ſo ſmall,
As if it were as good bee nought at all.
But, be not ſo deceiv'd ; For, oft you ſee
Small things (in time) *great matters*, riſe to be :
Yea, that, which when the ſame was firſt begun,
A *Trifle* ſeem'd, (and eaſie to be done)
By long neglect of time, will *burthenſome*,
And, at the laſt, *impoſſible*, become.

Great *Clarkes*, there are, who ſhall not leave behind them,
One good *Weekes* worke, for *Future-Times* to minde them,
(In *Callings*, either *Humane*, or *Divine*)
Who, by compoſing but *each Day a Line*,
Might *Authors*, of ſome famous *Workes* appeare,
In ſixtie, ſeventie, or in eightie yeare ;
To which, ten hundred thouſands have arrived
Of whom, we ſee no ſigne that ev'r they lived.
And, with much pleaſure, wee might all effect,
Thoſe needfull *Works*, which often we neglect,
(Vntill too late) If we but, now and then
Did ſpare one houre to exerciſe the penn.

For, ſtill, *one-Line*, another draweth on,
And, *Line by Line*, great *Workes* at laſt are done.
Whereas, *diſuſe*, and many dayes miſpent,
Without their *Lines*, let in *diſcouragement*,
Or, bring *Deſpaire* ; which doth ſo ſottiſh make us,
That we, to no endeavour can betake us.

Marke this, and, labour in ſome honeſt *Way*,
As much as makes, at leaſt, *One Line a Day*,



ILLVSTR. XXV.

Book.3



Hen *Phœbus* with a cheerefull eye, beholds
The Flow'r-embroydred earth, and freely spreads
His beames abroad; behold, the *Marigolds*
Beginne to reare their low-dejected heads:
The *Tulips*, *Daylies*, and the *Heliotropes*
Of ev'ry kinde, their closed Leaves display;
And (as it were) with new-recover'd hopes,
Attend upon the *Ruler of the Day*.

Againe, when either in the *West* he shrowds
His Rayes below this *Horizon*, or hides
His Face behinde the Curtaines of the *Cloudes*;
They lose their beanties, and abate their prides.

Thus fares it with a *Nation*, and their *King*,
'Twixt whom there is a native Sympathy.
His *Presence*, and his *Favours*, like the *Spring*,
Doe make them sweetly thrive, and fructify:
Yea (like fresh *Groves*, or *Flow'rs* of pleasing hew)
Themselves in all their jollity they shewe;
But, they, if with disoleasure, them he view,
Some lose their *Glory*, and contemned growe.

All, are not *Heliotropes* that favour'd growe,
In *Princes* Courts; nor *Marigolds*, that beare
The golden blossomes; but some spring below,
Like *Daylie flow'rs*, that in the Pathwayes are:
Yer all shall feele it, when their *Sou'raignes* eye
Doth frowne, or smile, regard, or else neglect:
Yea, it will finde them in *Obscurity*,

By some Disheartning, or some sweet *Effect*.

Vouchsafe to shine on Mee, my Gracious *King*,
And then my *Wisher'd* Leaves, will freshly spring.



ILLVSTR. XXVI.

Book. 3

IF any covet knowledge of that *Path*,
Which thither tends, where *Peace* her dwelling hath,
This *Emblem* (being well observ'd) will show
On whether side, it will be best to goe.

The *Left-hand way*, seemes to be walk'd, at ease,
Through Lawnes, and Downes, and green-swath'd Passages;
And, much allures the *Traveller*, to trie
The many Pleasures, which doe that *Way* lye.

The *Right-hand-course*, is through a *Pathlesse-mound*
Of newly ploughed, and deep-furrow'd Ground;
Which, as uneasie seemeth, to be gone,
As, in appearance, rough to looke upon.
Yet, this is *Vertue's Path*: This *Way* uneven,
Is that, which unto ev'ry man is given,
To travaile in; and, hath a safer ending,
Then those, whereon more *Pleasures* are attending:
And (though it leades us thither, where we see
Few promises of outward *Glories* bee)
It brings (us when we passe the common sight)
Through easie *Tracts*, to gaine our *Hearts delight*.

The other *Way* (though seeming streight, it lyes,
To *Pleasure's* Pallaces, before our eyes)
Hath many rubs, and perills, which betweene
Our *Hopes*, and *Vs*, will alwayes lurke unscene;
Till we are drawne so farre, that 'twill be vaine,
To seeke, with safety, to returne againe.
This, let us heed, and, still be carefull, too,
Which *Course* it most concerneth us to goe.

And, though the *Left-hand-way*, more smoothneſſe hath,
Let us goe forward, in the *Right-hand-path*.



ILLVSTR. XXVII.

Book. 3

THe *Bounder-Stones*, held sacred, heretofore,
Some did so superstitiously adore,
As, that they did not onely rev'rence doe them;
But, have ascrib'd a kinde of *God-head*, to them:
For, *Terminus* had many a *Sacrifice*,
As well as other senselesse *Deities*.

I am not so prophane, as to desire
Such *Ethnick* zeale should set our hearts on fire:
But, wish I could, Men better did regard
Those *Bounders*, which *Antiquity* hath rear'd;
And, that, they would not, with so much delight,
There, make *incroachments*, where they have no right.

That, ev'ry man might keep his owne *Possessions*,
Our Fathers, us'd in reverent *Processions*
(With zealous prayers, and with praisefull cheere)
To walke their *Parish-limits*, once a yeare:
And, well knowne *Markes* (which sacrilegious Hands
Now cut or breake) so bord'red out their Lands,
That, ev'ry one distinctly knew his owne;
And, many brawles, now rife, were then unknowne.

But, since neglected, sacred *Bounders* were,
Most men *Incroachers*, and *Intruders* are:
They grieve each other, and their *Dues* they steale,
From *Prince*, from *Parent*, and from *Common-wealth*.

Nay, more; these bold *Vsurpers* are so rude,
That, they, on *Christ's* Inheritance intrude.
But, that will be aveng'd; and (on his right)
Though such *incroach*, he will not lose it quite:

For, hee's that *Bounder*, and that *Corner-stone*,
Who all *confines*, and is *confin'd*, of none.



ILLVSTR. XXVIII.

Book. 3



Ould God, I could as feelingly infuse
A good effect of what this *Emblem* shewes,
As I can tell in words, what *Moralls* bee,
The life of that, which here you pictur'd see.
Most *Lovers*, minde their *Penny*, or their *Pleasure*;
Or, painted *Honors*; and, they all things meature,
Not as they are, but as they helpfull seeme,
In compassing those toyes, they most esteeme.
Though many wish to gaine a faithfull *Friend*,
They seldom seek one, for the noblest end:
Nor know they (should they finde what they had sought)
How *Friendship* should be manag'd, as it ought.
Such, as good *Husbands* cover, or good *Wives*
(The deare companions of most happy lives)
Wrong *Courses* take to gaine them; yet, contemne
Their honest love, who rightly counsell them:
And, lest, they unawares the *Marke* may hit,
They blinde their *judgements*, and befoole their *wit*.
He, that will finde a *Friend*, must seek out one
To exercise unfeigned love upon;
And, *mutuall-duties*, must both yield, and take,
Not for himselfe; but, for his *Friendship* sake.
Such, as doe rightly *marry*, neither be
With *Dowries* caught, nor woove a *Pedegree*;
Nor, meely come together, when they wed,
To reape the youthfull pleasures of the Bed:
But, seek that fitnessse, and, that *Sympathy*,
Which maketh up the perfect *Amity*.

A *paire*, so match'd; like *Hands* that wash each other,
As *mutuall-helpers*, will sweetly live together.

When



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. 3

THe Picture of a *Crowned king*, here, stands
Upon a *Globe*; and, with outstretched hands,
Holds forth, in view, a *Law booke*, and a *Sword*:
Which plaine and moderne *Figures*, may afford
This meaning; that, a *King*, who hath regard
To *Courts* for pleading, and a *Court of Guard*,
And, at all times, a due respect will carry,
To pious *Lawes*, and *Actions military*;
Shall not be *Monarch*, onely in those *Lands*,
That are, by *Birth-right*, under his commands:
But, also, might (if just occasion were)
Make this whole *Globe* of Earth, his power to feare;
Advance his *Favorites*; and, bring downe all
His *Opposites*, below his pedestall.

His conquering *Sword*, in forraigne Realmes, he drawes,
As oft, as there is just, or needfull cause:
At home, in ev'ry *Province* of his *Lands*,
At all times, armed are his *Trayned bands*.
His *Royall fleets*, are terrors to the *Seas*;
At all houres, rigg'd, for usefull *Voyages*:
And, often, he his *Navy* doth increase,
That *Warres* Provisions, may prolong his *Peace*.
Nor, by the tenure of the *Sword*, alone,
Delighteth he to hold his awfull *Throne*,
But, likewise, labours, Mithchiefs to prevent,
By wholsome *Lawes*, and rightfull *Government*.
For, where the *Sword* commands, without the *Law*,
A *Tyrant* keeps the Land in slavish awe:
And, where good *Lawes* doe want an *Armed pow'r*,
Rebellious *Knaves*, their *Princes*, will devour.

Faire-



ILLVSTR. XXX.

Book. 3

¶ Hen wee should use a *Ruler*, or a *Square*,
Or such like *Instruments*, as usefull are,
In forming other things; we prize not so
The carving, or the colourable shew
(Which makes them beautifull in outward sight)
As when, for *Vsefulnessse*, we finde them right.

A warped *Bowe*, though strung with silken threads,
And, crooked *Arrowes*, tipt with Golden heads,
Delight not *Archers*; tyet, such uselesse *Toyes*
Be fit enough for Bunglers, and for Boyes.
A skilfull *Artist* (in what Art see're,
He seekes, to make his ablenesse appeare)
Will give large Prices, with much more content,
To buy a plaine (if perfect) *Instrument*;
Then, take for nothing (or, for thanks alone)
An uselesse *Too*le, though, gay to looke upon.

From whence, observe; that, if there must be fought,
When meere *Mechanick* workes are to be wrought,
Such *Instruments*, as rather have esteeme
For their true-being, then for what they seeme.
Much more, should all those *Rules* be such, whereby
Wee goe about, our selves to rectify;
And, build up, what in *Body*, or in *minde*,
We may defective, or impaired finde.
Else, peradventure, that we thinke to mend,
More faulty may become, at later end.
But, hence, I chiefly learne, to take a care,
My *Life*, and *Actions*, rather be sincere,
Then seeming such: And, yet, Ile thinke no shame,
To seeme, to be as honest, as I am.



ILLVSTR. XXXI.

Book. 3

THIS nigh-wasted *Candle*, you shall view,
And, heed it well, it may enlighten you
To looke with more compassion, on their paines,
Who rob themselves, to multiply your gaines.
The *Taper* burnes, to give another light,
Ev'n till it selfe, it hath consumed quite;
And, all the profit, which it thence doth winne,
Is to be snufft, by ev'ry *Commer-in*.

This is the Lot of some, whom I have knowne,
Who, freely, all their life-time, have bestowne
In such industrious labour, as appeares,
To further others profits, more then theirs;
And, all their *Patrimonies*, well nigh spent,
The ruining of others, to prevent.
The *wit*, the *strength*, and all the *pow'r* they had,
(Which might, by probability, have made
Good meanes to raise them, in this world, as high,
As most, who climbe to wealthy dignity)
Ev'n these, they have bestow'd, to better them,
Who their indeavours, for their paines, contemne.

These are those *Lampt*, whose *flames*, from time to time,
Have through each *Age*, and through-out ev'ry *Clime*,
To one another, that true *Light* convey'd,
Which *Ignorance*, had, els, long since betray'd
To utter darknesse. These, delpightfull *Pride*
Of snuff; and, oft, to put them out, hath try'd.
But, from the brightnesse of such *Lights*, as they,
We got our *Light of knowledge*, at this day.

To *them*, God make us kinder; and to *Him*,
More thankfull, that we gain'd such light by *them*.

The



ILLVSTR. XXXII.

Book. 3

THe *Horne-of-plenty*, which *Wealth* signifies,
The *Hand-in-hand*, which *Plighted faith* implies,
(Together being painted) seeme to reach,
That, such as will be *honest*, shall be *rich*.

If this be so, why then for *Lucre-sake*,
Doe many breake the *Promises* they make ?
Why doe they cheat and couzen, lye, and sweare ?
Why practise they all Villanies that are ?
To compassse *Wealth* ? And, how doe such as they
Inlarge their ill-got *Portions*, ev'ry day ?
Or, whence procedes it, that sometimes we see
Those men grow poore, who *faithfull* seeme to bee ?

Thus, oft it proves ; and, therefore, *Falshood* can,
In likelihood, much more enrich a man,
Then blamelesse *Faith* ; and, then, the *Motto* here
Improper to this *Emblem*, doth appeare.
But, well enough they sute ; and, all is true,
Which these things (being thus unied) shew.
Should it be then concluded, that all those,
Who poore and honest seeme, have made but shewes
Of reall *Faith* ? And, therefore, plagu'd have bin
With publicke lasses, for their private sin ?

Indeed, sometime it hath succeeded so :
But, know you should, that, most who richest grow,
In *Outward-wealth*, are very poore in that,
Which brings true *Plentie*, and a blest Estate :
And, that, *Good men*, though poore they seeme to bee,
Have *Riches*, which the *Worldling* cannot see.

Now He, who findes himselve endow'd with such,
(Whate're wee thinke him) is exceeding *rich*.

Poore



ILLVSTR. XXXIII.

Book. 3

IF you, this *Emblem*, well have look'd upon,
Although you cannot helpe it, yet, bemoane
The Worlds blacke Impudence; and, if you can,
Continue (or become) an honest man.
The poore, and petty *Pilferers*, you see
On *Wheales*, on *Gibbets*, and the *Gallow-tree*
Trust up; when they, that farre more guilty are,
Pearle, Silke, and costly Cloth of Tissue, weare.

Good God! how many hath each *Land* of those,
Who, neither limbe, nor life, nor credit lose
(But, rather live befriended, and applauded)
Yet, have of all their livelihoods defrauded
The helpelesse *Widowes*, in their great distresse:
And, of their Portions, robd the *Fatherlesse*?
Yet, censur'd others Errours, as if none
Had cause to say, that they amisse have done:
How many, have assisted to condemne
Poore soules, for what was never stolne by them:
And, persecuted others, for that Sin,
Which they themselves, had more transgressed in:

How many worthlesse men, are great become,
By that, which they have stolne, or cheated from
Their *Lords*? or (by some practices unjust)
From those, by whom they had beene put in trust:
How many *Lawyers*, wealthy men are growne;
By taking Fees, for *Causes* overthrowne
By their defaults: How many, without feare,
Doe rob the *King*, and *God*, yet blamelesse are:

God knowes how many! would I did so, too;
So I had pow'r to make them better doe.



ILLVSTR. XXXIV.

Book. 3



Hen thou beholdest on this *Burying-stone*,
The melancholly *Night-bird*, sitting on
The fleshlesse ruines of a *rotten-Skull*,
(Whose Face, perhaps, hath been more beautifull,
Then thine is now) take up a serious thought;
And, doe as thou art by the *Motto* taught.
Remember Death: and, minde, I thee beseech,
How soone, these *Fowles* may at thy window screech;
Or, call thee (as the common people deeme)
To dwell in *Graves*, and *Sepulchers*, by them,
Where nothing else, but *Bats*, and *Owles*, appeare;
Or, *Goblins*, form'd by *Fancies*, and, by *Feare*.

If thou shalt be advis'd, to meditate
Thy latter end, before it be too late,
(And, whil'ſt thy *friends*, thy *strength*, and *wits* may bee
In likely case, to help and comfort thee)
There may be courses taken, to divert
Those *Frights*, which, else, would terrifie thy heart,
When *Death* drawes neare; and helpe thee plucke away
That *Sting*, of his, which would thy Soule dismay.

But, if thou madly ramble onward, still,
Till thou art sinking downe that *darke forme-bill*,
Which borders on the *Grave* (and doſt beginne
To see the Shades of *Terrour*, and of *Sinne*
To fly across thy *Conscience*) 'twill be hard
To learne this *Lesson*; or, to be prepar'd
For that sad parting; which, will forced bee,
Betwene this much beloved *World*, and thee.

Consider this, therefore, while *Time* thou hast,
And, put not off this *Bus'nesse*, till the last.



ILLVSTR. XXXV.

Book. 3

AS is the head-strong *Horse*, and blockish *Mule*,
Ev'n such, without the *Bridle*, and the *Rule*;
Our *Nature* growes; and, is as mischievous;
Till *Grace*, and *Reason*, come to governe us.
The *Square*, and *Bridle*, therefore let us heed,
And, thereby learne to know, what *helpes* wee need;
Lest, else, (they sayling, timely, to bee had)
Quite out of *Order*, wee, at length, bee made.

The *Square*, (which is an usefull *Instrument*,
To shape forth senselesse *Formes*) may represent
The *Law*: Because, *Mankind*, (which is by *Nature*,
Almost as dull, as is the *senselesse-creature*,)
Is thereby, from the *native-rudenesse*, wrought;
And, in the *Way* of honest-living taught.
The *Bridle*, (which *Invention* did contrive,
To rule, and guide the *Creature-sensitive*)
May type forth *Discipline*; which, when the *Law*
Hath school'd the *Wit*, must keepe the *Will* in awe.
And, hee that can by these, his *Passions* bound,
This *Emblems* meaning, usefully, hath found.

Lord, let thy sacred *Law*, at all times, bee
A *Rule*, a *Master*, and a *Glasse* to mee;
(A *Bridle*, and a *Light*) that I may, still,
Both know my *Dutie*, and obey thy *Will*.
Direct my *Feet*; my *Hands*, instruct thou so,
That I may neither *wander*, nor *mis-doe*.
My *Lookes*, my *Hearing*, and my *Wordes* confine,
To keepe still firme, to ev'ry *Word* of thine.

On thee, let also my *Desires* attend:
And, let me hold this *semper*, till mine end.



ILLVSTR. XXXVII.

Book. 3

THis is a well-known Figure, signifying,
A man, whose *Vertues* will abide the trying:
For, by the nature of the *Diamond stone*,
(Which, *Violence*, can no way worke upon)
That *Patience*, and *long-suffering* is intended,
Which will not bee with *Injuries* offended;
Nor yeeld to any base dejectednesse,
Although some bruising *Pow'r*, the same oppresse;
Or, such hard *streights*, as theirs, that *hammrings* feeble,
Betwixt an *Anvile*, and a *Sledge of Steele*.

None ever had a perfect *Vertue*, yet,
But, that most *Pretious stone*, which *God* hath set
On his right hand, in *beaming-Majestie*,
Vpon the *Ring* of blest *ETERNITIE*.
And, this, is that impenitrable *Stone*,
The *Serpent* could not leave impression on,
(Nor signe of any *Path-way*) by temptations,
Or, by the pow'r of sly insinuations:
Which wondrous *Mysterie* was of those *five*,
Whose depth *King Solomon* could never dive.

Good *God*! vouchsafe, ev'n for that *Diamond-sake*,
That, I may of his *pretiousnesse*, partake,
In all my *Trialls*; make mee alwayes able
To bide them, with a minde impenitrable,
How hard, or oft so'ere, those *hammrings* bee,
Wherewith, *Afflictions* must new *fashion* mee.
And, as the common *Diamonds* polish'd are,
By their owne dust; so, let my *errors* weare
Each other out; And, when that I am pure,
Give mee the *Luitre, Lord*, that will endure.

Truth,



ILLVSTR. XXXVII.

Book. 3

This is that fruitfull *Plant*, which when it growes,
Where wholesome *Water* in abundance flowes,
Was, by the *Psalmist*, thought a likely *Tree*,
The *Emblem*, of a *blessed-man*, to bee:
For, many wayes, it fitly typifies,
The *Righteous-man*, with his proprieties;
And, those true *Vertues*, which doe helpe increase
His growing, in the state of *Blessednesse*.

The *Palme*, (in this our *Emblem*, figur'd, thus)
Depressed with a *Stone*, doth shew to us
The pow'r of *Truth*: For, as this *Tree* doth spread,
And thrive the more, when weights presse downe the head;
So, *Gods* eternall *Truth* (which all the pow'r
And spight of *Hell*, did labour to devoure)
Sprung high, and flourished the more, thereby,
When *Tyrants* crush'd it, with their crueltie.
And, all inferiour *Truths*, the same will doe,
According as they make approaches to
The best *Perfection*; or, as they conduce
To *Gods* due *praise*, or some such pious use.

Lord, still, preserve this *Truths* integritie,
Although on ev'ry side, the wicked prie,
To spie how they may disadvantage it.
Yea, Lord, though *Sinners* in high place doe sit,
(As *David* saith) yer, let them not oppresse
Thy *Veritie*, by their imperiousnesse.
But, make both *Her*, and her *Professors*, bide
The *Test*, like *Silver* seven times purifide.

That, all *Truths* lovers, may with comfort see,
Shce may depress, but, not, oppressed bee.

They,



ILLVSTR. XXXIX.

Book. 3

THe big-bon'd Oxe, in pace is very slow,
And, in his travaile, *step by step*, doth goe,
So leifurely, as if he tir'd had bin,
Before his painfull Iourney did beginne;
Yet, all the day, he stily ploddeh on,
Vntill the labour of the day be done:
And, seemes as fresh (though he histaske hath wrought)
As when to worke, he first of all was brought.
Meane-while, the *Palfrey*, which more swiftnesse had,
Hath lost his breath, or proves a *Resty-jade*.

This *Emblem*, therefore, maketh it appeare,
How much it profiteth, to *persevere*;
And, what a little *Industry* will doe,
If wee continue *constant* thereunto.
For, meanest *Faculties*, discretely us'd,
May get the start, of nobler *Gifts*, abus'd.
This, may obserued be in many a one:
For (when their course of life was first begunne)
Some, whose refined *wits*, aspi'd as high,
As if above the *Spheres*, they were to flie:
By *Sloth*, or *Pride*, or over-trusting to
Their owne *Sufficiencies*, themselves undoe.
Yea, and those *forward-wits*, have liv'd to see
Themselves inferiours, unto those, to be,
Whom, they did in their jollity, contemne,
As blocks, or dunces, in respect of them.
Then, learne, *Great-wits*, this folly to prevent:
Let *Meane-wits*, take from hence, incouragement:
And, let us all, in our *Affaires* proceed,
With timely *leisure*, and with comely *speed*.

Præter-



ILLVSTR. XL.

Book. 3

FUR Author, peradventure, giveth us
Dame Fortune (for these Reasons) pictur'd, thus:
She hath a *Comely body*, to declare,
How pleasing shee doth usually appeare
To them, that love her Favours. She is *blinde*,
(Or, hath still closed eyes) to put in minde,
How blindly, and how heedlessly, she throwes
Her *Largesse*, where her *Bounty*, she bestowes.
She *stands upon a Ball*; that, wee may learne,
Of outward things, the *tottering*, to discern:
Her *Ball* hath *wings*; that it may signifie
How apt her Favours are, away to *flie*.

A *Skarfe* displayed by the wind, she beares,
(And, on her *naked Body*, nothing weares)
To shew, that whar her *Favorite* injoyes,
Is not so much for *Vsesfulnesse*, as *toyes*.
Her *Head* is *hairelesse*, all, except before;
To teach thee, that thy care should be the more
To hold her *formost kindnesse*, alwayes fast;
Lest, she doe show thee *slipp'ry tricks*, at last.
And, lastly, that her *changing* may be showne;
She beareth in her Hand a *Wayned moone*.

By this Description, you may now descry
Her true conditions, full as well as I:
And, if you, still, suppose her, worth such honour,
You have my leave to *wooe*, and *wayt* upon her.
Moreover (to her credit) I confesse,
This *Motto* falsly saith, her *Ficklenesse*
Is like the *Moones*: For, she hath frown'd on mee
Twelve *Moones*, at least; and, yet, no *Change* I see.



ILLVSTR. XLI.

Book. 3



Hilt by the High-way-side, the *Flint-stone* lies,
Drie, cold, and hardnesse, are the properties
We then perceive: But, when we prove it nigher,
We finde, that, *Coldnesse* doth inclose a *Fire*;
And, that, though *Raine*, nor *cloudie-skie* appears,
It will be (many times) bedew'd with *teares*.

From hence, I mind, that many wronged are,
By being judg'd, as they, at first, appeare;
And, that, some should bee prais'd, whom wee despise,
If *inward-Grace*, were seene with *outward-Eyes*.
But, this is not that *Morall* (wee confesse)
Which this our *Emblem*, seemeth to expresse:
For (if the *Motto* speake the meaning right)
It shewes, that, *hard-afflictions* first must smite
Our hardned hearts, before it will bee seene,
That any *light of Grace*, in them, hath beene.
Before the Flint will send forth shining Rayes,
It must bee stricken, by the Steele, (it sayes.)

Another *Morall*, adde we may to this,
(Which, to the *Figure*, suites not much amisse.)
The *Steele*, and *Flint*, may fitly represent
Hard-hearted men, whose mindes will not relent:
For, when in *opposition*, such become,
The *fire of Malice*, flames and sparkles from
Their threatening Eyes; which else, close hidden rests,
Within the cloets of their flintie breasts:
And, flame out right it will not, (though it smokes)
Till *Strife* brake passage, for it, by her *strokes*.

If any of these *Moralls* may doe good,
The purpose of my paines is understood.



ILLVSTR. XLII.

Book. 3

YOu little thinke, what plague it is to bee,
In plight like *him*, whom pictur'd here you see.
His *winged-Arme*, and his *up-lifted-eyes*,
Declare, that hee hath *Wit*, and *Will*, to rise :
The *Stone*, which clogs his other *hand*, may show
That, *Povertie* and *Fortune*, keepe him low :
And, twixt these *two*, the *Bodie* and the *Mind*,
Such labours, and such great vexations finde,
That, if you did not such mens wants contemne,
You could not chuse but helpe, or pitie them.

All Ages had (and, this I know hath some)
Such men, as to this misery, doe come :
And, many of them, at their *Lot*, so grieve,
As if they knew, (or did at least beleeve)
That, had their *Wealth* suffiz'd them to aspire
(To what their *Witts* deserve, and they *desire*)
The present Age, and future Ages too,
Might gaine have had, from what they thought to doe.

Perhaps I dream'd so once: But, God be prais'd,
The *Clog* which kept me downe, from being rais'd,
Was chain'd so fast, that (if such *Dreames* I had)
My *thoughts*, and *longings*, are not now so mad.
For, plaine I see, that, had my *Fortunes* brought
Such *Wealth*, at first, as my small *Wit* hath fought;
I might my selfe, and others, have undone,
Instead of *Courses*, which I thought to runne.
I finde my *Povertie*, for mee was fit;
Yea, and a *Blessing*, greater than my *Wit* :

And, whether, now, I *rich* or *poore* become,
Tis nor much *pleasing*, nor much *troublesome*.



ILLVSTR. XLIII.

Book. 3



Observe the *Sheaf of Arrows*, figur'd here ;
And, how the pow'r, and fury, of the *Beare*
(Though hee attempt it) no device can finde
To breake one *slender-shaft*, while they are joyn'd :
Whereas, were they *divided*, strength but small,
Like rotten *Kexes*, would soone breake them all.

This *Emblem*, therefore, fitly doth imply
That *Safeguard*, which is found in *Vnity* ;
And, shewes, that, when *Dis-union* is begunne,
It breedeth dangers, where before were none.
The *Psalmist*, numerous *Off springs*, doth compare
To *Quivers*, that with *Shafes* replenish'd are.
When *Vnity* hath knit them in her bands,
They prove like *Arrows* in a *Gyants* hands.
And, though, for these, their *Foes* in wayt have layd,
They shall not be surpriz'd, nor made afraid.

Consider this, yee *Children of one Sire*,
'Twixt whom, is kindled some contentious fire,
And, reconciled be, lest you, at length,
Consume away the marrow of your *strength* ;
Or, by dividing, of your *joynd-pow'r* ;
Make way for those, who studie to devoure.
Yea, let us all consider, as we ought,
What *Lesson*, by this *Emblem*, we are taught.
For, wee are *Brethren* all ; and (by a *Bloud*
More precious, then our nat'rall *Brother-hood*)
Not knit, alone, but, mingled, as it were,
Into a *League* ; which is, by much, more deare,
And, much more dangerous, to be undone,
Then all the *Bands*, that can be thought upon.

*They, best injoy their Hearts desires,
In whom, Love, kindles mutuall-fires.*

44



ILLVSTR. XLIV.

Book.3

Hat may the reason be, that, when Desire
Hath kindled in the brest, a *Loving-fire*,
The *Flame*, which burn'd awhile, both cleere & strong,
Becomes to be extinguished, ere long?
This *Emblem* gives thereason; for, it shoves,
That, when *Affection*, to perfection growes,
The *Fire*, which doth inlighten, first, the same,
Is made an *equall*, and a *mutuall-flame*.

These burning *Torches*, are alike in length;
To shew, *Love equall*, both in *time*, and *strength*.
They, to each otherward, their *Flames* extend,
To teach us, that, *True-lovers* have no end
Perrayning to *Selfe-love*; and, lo, betweene
These *Two*, one *Flaming heart*, is to be scene;
To signifie, that, they, but *one*, remaine
In *Minde*; though, in their *Persons*, they are *twaine*.

He, doubtlesse, then, who *lov'd*, and, giveth over,
Deserveth not the Title of a *Lover*;
Or, else, was unrequited in *Affection*,
And, was a *Lover*, with some imperfection.
For, *Love*, that loves, and is not *lov'd* as much,
May perfect grow; but, yet, it is not such,
Nor can be, till it may that *object* have,
Which gives a *Heart*, for what it would receive:
And, looks not so much *outward*, as to heed
What seemes *within*, to want, or to exceed.
Whether our *Emblem's Author*, thought of this,
You need not care; nor, will it be amisse,
If they who perfect *Lovers*, would be thought,
Doe mind, what by this *Morall*, they are taught.

Where



ILLVSTR. XLV.

Book. 3

AN Emblem's meaning, here, I thought to consider ;
And, this doth rather fashion out a *Monster*,
Then forme an *Hieroglyphicke* : but, I had
These *Figures* (as you see them) ready made
By others ; and, I meane to *morallize*
Their Fancies ; not to mend what they devise.
Yet, peradventure, with some vulgar praise,
This *Picture* (though I like it not) displays
The *Morall*, which the *Motto* doth imply ;
And, thus, it may be sayd to signifie.

He, that hath many *Faculties*, or *Friends*,
To keepe him safe (or to acquire his ends)
And, fits them so ; and, keepes them so together,
That, still, as readily, they ayd each other,
As if so many *Hands*, they had been made ;
And, in *One-body*, usefull being had :
That man, by their Assistance, may, at length,
Attaine to an *unconquerable-strength* ;
And, crowne his honest *Hopes*, with whatsoever
He seekes for, by a warranted Endeavour.

Or, else, it might be sayd ; that, when we may
Make our *Affections*, and, our *Sense*, obay
The will of *Reason*, (and, so well agree,
That, we may finde them, still, at peace to be)
They'l guard us, like so many *Armed-hands* ;
And, safely keepe us, whatsoever withstands.
If others thinke this *Figure*, here, inferres
A better sense ; let those *Interpreters*
Vnridle it ; and, preach it where they please :
Their *Meanings* may be good, and so are these.



ILLVSTR. XLVI.

Book. 3

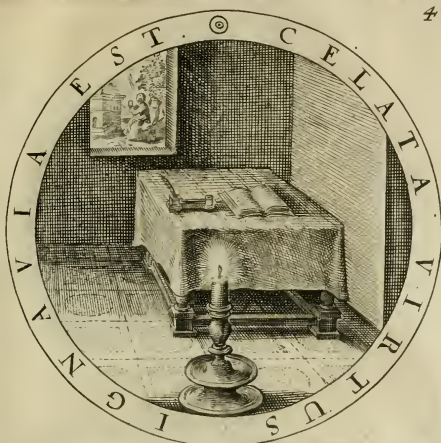
HY doe men grudge at those, who rayfed be,
By royall Favours, from a low degree?
Know this ; *Hee should be honour'd, whom the King,*
To place of Dignity, shall please to bring.

Why should they blame their *Kings*, for fav'ring such,
Whom, they have thought, scarce meriting so much?
God rules their Hearts ; and, they, themselves deceive,
Who dreame, that Kings exalt, without Gods leave.

Why murmur they at *God*, for guiding so
The Hearts of *Kings*, as oft they see him doe?
Or, at his *Workes*, why should they take offence,
As if their *Wis*, could teach his *Providence*?
His just, and his all-seeing Wisedome knows,
Both whom, and why he crownes, or overthrowes ;
And, for what cause, the Heart of Princes, bee
Inlarg'd, or shut ; when we no cause can see ;

We sometime know, what's well, and what's amisse ;
But, of those *Truths*, the root concealed is ;
And, False-hoods, and Uncertainties, there are,
In most of those things, which we *speake*, or *heare*.
Then, were not *Kings* directed by *God's* hand,
They, who are best, and wisest in the Land,
Might oft misguide them, either by receiving
A *False report* , or, by some *wrong* believing.
God's Grace it is, that *Good-men* rays'd have bin :
If *Sinners* flourish, we may thanke our *Sin*.
Both *Good* and *Bad*, so like in *out-sides* be,
That, *Kings* may be deceiv'd, in what they see ;
And, if *God* had not rul'd their *Hearts* aright,
The *World*, by this time, had been ruin'd quite.

A Ver.



ILLVSTR. 'XLVII.

Book. 3

THe World hath shamelesse *Boasters*, who pretend,
In sundry matters, to be skill'd so well,
That, were they pleased, so their houres to spend;
They say, they could in many things excell.

But, though they make their hearers to beleeve,
That, out of *Modestie* their *Gifts* they hide,
In them wee very plainly may perceive,
Or *Sloth*, or *Envy*, *Ignorance*, or *Pride*.

When other mens endeavours they peruse,
They either carpe at what they cannot mend;
Or else of *Arrogance* doe those accuse,
Who, to the publike view, their *Workes* commend.

If these men say, that they can *Poetize*,
But, will not; they are false in saying so:
For, he, whose *Wit* a little that way lies,
Will *doing* bee, though hee himselve *undoe*.

If they, in other *Faculties* are learned,
And, still, forbear their *Talents* to imploy;
The truest *Knowledge*, yet, is undiscerned,
And, that, they merit not, which they injoy.
Yea, such as hide the *Gifts* they have received,
(Or use them not, as well as they are able)

Are like *sayre Eyes*, of usefull sight bereaved;
Or, *lighted Candles*, underneath a *Table*.
Their gloriousst part, is but a *Painted-cloath*,
Whose *Figures*, to the wall-ward, still are hung.
Their hidden *Vertues*, are apparant *Sloth*;
And, all their life, is to the publike wrong:

For, they doe reape the *Fruits*, by many sowne,
And, leave to others, nothing of their owne.

The

The Moone, which is decreasing now,
When shee returnes, will fuller, grow.

48



ILLVSTR. XLVIII.

Book. 3



Never, yet, did murmuringly complaine,
Although those *Moones* have long been in the *Waine*,
Which on their *Silver Shields*, my *Elders* wore,
In *Battels*, and in *Triumphs*, heretofore.
Nor any mention have I ever made,
Of such *Eclipses*, as those *Crescents* had;
Thereby, to move some *Comet*, to reflect
His *fading-light*, or daigne his *good-aspect*.
For, when I tell the *World*, how ill I fare,
I tell her too, how little I doe care,
For her *despights*: yea, and I tell it not,
That, helpe, or pitie, might from her be got;
But, rather, that her *Favourites* may see,
I know my *Waynings*, yet, can pleased bee.

My *Light*, is from the Planet of the *Sunne*,
And, though the *Course*, which I obliquely runne,
Oft brings my outward *Fortunes* to the *Waine*,
My *Light* shall, one day, bee renew'd againe.
Yea, though to some, I quite may seeme to lose
My *Light*; because, my follies interpose
Their shadowes to eclipse it: yet, I know,
My *Crescents*, will increase, and fuller, grow.

Assoone as in the *Flesh*, I beeing had,
I mooved on in *Courses retrograde*,
And, thereby lost my *Splendor*: but, I feele
Soft motions, from that great *Eternall-Wheele*,
Which mooveth all things, sweetly mooving mee,
To gaine the *Place*, in which I ought to bee:

And, when to *Him*, I backe returne, from *whome*
At first I came, I shall at *Full* becomee.

Bee



ILLVSTR. XLIX.

Book. 3

Some write (but, on what grounds, I cannot tell)
That they, who neere unto the *Deserts* dwell,
Where *Elephants* are found, doe notice take,
What trees they haunt, their sleeping stocks to make;
That, when they rest against an halfe-sawne stemme,
It (falling) may betray those Beasts to them.

Now, though the part *Historicall*, may erre,
The *Morall*, which this *Emblem* doth inferre,
Is otrue; and, seemeth to imply,
The *World* to bee so full of Treacherie,
As, that, no corner of it, found can be,
In which, from Falshood: Engines, wee are free.

I have observ'd the *Citie*; and, I finde
The *Citizens*, are civill, grave and kinde;
Yet, many are deluded by their shoves,
And, cheated, when they trust in them repose.
I have been oft at *Court*; where I have spent,
Some idle time, to heare them *Complements*:
But, I have seene in *Courtiers*, such deceit,
That, for their Favours, I could never wait.
I doe frequent the *Church*; and, I have heard
Gods judgements, by the *Preachers*, there, declar'd,
Against mens falshoods; and, I gladly heare
Their zealous *Prayers*, and good *Counsell*s there;
But, as I live, I finde some such as they,
Will watch to doe a mischief, if they may.
Nay, those poore sneaking *Clownes*, who seeke their living,
As if they knew no manner of deceiving;

Ev'n those, their wits, can (this way) so apply,
That, they'l soone coulen, wiser men, than I.



ILLVSTR. L.

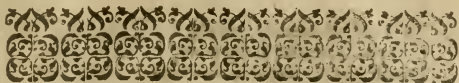
Book, 3

Here is no Day, nor minute of the Day,
In which, there are not many sent away
From *Life* to *Death*; or, many *drawing-on*,
Which, must within a little while, bee gone.
You, often, view the *Grave*; you, often, meet
The *Buriers*, and the *Mourners*, in the street,
Conveying of some Neighbour, to that home,
Which must, e're long, your *dwelling-place* become.
You see the *Race*, of many a youthfull *Sonne*
Is finish'd, e're his *Father's* Course is done;
And, that, the hand of *Death*, regardeth neither
Sexe, Youth, nor Age; but, mingleth all together.
You, many times, in your owne houses, heare
The groanes of *Death*, and, view your *Children*, there,
Your loving *Parents*, or, beloved *Wives*,
To gaspe for breath, and, labour for their *lives*.

Nay, you your selves, do sometime find the paines
Of *Sicknesse*, in your Bowels, and your Vaines.
The *Harbingers* of *Death*, sometime, begin
To take up your whole *Bodye*, for their *Inne*.
You beare their heaue *Aches*, on your back;
You feele their *twinges*, make your heartstrings crack;
And, sometime, lye imprison'd, and halfe dead,
With *Age*, or with *Diseases*, on your bed:
Yet you deferre your ends, and, still contrive,
For temp'rall things; as if you thought to live
Sixe *Ages* longer: or had quite forgott,
That, you, and others, draw one *common-Lot*.

But, that, you might not, still, the same forget,
This *Emblem*, and this *Motto*. here were set.

Finis Libri tertij



THE THIRD LOTTERIE.

I

He Wreathes of GLORY, you affect,
But, *means* to gaine them, you neglect;
And, (though in *doing*, you delight)
You *doe* not, alwayes, what is *right*:
Nor are you growne, as yet, so wise,
To know, to whom the richest *Prize*
Doth appertaine; nor what it is.
But, now, you are inform'd of *This*.

See, *Emblem I.*

2

Though you are *weake*, you much may doe,
If you will set your *Wits* thereto.
For, meaner *Powres*, than you have had,
And, meaner *Wits*, good shift have made,
Both to contrive, and compasse that,
Which abler men have wondred at.
Your *Strength*, and *Wit*, unise, therefore,
And, both shall grow improov'd the more.

See, *Emb. II.*

3

Perhaps, thou mayst be one of them,
Who, *Civill Magistrates* contemne;
And sleighteth, or else, flouteth at
The *Ceremonies* of Estate.
That, thou maist, therefore, learne to get,
Both better *Manners*, and more *Wit*,
The *Sword*, and *Mace*, (by some despiz'd)
Is, for thy sake, now *moralliz'd*.

See, *Emb. III.*

4

By this thy *Lot*, wee may misdoubt,
Thou look'st not warily about;
But, hudlest onward, without heed,
What went *before*, or may *succeed*;
Procuring losse, or discontent,
Which, *Circumspection*, might prevent.
Therefore, with gratefulnesse, receive
Those counsells, which our *Moralls* give.

See, *Emb. IV.*

5

Thou hast, unworthily, repin'd,
 Or, been displeased in thy mind,
 Because, thy *Fortunes* doe not seeme
 To fit thy *Worth* (in thy esteeme :)
 And loe, to check thy discontent,
 Thy *Lot*, a *Morall*, doth present;
 And shewes, that, if thou *veritious* bee,
Good-Fortune, will attend on thee.

See, *Emb. V.*

6

When thy Desires have good successe,
 Thine owne *Endeavors*, thou dost blesse;
 But, seldome unto *God* thou giv'st
 Due thanks, for that, which thou receiv'st.
 Thine *Emblem*, therefore, tells from whom
 The fruits of good *Endeavors*, come:
 And, shewes (if thou to thrive intend)
 On whom, thou, alwayes, must depend.

See, *Emb. V I.*

7

It may bee, thou art one of those,
 Whose *Faith*, more bold, than fruitfull growes;
 And (building on some false *Decree*)
 Disheartnest those, that *Workers* be
 To gaine (with *unfull-joy*) that *Prize*,
 Which, unto no man, *God* denies,
 That workes in *Hope*; and, lives by *Faith*.
 Marke, therefore, what thine *Emblem* saith.

See, *Emb. V I I.*

8

Thou hast been willing, that thy *Name*,
 Should live the life of *Honest-Fame*;
 And, that, thy *labours* (to thy praise)
 Continue might, in future dayes.
 Behold; the *Lot*, thou hapnest on,
 Harsh showne, how this may well bee done.
 Pursue the *Course*, which there is taught,
 And, thy desires to passe are brought.

See, *Emb. V I I I.*

9

Thou, many things, hast well begun;
 But, little, to good purpose, done:
 Because, thou hast a fickle *braine*,
 And, *hands* that love to take no paine.
 Therefore, it chanceth not amisse,
 That, thou hast such a *Chance*, as this:
 For, if thou want not *Grace*, or *Wit*,
 Thou maist, in time, have good of it.

See, *Emb. I X.*

What

10

Whatev'r you seeme to others, now,
It was the *Harrow*, and the *Plough*,
By which, your *Predecessors* got,
The fairest portion of your *Lot*:
And, (that, it may encrease your *Wit*)
They haunt you, in an *Emblem*, yet.
Peruse our *Morall*; and, perchance,
Your *Profit*, it will much advance.

See, *Emb. X.*

11

Much labour, and much time you spend,
To get an able-constant *Friend*:
But, you have ever sought him, there,
Where, no such precious *Jewells* are:
For, you, *without* have searching bin,
To finde, what must be found *within*.
This *Friend*, is mention'd by this *Lot*,
But, *God* knowes where he may be got.

See, *Emb. XI.*

12

Thou seek'st for *Fame*; and, now art showne,
For what, her *Trumpet* shall be blowne.
Thine *Emblem*, also, doth declare,
What *Fame* they get, who *virtuous* are,
For *Praise* alone; and, what *Reward*,
For such like *Studies*, is prepar'd.
Peruse it: And, this *Counsell* take;
Be virtuous, for meeke Vertues sake.

See, *Emb. XII.*

13

This *Lot*, those persons, alwayes finds,
That have high *thoughts*, and lofty *minds*;
Or, such as have an itch to learne,
That, which doth nothing them concerne;
Or, love to peepe, with daring eyes,
Into forbidden *Mysteries*.
It any one of these thou bee,
Thine *Emblem*, lessons hath for thee:

See, *Emb. XIII.*

14

If all be true, these *Lots* doe tell us,
Thou shouldst be of those *Fidling fellows*,
Who, better practised are growne,
In *others* matters, than their *owne*:
Or, one, that covets to be thought,
A man, that's ignorant of nought.
If it be so, thy *Morall* shoves
Thy *Folly*, and what from it flows.

See, *Emb. XIV.*

15

Thou hast some *Charge*, (who e're thou be)
Which, *Tendence* may expect from thee:
And, well, perhaps, it may be fear'd,
Tis often left, without regard:
Or, that, thou dost securely sleep,
When, thou should'st watch, more strictly,
Thou knowest best, if it be so: (keep.
Take therefore heed, what is to doe.

See, *Emb. X V.*

16

In secret, thou dost oft complaine,
That, thou hast *hop'd*, and *wroughts* in vaine;
And, think'st thy *Lot*, is farre more hard,
Than what for others is prepar'd.
An *Emblem*, therefore, thou hast got,
To shew, it is our *common-Lot*,
To worke and hope; and, that, thou hast
A *Blessing* by it, at the last.

See, *Emb. X V I.*

17

That thou hast *Honestie*, we grant;
But, *Prudence*, thou dost often want:
And, therefore, some have injur'd thee,
Who farre more *Wise*, than *honest* bee.
That, now, *Discretion* thou mayst add,
To those *good-meanings* thou hast had;
The *Morall* of thine *Emblem*, view;
And, what it counsels, that, pursue.

See, *Emb. X V I I.*

18

To your *Long-home*, you nearer are,
Than you (it may bee) are aware:
Yea, and more easie is the *Way*,
Than you, perchance, conceive it may.
Lest, therefore, *Death*, should grim appeare,
And, put you in a causelesse feare;
(Or out of minding wholly passe)
This *Chance*, to you allotted was.

See, *Emb. X V I I I.*

19

In slippery *Paths*, you are to goe;
Yea, they are full of danger too:
And, if you heedfull should not grow,
They'l hazzard much, your overthrow.
But, you the mischief may eschew,
If wholsome Counsell, you pursue.
Looke, therefore, what you may be taught,
By that, which this your *chance* hath brought.

See, *Emb. X I X.*

20

This present *Lot*, concernes full neere,
 Not you alone, but all men here;
 For, all of us, too little heed
 His *love*, who for our sakes, did bleed.
 Tis true, that *meanes*, hee left behind him,
 Which better teacheth how to minde him;
 Yet, if wee both by *that*, and *this*,
 Remember him, 'tis not amisse.

See, *Emb. XX.*

21

Tis hop'd, you just, and pious are,
 More out of *Conscience*, than for feare;
 And, that you'l vertuous courses take,
 For *Goodnesse*, and for *Vertue-sake*.
 Yet, since the best men, sometimes may
 Have need of helpees, in *Vertues way*,
 Those usefull *Moralls*, sleight you not,
 Which are presented by this *Lot*.

See, *Emb. XXI.*

22

This *Lot* pertaineth unto those,
 (And who they bee, *G. d* onely knowes)
 Who, to the world, have no desire;
 But, up to heav'nly things aspire.
 No doubt, but you, in some degree,
 Indow'd with such *Affections* bee;
 And, had this *Emblem*, that you might
 Encourag'd bee, in such a *Flight*.

See, *Emb. XXII.*

23

The state of *Temp'rall* things to shew,
 Yee have them, still, within your view;
 For, ev'ry object that wee see,
 An *Emblem*, of them, serves to bee.
 But, wee from few things, helps doe finde,
 To keepe *Eternitie* in minde.
 This *Lot*, an *Emblem* brings, therefore,
 To make you thinke upon it more.

See, *Emb. XXIII.*

24

Vnlesse you better looke thereto,
Dis-use, and *Sloth*, will you undoe.
 That, which of you despayred was,
 With ease, might have bin brought to passe;
 Had but so much bin done, as may
 Bee equall'd with *One Line a day*.
 Consider this; and, to that end,
 The *Morall* of your *Lot* attend.

See, *Emb. XXIV.*

M

25

If wee mistake not, thou art one,
 Who loves to court the *Rising-Sunne*;
 And, if this *Lot*, thy nature finde,
 Thou to *Preferment* hast a minde:
 If so I learne hence, by whose respect
 (Next God) thou mayst thy hopes effect:
 Then, seeke to winn his grace to thee,
 Of what estate soe're thou bee.

See, *Emb. XXV.*

26

Thou to a *double-path* art come;
 And, peradventure, troublesome,
 Thou findest it, for thee to know,
 On whether hand thou oughtst to goe.
 To put thee out of all suspect,
 Of *Courses* that are indirect;
 Thy *Morall* points thee to a path,
 Which *hardship*, but, no perill hath.

See, *Emb. XXVI.*

27

You warn'd are of taking heede,
 That, never, you your *Bounds* exceed;
 And, also, that you be not found,
 To come within your Neighbours *Bound*.
 There may be some concealed Cause,
 That, none but you, this *Emblem* drawes.
 Examine it: And, If you see
 A fault, let it amended be.

See, *Emb. XXVII.*

28

Your *Emblems* morall doth declare,
 When, *Lovers* fitly matched are;
 And, what the chiefest cause may be,
 Why, *Friends* and *Lovers* disagree.
 Perhaps, you somewhat thence, may learne,
 Which your *Affection* doth concerne.
 But, if it *Counsell* you too late,
 Then, preach it at your Neighbours gate.

See, *Emb. XXVIII.*

M

29.

Some, vrge their *Princes* on to *Warre*,
 And weary of sweet *Peace*, they are.
 Some, seeke to make them, dote on *Peace*,
 (Till publike Danger more encrease)
 As if the World were kept in awe,
 By nothing else but preaching *Law*.
 Thy *Morall* (if of those thou art)
 Doth act a *Moderaters* part.

See, *Emb. XXIX.*

30

Tis feared, thou dost lesse esteeme,
Vpright to bee, than so to seeme;
 And, if thine actions, faire *appeare*,
 Thou carest not how foule they *are*.
 Though this bee not thy fault alone,
 Yet have a care of mending *One*:
 And, study thou, *Vpright* to grow,
 As well in *Essence*, as in *Show*.

See, *Emb. XXX.*

31

Some, all their *time*, and *wealth* have spent,
 In giving other men content;
 And, would not grudge to waste their *Blood*,
 To helpe advance the *Common-good*.
 To such as these, you have been thought,
 Not halfe so friendly as you ought.
 This *Lot* therefore befalls; to shew,
 How great *respects*, to such, are due.

See, *Emb. XXXI.*

32

You have been tempted (by your leave)
 In hope of *Lucre*, to deceive:
 But, much, as yet, you have not swerv'd
 From *Faith*, which ought to be observ'd.
 If well, hereafter, you wou'd speed,
 In *dealing-honestly*, proceed:
 For, by your *Emblem*, you shall see,
 That, *Honest-men*, the richest bee.

See, *Emb. XXXII.*

33

We hope, no person, here, beleeves,
 That, you are of those wealthy *Theeves*,
 Who, *Chaines* of gold, and pearle doe weare.
 And, of those *Theeves*, that, none you are,
 Which weares a *Rope*, wee, plainly see;
 For, you, as yet *unchanged* bee:
 But, unto God, for *Mercie* crie,
 Else, *hang'd* you may bee, e're you die.

See, *Emb. XXXIII.*

34

You, willing are, to put away,
 The thinking on your *latter-day*:
 You count the mention of it, *Folly*;
 A meanes of breeding *Melancholly*;
 And, newes unfit for men to heare,
 Before they come to *sixtie*-yeare.
 But, minde what Counsels now are sent,
 And, mend, lest you too late repent.

See, *Emb. XXXIV.*

D d

Your

35

Your *Wits*, your *Wishes*, and your *Tongue*,
Have run the *Wild gosse chase*, too long;
And (lest all Reason, you exceed)
Of *Rules*, and *Reinnes*, you now have need.
A *Bridle*, therefore, and a *Square*,
Prime *Figures*, in your *Emblems*, are.
Observe their *Morall*, and I pray,
Be *Wise*, and *Sober*, if you may.

Sec, Emb. XXX V.

36

Because her *Ayd* makes goodly shewes,
You, on the *World*, your trust repose;
And, his *dependance*, you despise,
Who, meerly, on *God's* helpe, relies.
That, therefore, you may come to see,
How pleas'd, and safe, those men may bee,
Who have no *ayd*, but *God*, alone;
This *Emblem*, you have lighted on.

Sec, Emb. XXX VI.

37

Some, thinke your *Virtue* very much;
And, there is cause to thinke it such:
For, many wayes it hath been tride;
And, well the *Triall* doth abide.
Yet, think not, but some *brunts* there are,
Which, your owne *strength* shall never beare.
And, by the *Morall* of your *Lot*,
Learne, where, *Assistance* may bee got.

Sec, Emb. XXX VII.

38

Thou hast been grieved, and complain'd,
Because, the *Truth* hath wrong sustain'd.
But, that, dismayd thou shouldst not be,
Thine *Emblem* will declare to thee,
That, though the *Truth* may suffer spie,
It shall not bee depressed quite;
But, by opposing, spread the more,
And, grow more pow'rfull than before.

Sec, Emb. XXXVIII.

39

By *Rashnesse*, thou hast often err'd,
Or, else, thou hadst been more preferr'd.
But, future errors, to prevent,
Thou to the slow pac'd *Oxe* art lent,
To learne more *Staydnesse*; and, to doe
Thy *Workes*, with *Perseverance*, too.
Hee that this creatures *Virtue* scornes,
May want it all, except his *Hornes*.

Sec, Emb. XXXIX.

Dame

40

Dame *Fortunes* favour seemes to bee,
 Much lov'd, and longed for, of thee;
 As if, in what, her hand bestowes,
 Thou mightst thy confidence repose.
 But, that, her *manners* may bee knowne,
 This *Chance*, upon thee, was bestowne.
 Consider well, what thou hast got,
 And, on her flatterings, dote thou not.
 See, *Emb. X L.*

41

The *Steele* and *Flint*, declare, in part,
 The Temper of a *Stony-heart*;
 And, shewe, that thence, no *Vertue* flowes,
 Till it be forced out, with blowes.
 Some other, *Moralls* thou maist learne,
 Thereby, which will thy *good*, concerne:
 Marke, therefore, what they doe declare,
 And, minde it, as occasions are.
 See, *Emb. XLI.*

42

Thou thinkst thy *Witt*, had made thee great,
 Had *Povertie* not beene some let:
 But, had thy *Wealth* as ample beene,
 As, thou thy *Witt*, didst overweene;
 Insteed of thy desired *Height*,
 Perhaps, thou hadst beene ruin'd quite.
 Hereafter, therefore, be content,
 With whatsoever *God* hath sent.
 See, *Emb. XLII.*

43

To *Discord*, thou art somewhat prone,
 And, thinkst thou mayst subsist alone;
 Regarding not how safe they bide,
 Who, fast, in *Concords* bands, are tide.
 But, that thou mayst the better heed,
 What *Good*, from *Union* doth proceed,
 An *Emblem* is become thy *Lot*,
 From which, good *Caveats* may be got.
 See, *Emb. XLIII.*

44

Thou wouldst be lov'd; and, to that end,
 Thou dost both *Time*, and *Labour* spend:
 But, thou expect'st (as wee beleeeve)
 More *Love*, than thou dost meane to give.
 If so; thou then, art much to blame:
 For, *Love* affects a *mutuall-flame*;
 Which, if it faile on either side,
 Will never, long time, true abide.
 See, *Emb. XLIV.*

45

If all your *pow'rs*, you should unite,
 Prevaile in your Desires, you might :
 And, sooner should effect your ends,
 If you should muster up your *Friends*.
 But, since your *Genius* doth suspect,
 That, you such *Policie* neglect,
 Your *Lot* presenteth to your view
 An *Emblem*, which instructeth you.
 See, *Emb. XLV.*

46

Because, thou mayst be one of them,
 Who dare the deeds of *Kings* condemne;
 (As if such eyes as theirs and yours
 Could view the depth of *Sov'raigne pow'rs*;
 Or, see, how in each *Time*, and *Place*,
God rules their hearts, in ev'ry case.)
 To check thy sawcinesse, in this,
 An *Emblem* comes not much amisse.
 See, *Emb. XLVI.*

47

Of many goodly parts thou vauntest;
 And, much thou hast, though much thou wantst :
 But, well it were, that, lesse, thou hadst,
 Unless more use thereof thou mad'st.
 That, therefore, thou mightst come to see,
 How vaine *unpractis'd vertues* bee,
 Peruse thine *Emblem*, and, from thence,
 Take usefull heed of thy *Offence*.
 See, *Emb. XLVII.*

48

By this thy *Lot*, it may appeare,
 Decayd thy *Hopes*, or *Fortunes* are.
 But, that, thou mayst no courage lose,
 Thine *Emblem*, by example, shewes,
 That, as the *Moone* doth from the *Waine*
 Returne, and fill her *Orbe* againe :
 So, thou thy *Fortunes* mayst renew,
 If, honest *Hopes*, thou shalt pursue.
 See, *Emb. XLVIII.*

49

Some *Foes*, for thee, doe lie in wait,
 Where thou suspectest no *Deceit*;
 Yea, many a one, thy harme intends,
 Whom thou dost hope will be thy *Friends* :
 Be, therefore, heedfull, whom to trust;
 What *malke* thou tak'st, and what thou dost;
 For, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
 That, *warinesse*, will needfull bee.
 See, *Emb. XLIX.*

50

It seemes, by drawing of this *Lot*,
 The day of *Death*, is much forgot;
 And, that, thou needst a faithfull *Friend*,
 To minde thee of thy *latter-end*.
 Vnheeded, therefore, passe not by,
 What now thine *Emblem* doth imply;
 So, thou shalt heare (without affright)
Death's message, though it were to night.
 See, *Emb. L.*

51

Thou seek'st by fickle *Chance*, to gaine,
 What thou by *Virtue* might'st attaine.
 Endeavour well, and, nothing shall
 To thee, unfortunately fall:
 For, ev'ry variable *Chance*,
 Thy firme contentment, shall advance.
 But, if thou, yet, remaine in doubt,
 Turne *Fortunes-wheele*, once more, about.

52

Thy *Lot*, no Answer will bestow,
 To that, which thou desir'st to know;
 Nor canst thou, here, an *Emblem* find,
 Which to thy purpose is inclinde.
 Perhaps, it is too late to crave,
 What thou desirest, now, to have:
 Or, but in vaine, to mention that,
 Which thy *Ambition* aymeth at.
 Then, take it not in evill part,
 That, with a *Blanck*, thou answer'd art.

53

Although you now refused not,
 To trie the *Fortune* of your *Lot*;
 Yet, you, perhaps, unwilling are,
 This company the same should heare,
 Lest, some harsh *Morall* should unfold
 Such tricks, as you could wish untold.
 But, loe, you need not stand in awe;
 For, 'tis a *Blanck*, which now you draw.

54

It proves a *Blanck*; for, to what end,
 Should wee a serious *Morall* spend,
 Where, *teachings*, *warnings*, and *advise*,
 Esteemed are of little price?
 Your onely purpose, is to looke
 Upon the *Pictures* of this *Broke*,
 When, more discretion you have got,
 An *Emblem* shall attend your *Lot*.

55

You might have drawne an *Emblem*, here,
 In which your *manners* pictur'd were :
 But, some will vexe, when they shall see
 Themselves, so painted out to bee,
 And, blame this *Booke*, as if it had
 By some unlawfull *Art* been made :
 (Or, was contriv'd, that, to their shame,
 Men, on themselves, might *Libels* frame)
 And, lest you may bee so unwise,
 Your *Lot*, an *Emblem*, now, denies.

56

Because, *Good Chances*, others drew,
 To trie these *Lots*, it pleased you.
 But, had you such an *Emblem* found,
 As fits you rightly, you had frown'd;
 Or, *inwardly*, you would have chaf'd,
 Although you *outwardly* had laugh'd.
 You, therefore, very glad may bee,
 This proves a *Blanck*; and, so may wee.

FINIS.



A
COLLECTION
OF
EMBLEMES,
ANCIENT AND
MODERNE:

Quickened
VVith METRICALL ILLVSTRATIONS, both
Morall and Divine: And disposed into
LOTTERIES,

That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered
by an *Honest and Pleasant Recreation*.

By GEORGE WITHER.

The fourth Booke.



LONDON,
Printed by AVGVSTINE MATHEVVES.
MDCXXXIV.

A
COLLECTION

OF
EMBLEMS,
ANCIENT AND
MODERN

By
J. G. ...
The following are the names of the
...
...
...
...
...



TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
PHILLIP, Earle of PEMBROOKE, and
MOUNTGOMERIE, &c. Lord Chamberlaine of the
Houshold, Knight of the most honourable Order of
the Garter, and one of his Majesties most Ho-
nourable Privie-Councell.

My Honourable LORD,

THough, *Worthlesse* in my owne repute I am ;
And, (though my *Fortune*, so obscures my Name
Beneath my *Hopes* ; that, now, it makes me seeme
As little worth, in other mens esteeme,
As in mine owne;) yet, when my *Merits* were
No better, than, to most, they now appeare,
It pleased some, ev'n some of those that had
The *Noblest Names*, (and, those of whom was made
The best Account) so lowly to descend,
As, my well-meaning *Studies*, to befriend.

Among those *WORTHIES*, I may both be-mone
(My selfe in HIM) and memorize, for *One*,
Your much renowned BROTHER, as a *Chiefe*
In bringing to my waned *Hopes*, reliefe ;
And, in my *Faculties*, were I as able
To honour *Him*, as he was honourable,
I would have showne, how, all this *Emperle*
Hath lost a *Friend*, in HIM, as much as I.

To MEE, so freely, of his owne accord
It pleased HIM, his *Favours*, to afford ;
That, when our learned, and late *Sov'raigne-Prince*,
(By others mis-informed) tooke offence
At my *Free Lines*; HE, foun'd such *Meanes* and *Place*
To bring, and reconcile mee to his *Grace*;
That, therewithall, his *Majestie* bestow'd
A Gift upon mee, which his *Bountie* shew'd :
And, had enrich'd mee ; if, what was intended,
Had not, by other some, beene ill befriended.

But, as I long time, suffred have by those
Who labour'd much, my thrivings, to oppose :
So, I my selfe, (although not out of pride,
As many thinke it) have so much relide
Vpon the *Royall-Gift*, neglecting so
To fortifie the same, as others do
By making Friends; that my estate grew lesse
(By more than twice five hundred Marks decrease)
Through that, which for, my profit was bestowne.
And, I, ere this, had wholly been undone ;
That, that the *Wealth*, which I relie on, most,
Consists in things, which never can be lost.

Yet, by this *Losse*, I have *Occasions* had
To feele, why other men are often sad.
And, I, (who blushed, to be troublesome
To any Friend) therby, almost am come
To such a passe; that, what I wish to have,
I should grow impudent enough to *Crave*,
Had not impartiall *Death*, and wasting *Time*,
Of all my Friends quite worne away the *Prime*;
And, left mee none, to whom I dare present
The meanest suite without encouragement:
Although, the greatest *Boone*, I would implore,
Should cost them, but a *Word*, or little more.
Yet, some there are, no doubt, for whose respect
I might endeavour, with no vaine effect;
Had I but cause, to have as high esteeme,
Of mine owne *Merits*; as I have of them.
And, if your *Honour* should be so inclin'd,
As I desire; I, now am sure to finde
Another *Pembroke*, by whose ayde sustain'd,
I may preserve, what by the *Last* I gain'd.

To make adventure, how it will succeed,
I now am come. And lo, my *LORD*, instead
Of better *Advocates*, I first begin,
Mine *EMBLEMS*, by these *Lines*, to Viser in;
That, *they*, by their admittance may effect
For *Mee*, and for *themselves*, your kinde respect.

That, which in *them*, best Worthy you shall find,
Is this; that, they are Symptomes of a *Minde*,
Affecting honestie: and of a *Heart*,
So truly honouring a true desert,
That, I am hopefull made, they will acquire
As much respect as I can well desire:
And, *SIR*, your *Candor*, your knowne *Courtesies*,
With other praisefull *Vertues*, make mee rise
To this Beliefe; that, You by fav'ring mee
Hereafter, may as highly honour'd be,
As by some former Bounties; and encrease
My Future *Merit*, by your *Worshinesse*.

However, what I *am* or shall be knowne
To *Be*, by *Your Deservings*, or mine owne,
You may command it; and, be sure to finde
(Though false my *Fortunes* prove) a Faithfull *Mind*.

Thus, unfainedly, professeth

Your Honours

truest Honourer,

GEO: WITHER.

TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE,
HENRIE, Earle of HOLLAND, &c.
*Captaine of the Guard ; Lord-chiefe-Iustice in Eyre
of all his Majesties Forrests, Parkes and Chases
on this side Trent ; Knight of the most noble Or-
der of the Garter, and one of his Majesties
most Honourable Privie Counsell.*

Right Noble SIR,

HAVING, of late, some Cause, to overlooke
That thankfull Register, wherein I booke
My noblest Friends ; I found so many Names
Possessing nothing, but their honour'd Fames,
(Whose living Persons, wee enjoycd, here,
A while agoe ;) that, I began to feare,
I might grow Friendlesse ; (having now so few)
Vnlesse I sought, their Number to renew.

By some Disasters, also, gaining prooffe,
How much this Course would make for my behoofe ;
I call'd my Wits to Counsell, Where, and How
Imight, with hopefullnesse, begin to sow
The seeds of such a Blessing : And, me thought
Within mee, something said : Where should be sought
What thou so gladly wouldst renewed finde,
But, from some BRANCHES of the selfe-same kinde ;
Whose faire Aspects may seeme to promise fruit,
According to the Vertues of the Roote ?

Assoone as Fancie had inform'd me so,
Your Lordship, came to my remembrance, too,
With what our Soveraigne's Favour, Vulgar Fame,
Or, your owne Merits addeth to your Name.
Which, having we gh'd, no doubts at all I had
Of Worth in You ; But, rather, doubtings made
That, all my Wits would insufficient be,
To make that Worth become a Friend to mee.
For, I have oft observ'd, that, Favour shunnes
The best Desert, if after her, it runnes.

Yet, who can tell what may befall ? thought I :
It is no great Adventure, if I try
Without successie : And, if, I gaine my End,
I am assured of a Noble-Friend.
His honourable FATHER, deem'd mee worth
So much respecting as to seeke me forth,
When, I was more Obscure : And, MEE, for nought.
But, onely to Befriend mee, forth HEE sought.
Then wherefore, of his SONNE, should I suspect
That (seeking HIM) hee can my love reject ?
Since, Courtisie doth alwaies, there, abound,
Where such a lovely Personage is found ?

My LORD, these were my Fancies : But I take them
To be of no more worth, than, you shall make them
By your Acceptance : Nor, is't my intent
To Court you, with a fruitlesse Complement :
But, to attempt your Favour with a mind,
As readily, and really, inclinde
To serve you, when my services may steed ;
As to expect your Favours, in my need.
For, had my Fates enabled me so much,
I should more willingly have sought out such
On whom I Courtesies might have bestowme,
Than, seeke to cure Misfortunes of mine owne.

No doubt, but, every day, your Lordship heares
Inventions, which may better please your cares
Than these I now present ; And, yes you might
(For ought I knew) finde profit, or delight,
By our plaine EMBLEMS, or, some uses in them,
Which from your Honour, some respects may win them ;
Ev'n for that good Morallitie, which they
To Vulgar Vnderstandings will convey.

But, Truth to speake, the chiefeest cause which drew
My minde, to make them PRESENTS, for your view,
Was, but to take Occasion to professe,
That, I am Servant, to your WORTHINESSE.
In which, if TOY are pleased ; All is got
At which I ay'm'd : And, though you like it not,
It shall but teach Mee (for the time to come)
To take more heed, where I am troublesome.

And, I shall be, nevertheless,

your Honours to be commanded,

as becommeth your Servant,

GEO: WITHER.



ILLVSTR. I.

Book. 4


 Hen, with a serious musing, I behold
 The gratefull, and obsequious *Marigold*,
 How duely, ev'ry morning, she displays
 Her open brest, when *Titan* spreads his Rayes ;
 How she observes him in his daily walke,
 Still bending towards him, her tender stalke ;
 How, when he downe declines, she droopes and mournes,
 Bedew'd (as 'twere) with teares, till he returnes ;
 And, how she vailes her *Flow'rs*, when he is gone,
 As if she scorned to be looked on
 By an inferiour *Eye* ; or, did contemne
 To wayt upon a meaner *Light*, then *Him*.
 When this I meditate, me-thinkes, the *Flowers*
 Have *Spirits*, farre more generous, then ours ;
 And, give us faire Examples, to despise
 The servile Fawnings, and Idolatries,
 Wherewith, we court these earthly things below,
 Which merit not the service we bestow.

But, oh my God ! though groveling I appeare
 Vpon the Ground, (and have a rooting here,
 Which hailes me downward) yet in my desire,
 To that, which is above mee, I aspire :
 And, all my best *Affections* I proffesse
 To *Him*, that is the *Sunne of Righteousnesse*.
 Oh ! keepe the *Morning* of his *Incarnation*,
 The burning *Noone-tide* of his bitter *Pasion*,
 The *Night* of his *Descending*, and the *Height*
 Of his *Ascension*, ever in my sight :

That imitating him, in what I may,
 I never follow an inferiour *Way*.



ILLVSTR. II.

Book. 4

Long since, the sacred Hebrew *Lyrick* sayd,
(A Truth, which never justly was denyd)
That, *All the world is God's*; and that his hands
Enclose the limits of the farthest *Lands*.
The selfe same *Truth* affirms, that likewise, there,
By him, their *clodds*, and *furrowes* watered are,
And, that with *dewes* and *showres*, he doth so blesse
The dwellings of the barren *Wildernesse*,
That, those *Inhabitants* (whom some conceiv'd,
Of usefull, and all pleasant things bereav'd)
Their labors, with advantage, doe employ,
And, fetch their yearely *Harvests* home, with joy.

Why then should wee, that in God's *Vineyard* live,
Distrust that all things needfull hee will give?
Why should his *Garden* doubt of what it needs,
Since hee oft waters barren *Rocks* and *Weeds*?
Why should his *Children*, live in slavish feare,
Since hee is kind to those that strangers are?
Or, whither from his presence, can we flie,
To whom the furthest *hiding-place* is nigh.

And, if I may, from lower objects clime,
(To questioning, in matters more sublime)
Why should I thinke, the *Soule* shall not bee fed,
Where God affords, to *Flesh*, her daily *Bread*?
Or, dreame, that hee, for some, provided none,
Because, on us, much *Mercie* is bestowne?
'Tis true enough, that *Hell* devoureth all,
Who shall be found without the *Churches* pale;
But, how farre that extends, no Eye can see,
Since, in *Gods hands*, *Earth's* farthest *Corners* bee.



ILLVSTR. III.

Book. 4

THe World is much for *Shewes*, and few there are
So diligent to *bee*, as to *appeare*;
Although a little *travaile* more, would make them
Tho e men, for which, the *look.rs.* on mistake them.
Some, have so toyled, and consum'd so much,
To get a false repute of being *Rich*,
That, they have spent farre more, than would have bought,
The *substance* of the *shadow*, they have fought;
And, caused those, who deem'd them rich before,
To know them, to bee miserably *poore*.

Some others, would so faine be courted *Wise*,
That, they consume in *Curiosities*,
In *Sophistries*, and superficiall *shewes*,
More pretious Time, than would have made them those,
They long to seeme, (had halfe that meanes been spent,
In seeking *Wisdome*, with a pure intent)
Whereas, the gloriousst purchases of such,
(Though by their Peeres they seeme applauded much)
Are still so vaine, that little they possesse,
But fruitlesse *leaves*, of *learned foolishnesse*:
Yea, by affecting more than is their due,
They lose ev'n both the *substance*, and the *shew*;
And, so, instead of honours *Crowne*, have worne
The *Coxcombes*, of a well-deserved scorne.

But, of all *Fooleries*, the grossest *Folly*
Is theirs. who weare those *garbes* of *seeming-holy*,
Which paine them fore, yet make them still appeare,
To *God* and *Men*, as wicked as they are.

Be, therefore, what, to be, thou hast profest;
But, bee not of this last, of all the rest.



ILLVSTR. IIII.

Book. 4

THough this bee but the picture of that *Glasse*,
By which thou measur'st how thine *houres* doe passe,
Yet, sleight it not; for, much 'twill profit thee,
To ponder what the *Morals* of it bee.
And, 'tis an *Emblem*, whence the *Wise* may learne,
That, which their persons, neerely doth concerne.

The brittle *Glasse*, serves fitly to expresse
The *Bodie's* frailtie, and much crasinesse.
Foure *Pillars*, which the glassie worke empale,
Instruēt thee; that the *Virtues* Cardinall;
To guard the *Manhood*, should bee still employ'd,
Lest else the feeble fabrick bee destroy'd.
The *Sand*, still running forth, without delay,
Doth shew, that *Life-time*, passeth fast away,
And, makes no stop: yea, and the *Motto* too,
(Lest thou forgetfull prove) informes thee so.

By viewing this, *Occasion*, therefore, take,
Of thy fast-flying *Houres*, more use to make;
And, heedfull bee, to shunne their common crime,
Who take much care to trifle out the time;
As if it merited their utmost paine,
To lose the gemme, which most they seeke to gaine.
Time-past is lost already: *Time-to-come*,
Belongs, as yet, thou knowst not unto whom.
The *present-houres* are thine, and, onely those,
Of which thou hast *Commission* to dispose;
And, they from thee, doe flye away so fast,
That, they are scarcely knowne, till they are past.
Lord, give mee grace, to minde, and use *Time* so,
That, I may doe thy worke, before I goe.

Repent,



ILLVSTR. V.

Book. 4

MArke well this *Emblem* ; and, (when in a *thread*,
You see the *Globe*, there, hang above their head,
Who in securitie, beneath it sit)
Observe likewise, the *Knife*, that threatens it;
The smallnesse of the *Twine* ; and, what a death
Would follow, should it fall on those beneath:
And (having well observ'd it) mind, I pray,
That, which the word about it, there, doth say :
For, it includes a *Caveat*, which wee need
To entertaine, with a continuall heed.

Though few consider it, wee finde it thus
(Throughout our lives) with ev'ry one of us.
Destruction hangeth in a *single thread*,
Directly over every *Sinner's* head.
That *Sentence* is gone forth, by which wee stand
Condemn'd to suffer death. The dreadful hand,
Of God's impartiall *Justice*, holds a *Knife*,
Still ready, to cut off our *thread of life* ;
And, 'tis his *mercie*, that keepes up the *Ball*
From falling, to the ruine of us all.

Oh ! let us minde, how often wee have bin,
Ev'n in the very act of *Deadly sinne*,
Whilst this hung over us ; and, let us praise,
And love him, who hath yet prolong'd our dayes :
Yea, let our thankfulnesse, bring forth such fruit,
As, to the benefit may somewhat suit:
For, though a *sudden Death* may not ensue,
Yet, (since *Times Axe*, doth every minute hew
The *Root of Life*) the Tree, e're long, must fall ;
And, then perhaps, too late, repent wee shall.

When



ILLVSTR. VI.

Book. 4

HOOER Hart, why dost thou run so fast : and why,
Behind thee dost thou looke, when thou dost fly:
As if thou seem'dst in thy swift flight, to heare
Those dangers following thee, w^{ch} thou dost feare :
Alas ! thou labour'st, and thou runn'st in vaine,
To shunne, by flight, thy terrors, or thy paine;
For, loe, thy Death, which thou hast dreaded so,
Clings fast unto thee, wherefoere thou goe :
And while thou toyl'st, an outward ease to win,
Thou draw'st thine owne destruction further in ;
Making that Arrow, which but prickes thy hide,
To pierce thy tender entrailes, through thy side.
And, well I may this wounded Hart bemoane;
For, here, me thinkes, I'm taught to looke upon
Mine owne condition ; and, in him, to see
Those deadly wounds, my Sinnes have made in mee.
I greatly feare the World, may unawares
Intangle mee, by her alluring snares
I am afraid, the Devill may inject
Some poyfrous fume, my Spirit to infect,
With ghostly Pestilence ; and, I assay,
To flie from these, with all the pow'rs I may.
But, oh my Flesh ! this very Flesh I weare,
Is worse to mee, than Worlds, and Devils are :
For, without this, no pow'r on mee, they had.
This is that Shirt, which made Alcides mad.
It is a grieve, which I shall never cure,
Nor flie from, whilst my life-time doth endure :
From thence, oh Lord, my greatest sorrowes bee,
And, therefore, from my Selfe, I flie to Thee.

When



ILLVSTR. VII.

Book. 4



Tyrannous, or wicked *Magistrat*,
Is fitly represented by a *Catt* :
For, though the *Mice* a harmfull vermine bee,
And, *Cats* the remedie ; yet, oft wee see,
That, by the *Mice*, far lesse, some house-wives leese,
Then when they set the *Catt* to keepe the *Cheese*.
A ravenous *Cat*, will punish in the *Monse*,
The very same Offences, in the house,
Which hee himselfe commits ; yea, for that *Vice*,
Which was his owne (with praise) he kills the *Mice*,
And, spoyleth not anothers life alone,
Ev'n for that very fault which was his owne,
But *feeds*, and *fattens*, in the spoyle of them,
Whom hee, without compassion did condemne.
Nay, worse than so ; hee cannot bee content,
To slaughter them, who are as innocent,
As hee himselfe ; but, hee must also play,
And sport his wofull *Pris'ners* lives away ;
More torturing them, 'twixt fruitlesse *hopes* and *feares*,
Than when their bowels, with his teeth he reares :
For, by much terrour, and much crueltie,
Hee kills them, ten times over, e're they die.

When, such like *Magistrates* have rule obtain'd,
The best men wish their powre might be restrain'd :
But, they who shun enormities, through *Feare*,
Are glad when *good-men* out of Office are.
Yea, whether *Governours* bee good or bad,
Of their displacings *wicked-men* are glad ;
And, when they see them brought into disgraces,
They boldly play the *Knaves* before their faces.



ILLVSTR. VIII.

Book. 4



Hen hee, who by his conquering Arme, possesse
The rich, and spacious Empires of the East,
Felt his approaching end; he bade them beare
A *Shirt* throughout his *Arme*, on a *Speare*,
Proclaiming, that of all his large estate,
No more was left him, then, but only that:
Perhaps intending, thereby, to expresse,
A sorrow for his wilde *Ambition* *succe*;
Or, hoping, by that *Spectacle*, to give
Some good *Instructions* unto those that live.

However, let it serve us, to declare,
How vaine their toyings, and ambitions are,
Who rob themselves, and other men of rest,
For things that are so little while possesse.
And, if that powerfull King, could nothing have,
That was of use, to carry to his *Grave*,
(Of all his conquered *Kingdomes*) but, one *Shirt*,
Or, *Winding sheet*, to hide his Royall durt;
Why should we pinch, and scrape, and vex become,
To heap up Riches, for we know not whom?
Or, macerate the *Flesh*, by raising strife,
For more, than will bee usefull during life?
Nay, ev'n for that, which sometimes shortens *breath*,
And makes us, also, wretched after *Death*.

Let mee, oh God! my labour so employ,
That, I, a comprencie may enjoy.
I aske no more, than may *Lifes* want supply,
And, leave their due to others, when I die.
If this thou grant, (which nothing doubt I can)
None ever liv'd, or dy'd a richer man.



ILLVSTR. IX.

Book.4

I's true, a wither'd-branch I am, and seeme
To some, as voyd of Hopes, as of esteeme;
For, in their judgements, I appeare to be
A saplesse Bough, quite broken from the Tree,
(Ev'n such as that, in this our *Emblem*, here)
And, yet, I neither feele *Despaire*, nor *Fear*;
For, I have seene (e're now) a little *Spray*,
(Rent from her *Stemme*) lye trodden by the way,
Three moneths together; which, when *Spring* drew on,
To take an unexpected Root begun;
(Yea, grew to bee a Tree) and, growing, stood,
When those great *Groves*, were fell'd for firing-wood,
Which once had high esteeme; and sprung unhurt,
While that poore *Branch*, lay sleighted in the dirt.
Nay, I have seene such *twigg*s, afford them shade,
By whom they were the meanest shrippings made,
Of all the *Wood*; And, you may live to see,
(For ought yet knowne) some such event in mee.

And, what if all who know mee, see me dead,
Before those *hopes* begin to spring and spread?
Have therefore they that hate me, cause to boast,
As if mine expectations I had lost?
No sure: For, I, who by *Faith's* eyes have seene,
Old *Aarons* wither'd *Rod* grow fresh and greene;
And also viewed (by the selfe-same *Eyes*)
Him, whom that *Rod*, most rightly typifies,
Fall by a shamefull *Death*, and rise, in spight
Of *Death*, and *Shame*, unto the glorious height.

Ev'n I, beleeve my *Hope* shall bee possell,
And, therefore, (ev'n in *Death*) in *Hope* I'll rest.



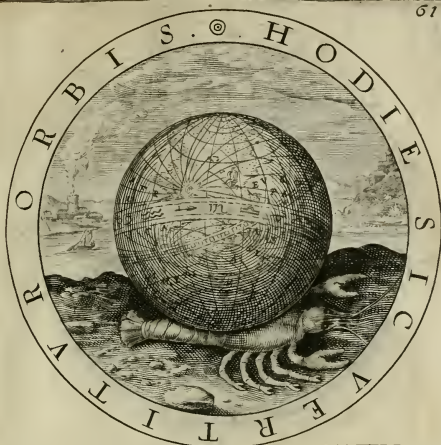
ILLVSTR. X.

Book. 4


 Hen, in this *Emblem*, here, you have espide,
 The shape of a triangled *Pyramide*,
 And, have observed well, those mightie *Rocks*,
 Whose firme foundation bides the dreadfull shokes
 Of angry *Neptune*; you may thereby see,
 How firmly settled, *Vertues* reall bee.
 For, as the raging *Seas*, although they roare,
 Can make no breach upon the Rockie shore;
 And, as a true triangled *Pyramide*,
 Stands fast, and shewes alike, on ev'ry side:
 So, howsoever *Fortune*, turnes or winds,
 Those men, which are indow'd with vertuous minds,
 It is impossible, to drive them from
 Those *Formes*, or *Stations*, which those minds become.
 And, as the raging *Sea*, with foming threats,
 Against the *Rockie-shore*, but vainely beats;
 So, *Envie* shall in vaine, loud blustrings make,
 When vertuous resolutions they would shake.
 For, *Vertue*, which receives an overthrow,
 Was *Vertue*, not indeed, but in the show.

So farre am I, oh *Lord*! from laying claime
 To have this *Vertue*, that, I doe but ayme
 At such *perfection*; and, can come no nigher
 As yet, than to obtaine it in *desire*.
 But, fixe thou so, this weake desire of mine,
 Vpon the *Vertues* of thy *Rocke* divine,
 That I, and that invaluable *Stone*,
 May bee incorporated into *One*:

And, then, it will bee neither shame, nor pride,
 To say, my *Vertues*, will unmov'd abide.



ILLVSTR. XI.

Book. 4



Hat was this *Figures* meaning, but to show,
That, as these kinde of *Shell-fish* backward goe,
So now the *World*, (which here doth seeme to take
An arseward Iourney on the *Cancer's* backe)
Moves counterwise; as if delight it had,
To runne a race, in *Courses retrograde*:
And, that, is very likely to be true,
Which, this our *Emblem*, purposeth to shew.

For, I have now, of late, not onely seene,
What backward motions, in my *Friends* have beene;
And, that my outward *Fortunes* and *Affaires*,
Doe of themselves, come tumbling downe the staires:
But, I have also found, that other things,
Have got a wheeling in contrary *Rings*;
Which *Regresse*, holding on, 'tis like that wee,
To *Jewes*, or *Ethnicks*, backe shall turned bee.

Some punie *Clerkes*, presume that they can teach
The ancient holy *Doctors*, how to preach.
Some *Laicks*, learne their *Pastors* how to pray.
Some *Parents*, are compelled to obey
Their *Sonnes*; and, so their *Dignitie* to lose,
As to be fed and cloth'd, at their dispose.
Nay, wee have some, who have assay'd to draw,
All backward, to the *Bondage* of the *Law*;
Ev'n to those abrogated *Rites* and *Dayes*,
By which, the wandring *Jew* markes out his wayes.
And, to pursue this *Round*, they are so heady,
That, they have made themselves, and others giddy.

Doe thou, these froward *Motions*, LORD, *restraine*;
And, set the *World* in her due *course* againe.



ILLVSTR. XII.

Book. 4

From these well-order'd Arrows, and the Snake,
This usefull Observation you may make;
That, where an able *Prudence*; doth combine
United forces, by good *Discipline*,
It maketh up a pow'r, exempted from
The feare, or perill, to be overcome:
And, if you covet *safetie*, you will seeke
To know this *Ward*, and to acquire the like.

For, doubtlesse, neither is it in the force,
Of iron Chaires, or of armed Horse,
In which, the King, securitie may finde,
Unlesse the Riders bee well *Discipline*.
Nor, lyes it in the Souldiers common *Skill*.
In warlike *Postures*; nor in theirs, who drill
The *Rankes* and *Fyles*, to order them aright,
According as *Occasion* makes the *Fight*.
But, men must use a further *Prudence* too,
Or else, those *vulgar Arts* will all undoe.
For, these, are onely *Sciences* injoynd,
To order well the *Body*, not the *Mind*:

And, men best train'd in these (oft times) we see,
The *Hare brain'd* fooles, in all our *Armies* bee.

To *strength*, and *skill*, unite we must, therefore,
A manly *Prudence*, comprehending more,
Than all these *Powr's*: ev'n such, as when shee please,
To all her ends, can use and mannage these;
And, shew us how to cure, or to prevent
All *Hazards*; or, withall to bee content.

Hee that's thus arm'd, and trusts in God alone,
May bee oppos'd, but, conquered of none.

When



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. 4



Hen I beheld this Picture of a Boat,
(Which on the raging Waves doth seeme to float)
Forc'd onward, by the current of the Tide,
Without the helpe of Anchor, Oare or Guide;
And, saw the *Motto* there, which doth imply,
That shee commits her selfe to *Destinie*;
Me thinks, this *Emblem* sets out their estate,
Who have ascribed ev'ry thing to *Fate*;
And dreame, that howsoe're the businesse goe,
Their *Worke*, nor hinders, neither helps thereto.
The leaking *Ship*, they value as the sound:
Hee that's to hanging borne, shall ne're bee drown'd;
And, men to happinesse ordain'd (say these)
May set their *Ship* to float, as *Fate* shall please.

This *Fancie*, springing from a mis-believing
Of God's *Decrees*; and, many men deceiving,
With shewes of *Truth*, both causeth much offence
Against God's *Mercies*, and his *Providence*;
And brings to passe, that some to ruine runne,
By their neglect of what they might have done.
For, *Meanes* is to bee us'd, (if wee desire,
The blessing of our safetie to acquire)
Whose naturall effects, if God deny,
Vpon his *Providence* wee must relye,
Still practising what naturall aydes may bee,
Vntill no likely ayd untride wee see.
And, when this *Non plus* wee are forc'd unto,
Stand still, wee may, and wayt what God will do.
Hee that shall thus to *Fate*, his fortunes leave,
Let mee bee ruin'd, if Shee him deceive.



ILLVSTR. XIV.

Book. 4

Hey are not *Houses* builded large and high,
Seel'd all with *Gold*, and pav'd with *Porphyrie*,
Hung round with *Arras*, glaz'd with *Christall-glasse*,
And cover'd o're with plates of shining *Brasse*,
Which are the best; but, rather, those where wee
In *safetie*, *health*, and best *content*, may bee;
And, where wee finde, though in a meane *Estate*,
That portion, which maintaines a quiet *Fate*.

Here, in a homely *Cottage*, thatcht with reed,
The *Peasant* seemes as pleasedly to feed,
As hee, that in his *Hall* or *Parlour* dines,
Which *Fret-worke* *Roofes*, or costly *Cedar Lines*:
And, with the very same affections too,
Both to, and from it, hee doth come and goe.
The *Tortois*, doubtlesse, doth no house-rooms lack,
Although his *House* will cover but his back;
And, of his *Tub*, the *Cynicke* seem'd as glad,
As *Alexander* was of all hee had.
When I am settled in a place I love,
A shrubby *hedge-row*, seemes a goodly *Grove*.
My liking maketh *Palaces* of *Sheds*,
And, of plaine *Conches*, carved *Ivory Beds*:
Yea, ev'ry *path*, and pathlesse *walke*, which lies
Contemn'd, as rude, or wilde, in others eyes,
To mee is pleasant; nor alone in show,
But, truly such: For, liking makes them so.
As pleas'd in theirs, the *Snails*, and *Cocles* dwell,
As doth a *Scallop* in his pearly shell:

For, that commends the *House*, which makes it fir,
To serve their turnes, who should have use of it.

The



ILLVSTR. XV.

Book. 4.

THe Gift of *Kingdomes*, *Children*, and *good-Wives*,
Are three of God's most choice *Prerogatives*,
In temp'rall Blessings; and, of all these three,
The gifts of *Kingdomes*, his rar'st Favours bee:
For, in five hundred Millions, there's not one,
Whom this high *Honour* is conferr'd upon;
Nor is there any knowne *Estate* on earth,
(Where to wee come, by *Merit*, or by *Birth*)
Which can, to any man assurance bring,
That, hee shall either *live*, or *die* a *King*.
The *Morning-Starre*, that's Heire unto a *Crowne*,
Off sets, before the *shining-Sunne* is downe;
And, some, that once a glorious *Empire* swayd,
Did lose their *Kingdomes*, e're their heads were layd.

The greatest earthly *Monarch* hath no powre,
To keepe his *Throne* one minute of an houre,
(Use all the meanes, and policies hee can)
If God will give it to another man.

Hee, when *Belshazzar* was in high'st estate,
His *Kingdome* to the *Persians* did translate.
King Saul, and *Reboboam*, could not stay
The *Royalties*, which God would give away;
And, Hee that was the proudest of the rest,
God, changed from a *King*, into a *Beast*.

Nor is there any man so meane, but hee,
When God shall please, an *Emperour* may bee.
Some, from the *Pot-kilne*, from the *Sheep cote*, some,
Hee raised hath, great *Princes* to become.

Yea, hee o're heav'n and earth, hath rear'd his *Throne*,
That was on earth, the most *despised* one.

Her



ILLVSTR. XVI.

Book. 4



Would you not laugh, and thinke it beastly fine,
To see a durtie, and ill-favour'd *Swine*,
Weare on her snout, a *Diamond*, or a *Pearle*,
That might become the *Ladie* of an *Earle*?
And hold it head, as if it meant to show
It were the *Pigg* of some well-nurtur'd *Son*?
Perhaps, you thinke there be not any where
Such *Antickes*, but in this our *Emblem* here.
But, if you take these *Charmes*, and then goe forth
Among some troupes, which passe for folkes of worth,
You shall discover, quickly, if you please,
A thousand sights, as mimickall as these.

Here, you shall see a noble *Title* worne,
(That had not mis-beseem'd one better borne)
By him, whose vertues are of little price,
And, whose estate, was gotten by his *Vice*.
You shall behold another *Mushrome*, there,
Walke with our *Lords*, as if hee were their *Petre*,
That was well knowne, to be but tother day,
No fit companion for such men as they,
And, had no other meanes to climbe this height,
But *Gaming*, or to play the *Parasite*.
Yet (though he neither hath his *Trade*, nor *Lands*,
Nor any honest *In-come*, by his *hands*)
Hee, oft consumes at once, in *Games* or *Cheare*,
More than would keepe his *Better* all the yeare.
Yea, many such as these, thou shouldst behold,
Which would bee vext, if I describe them should:
For, thus, unworthily, blind *Fortune* flings,
To *Crowes*, and *Geese*, and *Swine*, her precious things.

The



ILLVSTR. XVII.

Book. 4

A Foole, sent forth to fetch the *Goslings* home,
When they unto a Rivers brinck were come,
(Through which their passage lay) conceiv'd a feare
His Dames best *Brood*, might have been drowned there;
Which, to avoyd, hee thus did shew his wit,
And his good nature, in preventing it.
Hee, underneath his *girale*, thrusts their heads,
And, then the Coxcombe through the water wades.

Here learne, that when a *Foole* his helpe intends,
It rather doth a mischief, then befriends;
And, thinke, if there be danger in his love,
How harmefull his *Maliciousnesse* may prove:
For, from his *kindenesse*, though no profit rise
To doe thee spight, his *Malice* may suffice.
I could not from a *Prince* beseech a boone
By suing to his *Iester* or *Buffoone*:
Nor, any Fooles vaine humor, sooth or serve,
To get my bread, though I were like to starve.
For, to be *poore*, I should not blush so much,
As if a *Foole* should raise me to be *rich*.

Lord, though of such a kinde my faults may be,
That sharpe *Affliction* still must tutor mee,
(And give me due *Correllion* in her Schooles)
Yet, oh preserve me from the scorne of *Fooles*.
Those wicked *Fooles*, that in their hearts have sed
There is no God; and, rather give me *Bread*
By *Ravens*, LORD, or in a *Lions Den*,
Then by the Favours of such foolish men:
Lest, if their *dinsies* I should swallow downe,
Their sinile might more undoe, me, then their *frowne*.



ILLVSTR. XVIII.

Book. 4



Lthough there bee nō Timber in the *Vine*,
Nor strength to raise the climbing *Ivie-twine*,
Yet, when they have a helper by their side,
Or, prop to stay them, like this *Pyramide*,
One roote sometime, so many *Sprayes* will beare,
That, you might thinke, some goodly *Grove* it were :
Their tender stalkes, to climbe aloft, are seene ;
Their boughs are cover'd with a pleasant greene ;
And, that, which else, had crept upon the ground,
Hath tops of loftie trees, and turrets crown'd.

This *Emblem*, fitly shadowes out the Natures
Of us, that are the *Reasonable-creatures* :
For, wee are truly by our *nat'rall-birth*,
Like *Vines* undrest, and creeping on the earth ;
Nor free from spoyling, nor in case to beare
Good *fruits*, or *leaves*, while we are groveling there.
But, if *new-borne* by *Grace*, streight borne are wee,
From earthly creepings, by that *Living-tree*,
Which, here, was planted, meere to this end,
That, by his *pow'r* ; our *weaknesse* might ascend.
And, hee our *frailtie* to himselfe so takes,
So, of his *might*, the partners us hee makes ;
That, hee, in us, doth seeme to hide his *pow'rs*,
And, make the *strength* hee gives, appeare as ours.

Continue, *Lord*, this *Grace*, and grant wee may,
Firme hold, on our *Supporter*, alwayes lay :
So climbing, that wee nor neglect, nor hide
His *Love* ; nor over-climbe it, by our *Pride*.

Thus, our yet staggering *weaknesse*, shall at length,
Bee fully changed into perfect *Strength*.



ILLVSTR. XIX.

Book. A

Good Folkes, take heede; for, here's a wanton *Wagge*,
Who, having *Bowes* and *Arrowes*, makes his bragg
That, he hath ſome unhappy trick to play;
And, vowes to ſhoot at all he meets to day.
Pray be not careleſſe; for, the *Boy* is blinde,
And, ſometimes ſtrikes, where moſt he ſeemeth kinde.
This rambling *Archer* ſpares nor one, nor other:
Yea, otherwhile, the *Monkey* ſhoots his Mother.

Though you be little *Children*, come not neere;
For, I remember (though't be many a yeare
Now gone and paſt,) that, when I was a *Lad*,
My Heart, a pricke, by this young Wanton had,
That, pain'd me ſeven yeares after: nor had I
The grace (thus warn'd) to ſcape his waggery;
But many times, ev'n ſince I was a man,
He ſhot me, oftner then I tell you can:
And, if I had not bene the ſtronger-hearted,
I, for my over-daring, might have ſmarted.

You laugh now, as if this were nothing ſo;
But, if you meet this *Blinkard* with his Bow,
You may, unleſſe you take the better care,
Receive a wound, before you be aware.
I feare him not; for, I have learned how
To keepe my heart-ſtrings from his Arrowes now:
And, ſo might you, and ſo might ev'ry one
That vaine *Occaſions*, truly ſeekes to ſhunn.
But, if you ſleight my Counſells, you may chance
To blame at laſt, your willfull ignorance:

For, ſome, who thought, at firſt, his wounds but ſmall
Have dyed by them, in an *Hopital*.



ILLVSTR. XXI.

Book. 4

Iooke well, I pray, upon this *Beldame*, here,
For, in her *habit*, though shee gay appeare,
You, through her youthfull *vizard*, may espy
Shee's of an old *Edition*, by her *Eye*:

And, by her wainscot face, it may bee seene,
Shee might your *Grandams* first *dry-nurse* have beene.

This is an *Emblem*, fitly shaddowing those,
Who making faire, and honest outward shoves,
Are inwardly deform'd; and, nothing such,
As they to bee suppos'd, have strived much.
They chuse their *words*, and play well-acted *parts*,
But, hide most loathsome projects in their hearts;
And, when you think sweet *Friendship* to embrace,
Some ugly *Tresen*, meets you in the face.

I have a pain ed *Brow*; I much dislike
A *Mayden bluh*, dawb'd on a furrowed *Cheeke*:
And, I abhorre to see old *Wantons* play,
And, suite themselves, like *Ladies of the May*.
But, more (yea, most of all) my soule despiseth
A *Heart*, that in *Religious formes*, disguiseth
Profane intentions; and arrayes in white,
The coale-blacke conscience of an *Hypocrite*.
Take heed of such as these; and, (if you may)
Before you trust them, tract them in their way.
Observe their footsteps, in their private *path*:
For, these (as 'tis beleev'd, the *Deuill* hath)
Have cloven feet; that is, *two wayes* they goe;
One for their *ends*, and tother for a *show*.

Now, you thus warned are, advise embrace;
And, trust nor gawdy *Clothes*, nor painted *Face*.



ILLVSTR. XXII.

Book. 4



*Heart with Hand-in-hand, united thus,
Makes here an Emblem not unknowne to us ;
And, 'tis not hard for any Vulgar wit,
Without a Comment, to interpret it.*

*But, though of ev'ry man confest it be,
That Hand and Heart together should agree ;
And, that, what we in outward shew expresse,
Perform'd should be, with inward heartinesse.
(Since, now the World, to such a passe is growne,
That, all is not consider'd, which is knowne)
I cannot thinke it altogether vaine,
To speake of that, which may appeare so plaine.*

*When thou dost reach thy hand unto thy friend,
Take order, that thy heart the same intend :
For, otherwise in Hand, or Heart, thou lyest,
And, cuttest off a Member, e're thou dyest.
Some, give their Hearts (as many Lovers do)
Yet, are afraid, to set their hands thereto.
Some give their Hands ; and, then by many a deed,
To ratifie the gift, they dare proceede ;
Yet, keep their tongues from saying what they meant,
To helpe excuse their hearts, when they repent.
Yea, some can very cunningly expresse,
In outward shew, a winning heartinesse,
And, steale the deare affections they have sought,
From those, to whom they meant, nor promis'd ought.
Then, will they, if advantage come thereby,
Make all their Deeds, for want of Words, a ly.*

*Among Dissemblers, in things temporall,
These Raskalls are the ver'est Knaves of all.*



ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book. 4

Some, thinke this *Emblem* serveth to expresse
No more, but onely *Womens* ficklenesse;
And, they will most desire to have it so,
Who, like those best, that most inconstant grow.
Although my *Fortunes* were, in some things, bad,
I never in my life, experience had
Of an *inconstant woman*: Wherefore, then,
Should I condemne the *Females*, more than men?

I heare some talke, that *Women* fickle be:
And so I thinke; and so I know are wee.
And (being put together) say I dare,
That, they and wee, in equall manner, share
A giddinesse, and ficklenesse of minde,
More wavering, than a *Feather*, or the *Winde*.
The *Woman*, heere, is plac'd, to typifie
A minde distracted with much levitie:
Not, that the womans *Wav'rings* are the more;
But, for this cause: Most *Vices*, heretofore,
And *Vertues* too, our *Ancestors* did render,
By words declined in the *female-gender*.
The *winged-Ball*, (whose tottering Foundation,
Augments the causes of our *variation*)
Meanes, here, those uselesse, and vaine *temp'rall things*,
That come and goe, with never-staying wings;
And, which (if thereupon our hearts we set)
Make *Men* and *Women*, the *Vertigo* get.

Hereafter, then, let neither *Sexe* accuse
Each other; but, their best endeavours use,
To cure this *Maladie* in one another,
By living well, and lovingly together.



ILLVSTR. XXIV.

Book. 4

Hat meanes this *Countrey-peasant*, skip ping here
Through prickling *Thistles* wth such gamelom cheere?
And, plucking off their tops, as though for *Possies*,
He gather'd Violets, or toothlesse *Roses*?
What meaneth it, but onely to expresse
How great a joy, well-grounded *Patientnesse*
Retaines in *Sufferings*? and, what sport she makes,
When she her Journey through *Affliction* takes?

I, cft have sayd (and, have as oft, beene thought
To speake a *Paradox*, that favours nought
Of likely truth) that, some *Afflictions* bring
A *Honey bag*, which cureth ev'ry Sting
(That wounds the *Flesh*) by giving to the *Mind*,
A pleasing taste of *Sweetnesses* refin'd.
Nor can it other be, except in those,
Whose Better part, quite stupifyed growes,
By being Cauterized in the Fires
Of childish *Fears*, or temporall *Desires*.

For, as the *Valiant* (when the *Coward* f wounds)
With gladnesse lets the *Surgion* search his Wounds;
And, though they smart, yet cheerfully indures
The Plaisters, and, the Probe, in hope of Cures:
So, Men, assured that *Afflictions* paine
Comes not for vengeance to them, nor in vaine;
But, to prepare, and fit them for the place,
To which, they willingly direct their pace;
In Troubles, are so farre from being sad,
That, of their *Suffering*, they are truly glad.

What ever others thinke, I thus beleeve;
And, therefore, joy, when they suppose I grieve.



ILLVSTR. XXV.

Book. 4.

When Silver Medalls, or some coynes of Gold,
Are by the Gold-smith either bought or sold,
Hee doth not only search them with his Eye,
But, by the Scale, their weight will also trie,
Or, by the Touchstone, or the Test, assay
The trueneſſe of them, and their juſt May.
Now, by their warineſſe, who thus proceed,
Wee fairely are admoniſhed, to heed
The faithfullneſſe of him wee make our Friend;
And, on whoſe love wee purpoſe to depend:
Or elſe, when wee a Jewell thinke to get,
Wee may bee cheated by a Counterfeſt.

All is not Gold that glisters: Otherwhile,
The Tincture is ſo good, it may beguile
The cunningſt eye: But, bring it to the Touch,
And, then, you find the value not ſo much.
Some, keepe the Tincture, brooking, likewise, well
An ordinarie Touch; but, yeeld a Smell,
Which will diſcover it, if you apply
Vnto your Noſe, that piece of Chymiſtrie.
Sometime, when there's enough to give content,
In Colour, in the Touch, and in the Scent;
The Bulke, is more than anſwers Gold in weight,
And, proves it a ſophiſticall deceit.
Nay, ſome, is fully that which you deſire,
In all theſe Properties; and, till the fire
Hath made aſſayes, you'l thinke you might be bold
To pawne your life, it had been Ophir-gold:

But, to bee falſe, the Metall's then deſcribe;
And, ſuch are many Friends, when they are tride.



ILLVSTR. XXVI.

Book. 4

Here are a sort of people so severe,
That, *foolish*, and *injurious* too, they are;
And, if the world were to bee rul'd by these,
Nor *Soule*, nor *Bodie*, ever should have ease.
The *Six* *dayes*, (as their *wisdomes* understand)
Are to bee spent in *Labour*, by command,
With such a stricnesse, that they quite condemne
All *Recreations* which are us'd in them.
That, which is call'd the *Sabbath*, they confine
To *Prayers*, and all *Offices-divine*,
So wholly, that a little *Recreation*,
That *Day*, is made a marke of *Reprobation*:
And, (by this meanes) the reason is to seeke,
When their poore *Servants* labour all the *weeke*,
(Of which, they'l bue them nothing) how it tyes
Them, to observe the sixe-fold *Sacrifice*
By some injoynd; and gives them such due *Rest*,
As *God* allowed, both to *Man* and *Beast*.

Hee, gave the *Woods*, the *Fields*, and *Meadowes*, here,
A time to *rest*, as well as times to *bear*.
The *Forrest Beasts*, and *Herds*, have howres for *play*,
As well as time to *graze*, and hunt their *prey*:
And, ev'ry *Bird* some leasure hath to *sing*,
Or, in the *Aire*, to *sport* it on her wing.
And, sure, to *him*, for whom all these were made,
Lesse kinnesse was not meant, then these have had.
The *Flesh* will faine, if pleasure none it knowes;
The *Man* growes madd, that alway musing goes.

The *Wise* *men*, will sometimes merry bee:
And, this is that, this *Emblem* teacheth me.



ILLVSTR. XXVII.

Book. 4

His vulgar Figure of a winged glasse,
Doth signifie, how swiftly Time doth passe.
By that leane Scull, which to this houre-glasse clings,
We are informed what effect it brings;

And, by the Words about it, wee are taught
To keepe our latter ending still in thought.
The common houre-glasse, of the Life of Man,
Exceedeth not the largeness of a span.
The Sand-like Minutes, flye away so fast,
That, yeares are out, e're wee thinke months are past :
Yea, many times, our nat'rall day is gone,
Before wee look'd for twelve a clocke at Noone;
And, where wee sought for Beautie, at the Full,
Wee finde the Flesh quite rotted from the Skull.

Let these Expreſſions of Times passage, bee
Remembrancers for ever, Lord, to mee ;
That, I may still bee guiltlesse of their crime,
Who fruitlesly consume their precious Time:
And, minde my Death ; not with a slavish feare,
But, with a thankfull use, of life-time, here :
Not grieving, that my dayes away doe poſt ;
But, caring rather, that they bee not loſt,
And, lab'ring with Discretion, how I may
Redeeme the Time, that's vainely ſlipt away.
So, when that moment comes, which others dread,
I, undismay'd, shall climbe my dying bed ;
With joyfull Hopes, my Flesh to duſt commend ;
In Spirit, with a ſtedfaſt Faith aſcend ;
And, whiſt I living am, to ſinne ſo dye,
That dying, I may live eternally.



ILLVSTR. XXVIII.

Book. 4



What thing soever some will have exprest,
As typified by this *Halcyons-nest*,
I shall not thinke this *Emblem* ill-appli'd,
It, by the same, the *Church* bee signifi'd.
For, as it is (by some) affirm'd of these,
That, whilst they breed, the fury of the seas
Is through the world alayd; and, that their *Brood*
Remaines in safetic, then, amidst the flood:
So, when the *Christian Church* was in her birth,
There was a generall *Peace* throughout the earth;
And, those tumultuous *Waves*, which after that
Began to rise, and bee enrag'd thereat,
Were calmed so, that *Hee* was borne in peace,
From whom, the faithfull *Off-spring* did encrease.

They, likewise, on a *Rocke*, their dwellings have,
As here you see; and, though the raging *Wave*,
Of dreadfull *Seas*, hath beaten, ever since,
Against the *Fortresse* of their strong defence,
Yet, still it stands; and, safe, it shall abide,
Ev'n in the midst of all their foming pride.

Vpon this *Rocke* to place me, oh my God!
That, whatsoever *Tempests* bee abroad,
I may not feare the fury of my Foe;
Nor bee in danger of an overthrow.
My life is full of *Stormes*; the *Waters* roule,
As if they meant to swallow up my soule.
The *Tides* oppose; the furious winds doe roare;
My *Cable's* weake, my *tacklings*, Lord, are poore,
And, my fraile *vessell* cannot long endure;
Yet, reach to mee thy hand, and I'm secure.

That's



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. 4

That's Love in earnest, which is constant found,
When Friends are in Affliction, or in Bands;
And, their Affection merits to be crown'd,
Whose hearts are fastned where they joyne their
Tis easie to be friendly, where wee see (hands.)

A Complement or two will serve the turne;
Or, where the kindnesse may required bee;
Or, when the charge is with a trifle borne.
It is as easie too, for him to spend
At once, the full Revenues of a yeare,
In Cates, for entertainment of his Friend,
Who thinks his glorie, is expensive-cheere:
For, 'tis his pleasure; and, if none should come
Like fashionable-Friends, for him to court,
Hee would with Rogues, and Canters, fill the Roome,
Or, such as should abuse, and flout him for't.

But, hard it is, to suffer, or to spend
For him (though worthy) that's of meane estate,
Unlikely our occasions to befriend,
Or, one unable to remunerate.
Few men are liberall, whom neither Lust,
Vaine glorie, Prodigalitie, nor Pride,
Doth forward into foolish Bountie thrust;
As may, by Observation bee espide.
For, when a slender Bountie would relieve
Their vertuous Friend, whose wants to them are knowne,
To their Buffoone, a Knights estate they'l give,
And, thinke on t'other trifles ill-bestowne.

Yet, this Ile say; and, give the Devill his due;
These Friends, are to their lusts, and humours, true.

The



ILLVSTR. XXX.

Book. 4

THe *Sword*, to bee an *Emblem*, here, we draw,
Of that *Authoritie*, which keeps in awe
Our *Countries Enemies*; and, those that are
The *Foes of Peace*, as well as those of *Warre*;
That, *Peace* may give the *Law of Armes* her due,
And, *Warre*, to *Civill pow'rs*, respect may shew.
For, *Kingdomes*, nor in *Warre* nor *Peace*, can stand,
Except the *Sword* have alway some command:
Yea, that, for which our *forraine Spoylers* come,
Domesticke Foes, will else devoure at home;
And, *stranger-drones* the *peacefull Bees* will harme,
Vnlesse with *warlike stings*, themselves they arme.

Considering this, let none bee so unwise,
The *Swords* well us'd protection to despise:
Or, thinke the practice of this *double-guard*,
In any place, or age, may well bee spar'd.
Let not the *Sword-man* sleight the *pow'rfull Gowne*;
Nor *Gowne-men* cast the *Sword* out of their *Towne*,
Because it terrifies, or draweth *Blood*;
For, otherwhile *Phlebotomy* is good:
And, thought to kill a *Lowfe*, the *Banians* feare;
(Though *Anabaptists* love no *Sword* to weare)
Yet, being drawne, to fright, or cut off *Sinne*,
It may bee brandish'd by a *Cherubin*.

However, from the *Sword* divide not you
(In any case) the *peacefull Olive bough*:
That is, let *Peace*, at all times, be that *End*,
For which, to draw the *Sword* you doe intend;
And, for well doing, bee as ready, still,
To give rewards, as blowes, for doing ill.



ILLVSTR. XXXI.

Book. 4

He Spade, for Labour stands. The Ball with wings,
Intendeth sitting-rowling-wordly things.

This Altar-stone, may serve in setting forth,
Things firmer, solid, and of greater worth:
In which, and by the words inclosing these,
You, there may read, your Fortune, if you please.
If you, your labour, on those things bestow,
Which rowle, and flatter, alwaies, to and fro;
It cannot be, but, that which you obtaine,
Must prove a wavering, and unconstant gaine:
For, he that soweth Vanitie, shall finde,
At reaping-time, no better fruit then Winde,

Your houres, in serious matters, if you spend,
Or, such, as to a lasting purpose tend,
The purchase of your paines will ever last;
And, bring you Pleasure, when the Labour's past.
Yea, though in teares, your Seed-time, you employ,
Your Harvest shall be fetched home, with ioy.
If much be wrought, much profit will ensue;
If little, but a little meede is due.

Of nothing, nothing comes: On evill deedes
An evill conscience, and, ill fame succedes:
An honest life, still findes prepared for,
Sweet Hopes in Death; and, after, good reports.
Of Sexe, or of Degree, there's no regard:
But, as the Labour, such is the reward.

To worke arights, oh Lord, instruct thou mee;
And, ground my Workes, and buildings all on thee:
That, by the fiery Test, when they are tride,
My Worke may stand, and I may safe abide.



ILLVSTR. XXXII.

Book. 4

Discourage not your selves, although you see
The weather blacke, and stormes prolonged be.
What though it fiercely raines, and thunders loud e
Behold, there is a Raine-bow in the Cloud,
Wherein, a trustfull promise may be found,
That, quite, your little-worlds, shall not be drown'd.
The Sun-shine, through the foggy mists appeare,
The lowring Skie, begins againe to cleare;
And, though the Tempest, yet, your eyes affright,
Faire weather may befall you, long ere night.

Such comfort speaks our Emblem, unto those,
Whom stormie Persecution doth enclose;
And, comforts him, that's for the present sad,
With hopes, that better seasons may bee had.
There is nor trouble, sorrow, nor distresse,
But mitigation hath, or some release.
Long use, or time, the storme away will turne,
Else, Patience makes it better to be borne.
Yea, sorrowes lowring dayes, will come and goe,
As well as prosp'rous howes of Sunshin doe;
And, when 'tis past, the paine that went before,
Will make the following pleasure seeme the more.
For, hee, hath promis'd, whom we may beleeve,
His blessing, unto those that mourne and grieve;
And, that, though sorrow much dejects their head,
In ev'ry need, wee shall be comforted.

This promise I beleeve, in ev'ry grieve,
Performe it, Lord, and helpe my unbelieve:
So, others viewing how thou cheere'st mee,
Shall, in all sorrowes, put their trust in thee.



ILLVSTR. XXXIII.

Book. 4

Hen on the *Sword*, the *Olive-branch* attends,
(That is, when bloody *Warres*, have peacefull *Ends*)
And, whensoever *Victories* are gained;
This *Emblem* shewes, by whom they are obtained:
For, that all *Victorie*, doth onely from
The pow'rfull hand of *God-Almightie*, come,
The Boughes of *Bayes* and *Olives*, doe declare,
Which round the *Tetragrammaton* appeare.
Nor must we thinke, that *God* bestowes, alone,
The *Victories* of *Warre*, on any one;
But, that, when we contend in other things,
From him, th' event that's wisht for, also springs.
This being so, how dare wee, by the *Laws*,
Or, by the *Sword*, pursue a wicked Cause?
How dare wee bring a matter that's unjust,
Where hee (though few perceive him) judge it must?
Or, prosecute with fury, or despite,
Against the person of his *Favourite*?
What Fooles are they, who seeke the *Conquest*, by
Oppression, Fraud, or hellish Perjurie?
How mad are those, who to the *Warres* prepare,
For nothing, but to spoyle and murder there?
Who, nor ingag'd by Faith to their *Alies*,
Nor urg'd by any private injuries,
(Nor sent, nor tolerated, by their *Prince*,
Nor caring whether side hath giv'n offence)
Run rambling through the *World*, to kill and slay,
Like needie Burchers, for two groats a day?
These men may side, where *Conquests*, *God* bestowes;
Yet, when the *Field* is wonne, these men doe lose.



ILLVSTR. XXXIV.

Book. 4

Tis this *Emblems* meaning, to advance
 The love and practise, of true *Temperance*.
 For, by this *Figure* (which doth seeme to fill,
 Vntill the liquor overflow, and spill)
 Wee are, as by example, taught to see
 How fruitlesse our *Intemperancies* bee:
 Thus, by the *Rule of Contrarie ties*,
 Some *Vertues*, best are showne to vulgar eyes.
 To see a nastie *Drunkard*, reele and spew,
 More moves to *Sobernesse*, than can the view
 Of twentie civill men; and, to behold
 One *Prodigall*, (that goodly lands hath sold)
 Stand torne and louzie, begging at the dore,
 Would make *Intemperance* abhorred more,
 (And, manly *Sobernesse*, much better, each)
 Than all that fixe *Philosophers* can preach:
 So, by the *Vessels* overflowing, here,
 True *Moderation* doth more prais'd appeare,
 Than by the *meane* it selfe: And, without sinne,
 That's *picture'd*, which to doe, had wicked bin,
 For, though to vertuous ends; wee doe deny
 The *Doing ill*, that *Good* may come thereby.

From hence, let us be taught, that carefull heed,
 Whereby wee should both *Minde* and *Bodie*, feed.
 Let us, of our owne selves, observe the size;
 How much wee want, how little will suffice;
 And, our owne *longings*, rather leave unfill'd,
 Than suffer any portion to bee spill'd:

For, what we *marre*, shall to account be layd,
 And, what wee wisely *spend*, shall be repayd.

They



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ILLVSTR. XXXV.

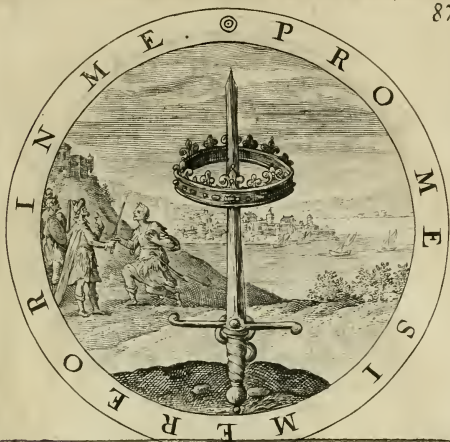
Book. 4.

THis *Tree*, which here doth largely seeme to grow,
(And spreads *above*, though streightned in *below*)
Through adverse *Winds*, and many a *Winters blast*,
Hath gain'd a faire proportion at the last;
And, from a lowly *shrub*, is growne to bee
A well-esteemed, and a goodly *Tree*.

Thus, hath it chanced unto many a man:
And, he that first in misery began,
(So poore and meane, that very few or none
Have judg'd him to be worth the looking on)
Ev'n he, through scornes, through wrongs, and povertie,
Hath crept, and screw'd, and rais'd himselfe so high,
That, he hath placed been among the prime,
Of those, who seem'd the *Worthies* of the time;
Yea, overtopt and aw'd, the best of those,
Who sought to curbe him, when he first arose.

This, I have scene; And, as wee seldome find
A *Tree* grow faire, that cannot brooke the *Wind*,
Or, must be hous'd at *Winter*; or, on whom
The *Gardners* pruning-knife, did never come:
So, I have rarely knowne those men to rise
To any good, or noble qualities,
Who feele not, first some *hardship*, or some *storme*,
To prune, to discipline, and to reforme
Their wits and manners. For, prosperitie,
Ease, plentie, and too large a libertie,
Doth often blast them; and, sometime bereave them,
Of what their *Predecessors* worth's, did leave them.

Let, therefore, no man, feare when this he knowes,
Although in *tempests*, and through *streights* he goes.



ILLVSTR. XXXVII.

Book. 4



His Emblem, forth unto your view hath set,
A Sword, together with a coronet;
To shew the prudent Reader, what Reward
For ill, and for well doing, is prepar'd;
That they, who heretofore, amisse have done,
May learne, their threatned punishments to shun:
That they, whose Actions warrantable were,
May, in their honest courses, persevere:
And, that those men, who great and pow'rfull bee,
Should punish and reward, as cause they see.
Men are of differing tempers: Some, are wonne
By promises, and gentle meanes alone:
Some, moved are by shame; and, some through dread,
To bee in purl, or bodie punished.
And, some, their duties are allur'd to doe,
No way, but by a mixture of these two.
They, therefore, neither Wise, nor Honest bee,
Who dandle all Offenders on their knee;
Or, punish onely with a God-forbid;
Or, Doe not so, my sonnes, as Ely did.
Nor wiser ought, are they, nor honestest,
Who alwayes fright, and threaten those that erre;
No mercie joyning, to the chastisement
Of them, whose faults are worthy to bee shent.
Nor are they lesse to blame, who carry Swords,
To punish errors; but, nor lookes, nor words,
To cherish well deservings: And, in this,
Mōt men, that punish others, doe amisse.
Sure, if the Sword misdoing, may pursue,
For doing-well, the Coronet is due.



ILLVSTR. XXXVIII.

Book. 4

THe Barrell, from whose bottome, sides, and bung,
The liquor (as in this our *Emblem*) flowes,
May firly typifie the babling *Tongue*,
Of him that utters ev'ry thing hee knowes.
For, such as are their taskes, who strive to fill
An ever-leaking *Vessel*, to the brim;
Ev'n such are his, who laboureth to still
A *sailers* tongue; for, paines are lost on him.
This *Figure*, also, serveth to expresse,
The trustlesse nature of a *whorish woman*;
For, shee to all displayes her wantonnesse,
And, cares to keepe her secrecies, from no man.
Within her bosome, nothing long shee keeps,
But, whatsoever shee conceives or knowes,
Streight, from the heart, up to her tongue, it creeps;
And, round about the *Citie*, then, it goes.

Bee warned therefore, and commit thou not
Thy person, state, or fame, to such as these;
Lest, they thy *Reputation* doe bespot,
Consume thy *Substance*, or thy *Minde* diseale.
But, most of all, bee wary, lest the crime,
Which here wee doe reprove, thy mind infect:
For, *Vice*, like *weeds*, will grow in little time,
And, out-grow *Vertues*, if wee them neglect.
The surest way to keepe such errors our,
And, in our selves true *Vertues* to maintaine;
Is, to bee hoopt with *Temprance*, round about,
And, our out-flowing humors to restrain.

If thus we practise, 'twill prevent the wrongs
Of our owne errors, and of others tongues.



ILLVSTR. XXXIX.

Book. 4.



His *Figure* warns us, that wee meddle not
With matters, whereby nothing may bee got,
Save *harne* or *losse*; and, such as once begun,
Wee may, nor safely *doe*, nor leave *undone*.
I should bee loath to meddle in the strife
Arising 'twixt a *Husband*, and his *Wife*,
For, *Truth* conce. I'd, or spoke, on either side,
May one or th'other grieve, or both divide.
I would not wish my most familiar *Mate*,
Be *Partner* in the whole of my estate;
Left I, by others errors, might offend,
Or, wrong my *Family*, or, lose my *Friend*.
I would not, willingly, in my distresse,
From an unworthy hand, receive redresse;
Nor, when I need a *Suretie*, would I call
An *Vnthrift*, or a roaring *Prodigall*:
For, either these I thanklesly must shun,
Or, humour them, and be perhaps undone.
I would not heare my *Friend* unwisely prate
Those things, of which I must informe the *State*:
And, seeme unfriendly; or, else leave to doe,
That, which a stronger *Band* obligerh to.

Nor would I, for the world, my heart should bee
Enthrald by one, that might not *marry* mee;
Or, such like *passions*, bee perplexed in,
As hang betwixt a *Virtue*, and a *Sinne*;
Or, such, as whether way soe're I went,
Occasion'd guilt, or shame, or discontent:
For, how soe're wee mannage such like things;
Wee handle winding *Vipers*, that have stings.



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ILLVSTR. XL.

Book. 4



Observe this *Wheele*, and you shall see how *Fate*
Doth limit out to each man, that *Estate*
Which hee obtaines; Then, how hee doth aspire
To such a height; and, why hee mounts no higher:
For, whatsoere their *Aushors* understood,
These *Emblems*, now, shall speake as I thinke good.

The *Cornucopias* fastned to a *Round*,
Thus fixt, may shew, that *Riches* have their *bound*;
And, can be raised, by mans pow'r or wits,
No higher than *Gods* Providence permits.
The placing of them on that *Wheele*, doth show,
That, some waxe *Poore*, as others *Wealthy* grow:
For, looke how much the higher, one doth rise,
So much the lower, still, the other lies;
And, when the height of one is at an end,
Hee sinks againe, that others may ascend.
The many stops, which on this *Wheele* you spie,
Those many *obstacles* may typifie,
Which barre all those that unto *Wealth* aspire,
From compassing the *Round* of their desire.

The want of *Wit*, from *Riches*, barreth some;
Some, cannot rich, because of *Sloth*, become.
Some, that are *wise*, and *paine*full, are deny'd
Encrease of wealth, through *Pleasure*, or through *Pride*.
Some, lose much profit, which they else might make,
Because of *Conscience*, or for *Credit* sake.
If none of these did hinder, wee have store,
That might bee *Rich*, who, yet, are very *Poore*.

And, these, indeed, doe come to be those *Fates*,
Which keepe most men, from getting large *Estates*.

In all



ILLVSTR. XLI.

Book. 4

THe *Virgine*, or the *Wife*, that much desires,
To please her *Lovers*, or her *Husband's Eyes*,
In all her costl'est *Robes*, her selfe attires;
And, seekes the com'l'est *Dresse*, shee can devise.
Then, to her trustie *Looking-glasse*, shee goes,
(Where, often, shee her person turnes and winds)
To view, how seemely her attiring shewes;
Or, whether ought amisse therein she finds.
Which praisefull *Diligence*, is figur'd thus
In this our *Emblem*; that, it may be made
A documentall signe, remembring us,
What care of all our *Actions*, must bee had.
For, hee that in *God's* presence would appeare
An acceptable *Soule*; or, gracious grow
With men, that of approv'd conditions are,
Must by some faithfull *Glasse*, be trimmed so,
The good Examples of those pious men,
Who liv'd in elder times, may much avails:
Yea, and by others evils, now and then,
Men see how grossely, they themselves, doe faile.

A wise Companion, and, a loving Friend,
Stands nearer, than those ancient glasses doe;
And, serveth well to such an usefull end:
For, hee may bee thy *Glasse*, and *Fountain* too.
His good *Example*, shewes thee what is fit;
His *Admonition*, checks what is awry;
Hee, by his *Good-advice*, reformeth it;
And, by his *Love*, thou mend'st it pleasedly.

But, if thou doe desire the perfect'st *Glasse*,
Ioyne to the *Morall-Law*, the *Law of Grace*.



ILLVSTR. XLII.

Book. 4.

HHe prettie *Bees*, with daily paines contrive
Their curious *Combes*, and from the flowry Fields,
Doe bring that pleasant sweetnesse to their Hive,
Which *Nectar*, and *Ambrosiack* dainties, yeelds,
Yet, when themselves with labours they have tir'd,
The following Winters famine to prevent,
For their good service, either they are fir'd,
Or, forth into an emptie *Hive* are sent:
And, there, with slender diet they are served,
To leave another *Summers* worke, to those
Who take no care, though all the swarme be starved,
If weake, and quite past labour once it grows.

As with such *Bees*, it fares with many a one,
That, spends his youthfull time in honest thrift;
And, by the *Wasp*, the *Hornet*, or the *Drone*,
Of all their labours, they are soone bereft.
Sometime, the bording *Flies*, much wrong this brood,
Through idle *visittings*; or, them despoyle,
By making friendly shewes of *neighbourhood*;
When, all their *Complements*, are nought but guile.
Sometime, their powerfull Foes doe rob them quite;
Sometime, their *Lords*, or *Landlords*, with pretence,
Of claiming only what is just and right,
Oppresse them without *mercie*, or *defence*.
Thus, by one course or other, daily, some
(That are laborious in an honest way)
The prey of *Pride*, or *Idlenesse* become:
And, such as these, may therefore truly say,
That, whatsoever they to passe have brought,
Not for themselves, but others, they have wrought.



ILLVSTR. XLIII.

Book. 4

Some say, (and many men doe these commend)
That, all our *deeds*, and *Fortunes* doe depend
Vpon the motions of celestiall *Spheres*;
And, on the constellations of the *Starres*.

If this were true, the *Starres*, alone, have bin
Prime cause of all that's *good*, and of all *sinne*.
And, 'twere (me thinkes) injustice to *condemne*,
Or, give rewards to any, but to *them*.
For, if they made mee *sinne*, why for that ill,
Should I be damn'd, and they shine brightly, still?
It they inforc'd my *goodnesse*, why should I
Bee glorified for their *Pietie*?

And, if they neither *good* nor *ill* constraine,
Why then, should wee of *Destinie* complaine?

For, if it bee (as tis) absurd to say,
The *starres* enforce us (since they still obay
Their just *Commander*) 'twere absurder, farre,
To say, or thinke, that God's *Decree* it were,
Which did *neecessitate* the very same,
For which, we thinke the *starres* might merit blame.

Hee made the *starres* to bee an ayd unto us,
Not (as is fondly dream'd) to helpe undoe us:
(Much lesse, without our fault, to ruinate,
By doome of irrecoverable *Fate*)

And, if our good *Endeavors*, use wee will,
Those glorious creatures will be helpfull still
In all our honest wayes: For, they doe stand
To helpe, not hinder us, in God's command;
And, hee not onely rules them by his pow'rs,
But, makes their *Glory*, servant unto ours.



ILLVSTR. XLIII.

Book. 4

Although wee know not a more patient creature,
Than is the *Lambe*, (or, of kisse than fell nature)
Yet, as this *Emblem* shewes, when childish wrong,
Hath troubled, and provok'd him overlong,
Hee growes engag'd; and makes the wanton *Boyes*,
Bee glad to leave their sports, and run their wayes.

Thus have I teene it with some Children fare,
Who, when their *Parents* too indulgent were,
Have urg'd them, till their *Doting* grew to *Rage*,
And, shut them wholly from their *Heritage*.
Thus, many times, a foolish man doth lose
His faithfull *Friends*, and justly makes them foes.
Thus, froward *Husbands*; and, thus, peevish *Wives*,
Doe foole away the comfort of their lives;
And, by abusing of a *patient-Mate*,
Turne dearest *Love*, into the deadliest *Hate*:
For, any wrong may better bee excused,
Than, *Kindnesse*, long, and wilfully abused.

But, as an injur'd *Lambe*, provoked, thus,
Well typifies how much it moveth us,
To finde our *Patience* wrong'd: So, let us make
An *Emblem*, of our selves, thereby to take
More heed, how *God* is moved towards them,
That, his *long suffering*, and his *Love* contemne.
For, as wee somewhat have of every creature,
So, wee in us, have somewhat of his *Nature*:
Or, if it bee not layd the same to bee,
His *Pictures*, and his *Images* are wee.

Let, therefore, his *long suffering*, well be weigh'd,
And, keepe us, to provoke him, still afraid.

Hee

Hee that is blind, will nothing see,
What light soe're about him bee.

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ILLVSTR. XLV.

Book. 4

IT is by some supposed, that our *Owles*,
By Day-time, are no perfect sighted *Fowles*;
And, that, the more you doe augment the *light*,
The more you shall deprive them of their *sight*.

Nor *Candles*, *Torches*, nor the *Sunne at noone*,
Nor *Spectacles*, nor all of these in one
Can make an *Owlet* in the day-time see,
Though none, by *night*, hath better eyes than shee.

This *Emblem*, therefore, sets their *blindnesse* forth,
Who cannot see, when an apparant *worth*
Illustrates vertuous Men; yet, seeme to spie
Those faults, wherewith ill-willers them belie.
The *blindnesse*, also, well it may declare,
Of *Hereticks*, who Eagle-sighted are,
In *Sophistries*, and in the cloudie-night,
Of those darke *Errors*, which delude the *sight*;
Yet, cannot see the Rayes of *Truth* divine,
Though, brighter than the *Day-light*, shee doth shine.
It, likewise, very fitly typifies,

Those, in our dayes, who spie out mysteries,
Beyond the *Moone*; yet, cannot gain the view
Of that, which common *Reason* proveth true:
And, therefore, onely, crie it (madly) downe,
Because, by *Reasons* light, it may be knowne.

These, when 'twas offered, first, the light refused;
And, they have now the darknesse which they chuled.
Till, therefore, God shall offer *Grace* againe,
Man strives to set up *Lights*, to these, in vaine:

For, what are *Lights* to those, who *blinded* bee?
Or, who so *blinde*, as they that will not see?

None



ILLVSTR. XLVI.

Book. 4



File these two Champions for the Conquest fight,
Berwixt them both *Victoria* takes her flight,
On doubtfull wings; and, till the fray bee past,
None knowe, to whether, shce the *Wreath* will cast.
Which *Emblem* serves, not onely, to expresse
The danger, and the issues doubtfulnesse,
In all *Contentions*; but, may warne us too,
That, wee no strivings rashly undergoe;
Since they, who long with painfull skill have striv'd,
Of likely *Conquests*, are at length depriv'd.

Force, much prevailes; but *Slight* and *Wit* hath pow'r,
Sometime, to hurle downe *Strength* upon the floore.
Sometimes againe, our *Ingineers* doe faile;
And, *Blowes*, doe more than *Stratagems*, prevaile.
Though, I, upon mine honest-*Cause* depend,
Another may o'rethrow it, by his *Friend*:
And, hee that boasteth of his *Arms* grace,
May lose his hopes, if *Bribing* come in place.

To say the Truth, in whatsoever Cause,
Wee by the *Sword* contend, or by the *Lawes*,
There's no event or issue more assured,
Than this, that, losse to both shall bee procured:
And, that, sometime, as well an *innocent*,
As *guilty-cause*, may finde an ill event.
Let, therefore, our endeavours be, to strive,
Who, shall hereafter, least occasion give
Of those *contentions*, and of those *debates*,
Which hurt our honor, safetie, or estates:

That, we, a *Conquest*, may be sure to gaine,
And, none repine, at that which we obtaine.



ILLVSTR. XLVII.

Book. 4

THe faithlesse *Iewe's* repining curriſhneſſe,
The bleſſed *Pſalmiſt*, fitly did expreſſe,
By *grinning-dogs*, which howling roame by night,
To ſatiſſie their grudging appetite.
Here, therefore, by an *Emblem*, wee are ſhowne,
That, *God*, (who as hee liſts, beſtowes his owne)
Providing ſo, that none may bee unfed,
Doth offer to the *Dogges*, the *Childrens* bread.

And, by this *Emblem*, wee adviſed are,
Of their preſumptuous boldneſſe to beware,
Who bound *God's Mercie*; and, have ſhut out ſome
From hope of *Grace*, before the *Night* is come:
Since, to the *Dogs*, his meat is not denide,
If they *returne*, (though not till *Evening-tide*.)

Moreover, wee, ſome notice hence may take,
That, if proviſion, *God*, vouchſafes to make,
For *Lyons*, *Dogs*, and *Ravens*, in their need,
Hee will his *Lambes*, and harmleſſe *Turtles* feed:
And, ſo provide, that they ſhall alwayes have
Sufficiant, to maintaine the *Life* hee gave.

I muſt confeſſe, I never merit ſhall,
The *Crummes*, which from thy *Childrens* table fall:
Yet, thou haſt ofr, and freely fed mee, *Lord*,
Among thy *Children*, at thy *Holy-board*:
Nor have I, there, been fill'd with *Bread* alone;
Put, on the bleſſed *Bodie* of thy *Sonne*,
My ſoule hath feaſted. And, if thou doſt grant
Such favours, *Lord*! what can I feare to want?

For, doubtleſſe, if thy *Sonne* thou pleaſe to give,
All other things, with him, I ſhall receive.

*All Flesh, is like the wither'd Hay,
And, so it springs, and fades away.*



ILLVSTR. XLVIII.

Book. 4

His *Infant*, and this little Trusse of *Hay*,
When they are moralized, seeme to lay,
That, *Flesh* is but a tuft of Morning-Grasse,
Both greene, and wither'd, ere the day-light passe.
And, such we truly finde it; for, behold,
Assoone as Man is borne, hee waxeth old,
In Griefes, in Sorrowes, or Necessities;
And, withers ev'ry houre, untill hee dyes:
Now, flourishing, as *Grasse*, when it is growne,
Straight perishing, as *Grasse*, when it is mowne.
If, wee with other things, mans *Age* compare,
His *Life* is but a *Day* (For, equall'd are
His *Teares* with *Houres*: His *Months*, with *Minutes* bee
Fit parallels; and, ev'ry *breathing*, wee
May tearme a *Day*) yet, some, ev'n at the *Night*
Of that short *Day*, are dead, and witherd quie.
Before the *Morning* of our lives bee done,
The *Flesh* oft tades: Sometime, it growes till *Noone*:
But, there's no mortall *Flesh*, that will abide
Vnparched longer, than till *Evening-t. de.*
For, in it selfe, it alwayes carries that,
Which helpeth so, it selfe to ruinate;
That, though it feele, nor *storme*, nor *scorching flame*,
An inbred *Canker*, will consume the same.
Considering well, and well remembring this,
Account the *Flesh* no better than it is:
Wrong not thine everlasting *Soule*, to cherish
A *Genrd*, which in a moments time will perish.
Give it the tendance, fit for fading *Crops*;
But, for *Hay-harvest*, lose not better hopes.

Make



ILLVSTR. XLIX.

Book 4

His Glasse declares, how Time doth passe away ;
And, if the Words, about it, rightly say,
Thy Time that's gone, is lost: and, proote will shew,
That, many find both Words, and Emblem, true.
How fast their Time departs, they best perceive,
From whom it steales, before they take their leave,
Of what they love ; and, whose last houre is gone,
Before their chieftest busineses are done.

How fast it slides, ev'n they are also taught,
(Too late, perhaps) who never kept in thought
Their ending-day ; but, alwayes did presume,
Or, largely hope upon the Time to come,
The present-houres, nor thankfully enjoying,
Nor, honestly, nor usefully employing.

That, yeares expir'd, are lost, they likewise find :
For, when their understanding brings to mind,
How fondly (or, how ill perchance, they spent
Their passed age ; they see, with discontent,
The Time, not onely lost, but, worse than so ;
Lost, with a thousand other Losses mee:
And, that, when they shall need it, wealth nor pow'r,
Can purchase them, one minute of an houre.

Consider this, all ye that spend the prime,
The noone tide, and the twilight of your Time,
In childish play games, or meere worldly things ;
As if you could, at pleasure, clip Times wings,
Or turne his Glasse ; or, had a Life, or twaine
To live, when you had fool'd out this in vaine.

Short is the present ; lost Times passed bee ;
And, Time to come, wee may not live to see.

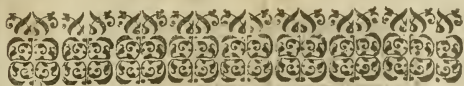


ILLVSTR. L.

Book. 4

AN *Arme* is with a *Garland* here extended;
And, as the *Motto* saith, it is intended,
To all that persevere. This being so;
Let none be faint in heart, though they be *slow*:
For, he that *creeps*, untill his *Race* be done,
Shall gaine a *Wreath*, as well as they that *runne*.
This being so; let no man walke in doubt,
As if Gods *Arme* of *Grace* were stretched out
To some small number: For, whoe're *begins*
And *perseueres*, the profer'd *Garland* winns:
And, God respects no persons; neither layes
A stumbling blocke in any of our *Waies*.
This being so, let no man think't enough
To set his hand, a little, to the *Plough*,
And, then desist; but, let him still pursue,
To doe that *Worke*, to which that *Wreath* is due:
For, nor on *Good beginners*, nor on those
That *walke halfe-way*, (much lesse on him, that goes
No stepp at all) will God this *gift* conferre;
But, onely, unto those that *persevere*.

LORD, by thy *Grace*, an entrance I have made
In honest *Pathes*; and, thy assistance had,
To make in them, some *slow proceedings* too.
Oh grant me, full abilitie, to doe
Thy sacred *Will*; and, to *beginn*, and *end*
Such *Workes*, as to thy *glory*, still, may tend.
That (*Walking*, and *continuing* in the *Path*,
Which evermore, thine approbation hath)
I may that *Garland*, by thy *grace*, obtaine,
Which, by mine owne *desert*, I cannot gaine.
Glory be to God.



THE FOURTH LOTTERIE.

I
Hou, of a noble minde, art thought,
 Which, heav'nly things, hath chiefly sought,
 And, scorn'st thy vertue to debase,
 By loving those of lower place.
 If so, thine *Emblem* doth expresse
 Thy *Wisdom*, and thy *worthynesse*.
 But, if to earthward thou incline;
 Thence, learne *Affections* more Divine.

See, *Emb. I.*

2
 Some words or *thoughts*, perhaps, of your
 Have wrong'd Gods *providence*, or *Pow'r*
 Els, you (it may be) to some place,
 Confine his unconfin'd *Grace*;
 Or, thinke, he never taketh care,
 Of any *Realme*, but where you are.
 Your *Lot*, now, therefore, doth provide,
 To have your *Iudgement* rectified.

See, *Emb. II.*

3
 Thou maist be *wise*, but, there is, yet,
 Some crack, or failing in thy *wit*:
 For, thou dost *personate* a part,
 That, shewes thee other, then thou art.
 Thine *Emblem*, therefore, doth declare,
 What *Habit*, such deserve to weare;
 And, that, he merits *Asses* eares,
 Who is not, that, which he *appeares*.

See, *Emb. III.*

4
 You have, as yet, much *work* to doe,
 But, you have *little time* thereto:
 That, *little*, flies away with speed,
 And, you the *Losse*, as little heed.
 Left, therefore, all your time be gone,
 Before you duely thinke thereon,
 A *memorandum* you have got,
 By drawing, of this luckie *Lot*.

See, *Emb.*

IV.

5

Though you, perhaps, no *perill* dread,
A mischiefe hangs above your head;
 By which, you (taking little care)
 May perish ere you be aware.
 To minde you, therefore, to eschew
 Such Miseries as may ensue;
 Your *Los*, this warning-*Emblem* sent;
 Observe it, and your *harmes* prevent.
 See, *Emb. V.*

6

Thou *fly'st*, in hope, to shun thy griefe;
 Thou *change'st place*, to seeke releefe;
 And, many blamelesse things are shent
 As, causers of thy discontent.
 But trouble, now, no more thy minde,
 The root of thy disease to finde;
 For, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
 The *Fountaine*, whence thy torments bee.
 See, *Emb. VI.*

M

7

Thou art, or els thou wert, of late,
 Some great, or petty, *Magistrate*;
 Or, *Fortune* thereunto, perchance,
 In time to come, will thee advance.
 But, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
 That, when restrain'd, thy *pow'r* shall be,
 Offenders, thereof will be glad,
 And skoffe the *pow'r* which thou hast had;
 Observe it; and be so *upright*,
 That, thou maist laugh at their *despight*.
 See, *Emb. VII.*

8

Promotion thou dost much desire,
 And, spacious *Fortunes* to acquire;
 As if thou thoughtst, thou mightst attaine,
 True *Blessednesse*, by such a *gain*:
 To shew thee, therefore, what event,
 What *happinesse*, and what *content*,
 Such things, will bring vs, at the last,
 An usefull *Object*, now, thou hast.

See, *Emb. VIII.*

9

Disheartned be not, though thou see,
 Thy *Hopes*, quite frustrate seeme to be;
 For, many *Hopes*, appearing past,
 Have, beene renew'd againe, at last;
 And, grew far greater, then before,
 When, they seem'd lost, for evermore.
Examples, therefore, now are brought,
 That, still, to *Hope*, thou mayst be taught.
 See *Emb. IX.*

M 10

Most men desire to gaine the *Fate*,
Which keeps them safe, in ev'ry state;
And, you, no doubt, would faine provide,
A *Station*, which might firme abide.
If so you meane; your *Lot* hath brought,
Some shewes of that, which you have sought:
For, by your *Emblem*, you may see,
What men shall most unmooved be.

Sec, *Emb. X.*

11

You seeme, to wonder, much of late,
That, some goe *backward* in *Estate*,
Who seeme to thrive; and, why, we finde;
Those *Friends*, who seemed very kinde,
(And, forward, good respects to show)
Doe, now unkinde, and froward grow.
But, when your *Emblem* you shall see,
No wonder, then, such things will be.

Sec, *Emb. XI.*

12

Thou seek'st a *Conquest*; or, (at least)
Of such a Pow'r to bee posselt,
As none can conquer; And, behold,
Thou, in an *Emblem*, shalt be told
The meanes to get thy hearts desire.
Yet, know, that if thou come no nigher,
Then but to *know* the meanes of *blisse*,
The farther off, the *blesing* is.

Sec, *Emb. XII.*

13

Thou liv'st, as one who thinks, that, *Fate*
All Actions did *necessitate*;
And, that to *doe*, or leave *undone*,
Thy Businesse, came all to one.
If, thus thou thinke, perhaps, this *Chance*
May helpe to cure thine *Ignorance*;
And, show, when 'twill be, wholly, fit
To *Fate*, our matters, to commit.

Sec, *Emb. XIII.*

14

Thy Neighbors *house* when thou dost view,
Wellsfurnisht, *pleasant*, *large*, or *new*,
Thou thinkst good *LARES*, alwaies dwell,
In Lodgings that are trimm'd so well.
But, by thine *Emblem*, thou art showne,
That (if thou lov'dst what is thine *owne*)
Thatcht *Roofes*, as true Contentments yeeld,
As those, that are with *Cedar* seeld.
Vaine *Fancies*, therefore, from thee cast;
And, be content with what thou hast.

Sec, *Emb. XIV.*

Thou

15

Thou seek'st *Preferment*, as a thing,
Which *East*, or *Westerne-winds* might bring;
And, thinkst to gaine a temp'rall *Crowne*,
By *Powres* and *Vertues* of thine owne:
But, now, thy *Lot* informs from whom,
The *Scepter*, and *preferments* come;
Seeke, thence, thy lawfull *hopes* fruition,
And, cherish not a vaine *ambition*.

See, *Emb. XV.*

16

This *Lot*, though rich, or poore, thou bee,
Presents an *Emblem*, fitt for thee.
If *Rich*, it warnes, not to be proud;
Since, *Fortunes* favours are allow'd
To *Swinish-men*: If thou be poore,
Deject thou not thy selfe, the more;
For, many worthy men, there are,
Who, doe not *Fortunes* Jewels weare.

See, *Emb. XVI.*

17

Thou, dost not greatly care, by whom
Thy *wealth*, or thy *Preferments*, come;
So, thou maist get them, *Foole* or *Knave*,
Thy *prayers*, and thy *praise* may have;
Because, thou dost nor feare, nor dreame,
What disadvantage comes by them:
But, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,
That, *Mischieues*, in their *favours* bee.

See, *Emb. XVII.*

18

You boast, as if it were unknowne,
The power you have were not your owne:
But, had you not an able *Prop*,
You could not beare so high a *Top*;
And, if that *Ayde* forsake you shall,
Downe to the ground, you soone will fall.
Acknowledge this, and, humble grow,
You may be, still, supported so.

See *Emb. XVIII.*

19

This *Lot* of yours doth plainly show,
That, in some danger now you go.
But, wounds by *Steele*, yet, feare you not;
Nor *Pistoling*, nor *Cannon-shots*;
But, rather, dread the *shafis* that fly,
From some deepe-wounding wantons eye:
Your greatest perills are from thence;
Get, therefore, Armour of defence.

See *Emb. XIX.*

20

Thy Vertues, often, have beene tride,
To finde what prootes they will abide:
Yet, thinke not all thy *Trialls* past,
Till thou on ev'ry side art cast;
Nor, feare thou, what may chance to thee,
If truly, square, thy dealings be:
For, then, what ever doth befall,
Nor *harme*, nor *shame*, betide thee shall.
See, *Emb. X X.*

21

Fine *Clothes*, faire *Words*, enticing *Face*,
With *Masks* of *Pietie* and *Grace*,
Oft, cheat you, with an outward show,
Of that, which prooveth nothing so.
Therefore, your *Emblems* Morall read;
And, ere too farre you doe proceed,
Thinke, whom you deale withall, to day,
Who, by faire shewes, deceive you may.
See, *Emb. XXI.*

22

You, are accus'd of no man, here,
As, if to any, false, you were
In *word*, or *Deed*; and, wish, we doe,
Your *Conscience* may acquit you too,
But, if your selfe you guilty finde,
(As, unto such a fault inclin'd)
The crime, already *past*, repent;
And, what is yet *undone*, prevent.
See, *Emb. X X I.*

M

23

You haue delighted much, of late,
Gainst *Womens* ficklenesse, to prate;
As if this trailety you did find,
Entail'd, alone, on *Womankind*:
But, in your selfe, ther's now and then,
Great proofes, of wav'ring minds, in men:
Then, iudge not faults which are unknown;
But, rather learne to mend your owne.
See, *Emb. X X I I I.*

24

At your *Afflictions*, you repine,
And, in all troubles, cry, and whine;
As if, to *suffer*, brought no *joy*;
But, quite, did all contents destroy.
That, you might, therefore, *patients* grow,
And, learne, that Vertues pow're, to know,
This *Lot*, unto your view, is brought:
Peruse, and practise what is taught.
See, *Emb. X X I V.*

25

On out-side *Friends*, thou much reli'st,
 And, *trustest*, oft, before thou try'st;
 By which, if *Cousnage* thou escape,
 Thy *Wis* wee praise not, but thy *Hap*:
 But, lest by *trust*, (e're *griall due*)
 Thou, overlate, thy *Trusting* iue;
 Observe the *Morall* of thy *Lot*,
 And, looke that thou forget it not.

See, *Emb. X X^v.*

26

By this your *Lot*, it should appeare,
 That, you your selfe are too seuer;
 Or, have, by some, perfwaded bin,
 That, ev'ry *Pleasure* is a *sinne*.
 That, wiser therefore, you may grow,
 You have an *Emblem*, now, to show,
 That, *Hee*, whose wildome all men praise,
 Sometime, layes downe his *Bow*, and *playes*.

See, *Emb. XXVI.*

27

Thou little heedst how *Time* is lost,
 Or, how thine *Howres* away doe post;
 Nor art thou mindfull of the day,
 In which thy life, will breath away.
 To thee this *Lot*, now, therefore, came,
 To make thee heedfull of the same.
 So, of thy *Dutie*, let it mind thee, (thee.
 That, thou maist *live*, when *Death* shall finde

See, *Emb. XXVII.*

28

A safe-abiding, wouldst thou know,
 When *Seas* doe rage, and *winds* doe blow?
 If so, thine *Emblem* shewes thee, where
 Such *Priviledges* gained are.
 Observe it well; then, doe thy best,
 To bee a *Tongling*, in that nest
 There *Moraliz'd*; and, smocke thou not
 At what is taught thee, by this *Lot*.

See, *Emb. XXVIII.*

29

Beleeve not, alwayes, as thy *Creed*,
 That, *Love-profest*, is *Love-indeed*;
 But, their *Affections* entertaine,
 Who in thy *need*, firme *Friends* remaine.
 Perhaps, it much may thee concerne,
 This *Lesson*, perfectly, to learne.
 Thine *Emblems* morall, therefore, view,
 And, get true *Friends*, by being, *true*.

See, *Emb. XXIX.*

30

The Consciences, of some, afford
 No Lawfull use unto the *Sword*:
 Some dreame, that, in the time of peace,
 The practise of all *Armes* may cease;
 And, you, perhaps, among the rest,
 With such like fancies are possesse.
 However, what your *Morall* sayes
 Observe; and, walke in blamelesse wayes.
 See, *Emb.* XXX.

31

A better *Fortune* you might gaine,
 If you, could take a little paine:
 If you have *Wealth*, you should have more,
 And, should be Rich, (though you are *poore*)
 If to the longings you have had,
 A true endeavour you would adde:
 For, by your *Emblem*, you may see,
 Such, as your Paines, your Gainses will be,
 See, *Emb.* XXXI.

32

When any troublous Time appears,
 Your *Hope* is overcome, with feares,
 As, if with every *Flood* of *Raine*,
 The *World* would quite be drown'd againe.
 But, by your *Emblem*, you shall see,
 That, *Sunshine*, after *Stormes* may be:
 And, you this *Lot*, (it may be) drew,
 In times of neede, to comfort you.
 See, *Emb.* XXXII.

33

When, you to ought, pretend a right,
 You thinke to winne it by your *might*.
 Yea, by your strength, your purse or friends,
 You boast to gaine your wished *Endes*.
 But, such *Presumptions* to prevent
 You to an *Emblem* now are sent
 That, shewes, by whom he *Victor* growes,
 That winnes, by giving overthrowes.
 See, *Emb.* XXXIII.

34

If, truly *temperate*, thou be,
 Why should this *Lot*, be drawne by thee?
 Perhaps, thou either dost exceed,
 In costly *Robes*; or, drinke, or feede,
 Beyond the *meane*. If, this thou finde,
 Or, know'st, in any other kinde,
 How thou offendest by *excesse*,
 Now, leave off, that *intemperatnesse*.
 See *Emb.* XXXIV

N

Thou

35

Thou hop'st, to climbe, to honor'd *heights*,
 Yet, wouldst not passe through stormes or *streights*;
 But, shun'st them so, as if there were
 No way to *blisse*, where *troubles* are.
 Lest, then, thou lose thy hop'd, for praise,
 By, seeking wide, and easie wayes;
 See what thine *Emblem* doth disclose.
 And, feare not ev'ry *winde* that blowes.

See, *Emb.* XXXV.

36

Sometimes, it may be, thou dost finde,
 That, God, thy *prayers*, doth not minde,
 Nor, heede, of thole *Petitions* take,
 Which, men and *Congregations* make.
 Now, why they take so ill effect,
 Thou, by our *Morall*, maist collect:
 And, by the same, shalt also see,
 When, all thy *suits* will granted be.

See, *Emb.* XXXVI.

37

Thou, hast bene very forward, still,
 To *punish* those, that merit ill;
 But, thou didst never, yet, regard
 To give *Desert*, her due *Reward*.
 That, therefore, thou maist now have care,
 Of such *Injustice*, to beware,
 Thine *Emblem*, doth to thee present,
 As well *Reward*, as *punishment*.

See, *Emb.* XXXVII.

38

Thou, either hast a *babling tongue*,
 Which, cannot keepe a *secret*, long;
 Or, shalt, perhaps, indanger'd growe,
 By such, as utter all they know.
 In one, or other, of the twaine,
 Thou maist be harm'd; and, to thy gaine,
 It may redound, when thou shalt see,
 What, now, thine *Emblem*, counsels thee.

See, *Emb.* XXXVIII.

39

By this, thy *Lot*, we understand,
 That, somewhat, thou hast tooke in hand,
 Which, (whether, further, thou *Proceed*
 Or quite *desist*) will danger breed.
 Consider, then, what thou hast done,
 And, since the *hazzard* is begun,
 Advised be to take the *Course*,
 Which may not make the *dnager* worse.

See, *Emb.* XXXIX

40

The *Destinies*, thou blamest, much,
 Because, thou canst not be so rich,
 As others are: But, blame no more
 The *Destinies*, as heretofore;
 For, if it please thee to behold,
 What, by thine *Embleme*, shall be told,
 Thou, there, shalt find, which be those *Fates*,
 That, keepe men low, in their *estates*.

See, *Emb. XL.*

41

Thou thinkst, that thou from *faults* art free;
 And, here, unblamed thou shalt be.
 But, if to all men, thou wilt seeme
 As faire, as in thine owne esteeme,
 Presume thou not abroad to passe,
 Vntill, by ev'ry *Looking-Glasse*,
 Which, in thy *Morall*, is exprest,
 Thou hast, both *Minde*, and *Body* drest.

See *Emb. XLI.*

42

Some, *labour* hardly, all their daies,
 In painefull-profitable wayes;
 And, others taste the sweetest *gaine*,
 Of that, for which these tooke the *paine*:
 Yet, these, they not alone undo,
 But, having *robd*, they *murder* too.
 The wrongs of such, this *Emblem* shewes,
 That, thou mayst helpe, or pitty those.

See, *Emb. XLII.*

43

Thou, often hast observ'd with feares,
 Th' *aspects*, and *motions* of the *Starres*,
 As if, they threatned *Fates* to some,
 Which, *God* could never savethem from.
 If this, thy dreaming Error be,
 Thine *Emblems* *Morall* shewes to thee,
 That, *God* restraines the *Starry-Fates*,
 And, no mans harme, *neecessitates*.

See, *Emb. XLIII.*

44

Thou, hast provoked, over long,
 Their *patience*, who neglect the wrong;
 And, thou dost little seeme to heede,
 What *harme* it threatens, if thou proceed.
 To thee, an *Emblem*, therefore, shewes,
 To what, *abused-Patience* growes.
 Observe it well; and, make thy *Peace*,
 Before to *Fury*, *Wrath* increase.

See, *Emb. XLIV.*

N n 2

Thou

45

Thou hast the helps of *Natures* light;
Experience too, doth ayde thy sight:
 Nay more, the *Sun* of *Grace-divine*,
 Doth round about thee daylie shine;
 Yet, *Reasons* eye is blind in thee,
 And, clearest *Objects* cannot see.
 Now, from what cause, this *Blindnesse* growes
 The *Morall* of thine *Emblem* shewes.

See, *Emb. X L V.*

46

Thy *cause*, thy *Money*, or thy *Friend*,
 May make thee forward to contend;
 And, give thee *Hopes*, that thy intents,
 Shall bring thee prosperous events.
 But view thy *Lot*; then, marke thou there,
 That *Victories* uncertaine are;
 And rashly venture not on that
 Whole End may be, *thou knowest not what.*

See, *Emb. X L V I.*

47

To them who grudgingly repine,
 As soone as their estates decline,
 This *Lot* pertaines; or, unto those,
 Who, when their neighbour needy growes,
 Contemne him; as if he were left,
 Of *God*; and, of all hopes bereft.
 If this, or that, be found in thee,
 Thou, by thy *Morall*, taught shalt be,
 That, there is none so ill bespied;
 But may have hope, he shall be fed.

See, *Emb. X L V I I.*

48

Thy *Flesh* thou lov'st, as if it were,
 The chiefest *Object*, of thy *Care*;
 And of such value, as may seeme,
 Well meriting, thy best esteeme.
 But, now, to banish that conceit,
 Thy *Lot* an *Emblem* brings to sight,
 Which, without flattery, shewes to thee
 Of what regard it ought to be.

See, *Emb. X L V I I I.*

49

It may suspected be, thou hast,
 Mispent the *Time*, that's gone and past;
 For, to an *Emblem* thou art sent,
 That's made, such folly to prevent:
 The *morall* heed; Repent thy *Crime*;
 And, Labour, to Redeeme the *Time*.

See, *Emb. X L I X.*

With

50

With good applause thou hast begunne,
And, well, as yet, proceedest on :
But, ere the *Lawrell*, thou canst weare,
Thou to the End must *persevere*.
And, lest this drie, be to go,
Thou hast a Caveat, by this *Lot*.

See, *Emb. L.*

51

Although, this time, you drew it not,
Good Fortune, for you, may be got.
Perhaps, the *planets* ruling now,
Have cast no good *Aspects* on you.
For, many say, that, now and then,
The *Starres* looke angerly on men :
Then, try your Chance againe, anon ;
For, their displeasure soone is gone.

52

If, by your *Lot* you had bene prais'd
Your minde, perchance, it would have rais'd,
Above the *meane*. Should you receive
Some check, thereby, It would bereave
Your *Patience* : For, but few can beare,
Reproofes, which unexpected are.
But, now prepared you have bene,
To draw your *Lot* once more begin ;
And, if another *Blancke* you get,
Attempt your *chance*, no more, as yet.

53

To crosse your hopes, *Misfortune* sought ;
And, by your *Lot*, a *Blanck* hath brought :
But, he who knew her ill intent,
Hath made this *Blanck* her spight prevent ;
For, if that *Number* you shall take,
Which these two *signes*, backward, make,
And view the place to which they guide ;
An *Emblem*, for you, they provide.

54

These *Lots* are almost *Ten* to *One*
Above the *Blankes*, yet, thou hast none.
If thus thy *Fortune* still proceed,
Tis *Ten* to *One* it well thou speed.
Yet, if thou doe not much neglect,
To doe, as *Wisdom* shall direct,
It is a *Thousand* unto *ten*
But all thy *Hopes* will prosper, then.

55

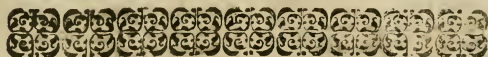
It seemes, Dame *Fortune*, doth not know,
 What *Lot*, on thee, she should bestow ;
 Nor, canst thou tell, (if thou mightst have
 The choice) what *Fortune*, thou shouldst crave.
 For, *one thing*, now, thy minde requires ;
 Anon, *another* it desires.
 When Resolution thou hast got,
 Then, come againe, and draw thy *Lot*.

56

The *Chance*, which thou obtained hast,
 Of all our *Chances*, is the last ;
 And, casting up the totall *summes*,
 We finde thy *Gain*e, to *Nothing* comes.
 Yet if it well be understood,
 This *Chance* may chance to doe thee good ;
 For, it inferres what *Portion* shall,
 To ev'ry one, (at last) befall ;
 And warnes, while *something*, is enjoyd,
 That, well it (alwaies) be imployd.

FINIS.





*A Table for the better finding out of the
principall things and matters, mentioned in
these Foure Bookes.*

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O o 2



A *Superfedas* to all them, whose custome
it is, without any deserving, to importune
Authors to give unto them their
Bookes.

IT merits nor your Anger, nor my Blame,
That, thus I have inscrib'd this *Epigram*:
For, they who know me, know, that, *Bookes* thus large,
And, fraught with *Emblems*, do augment the Charge
Too much above my *Fortunes*, to afford
A Gift so costly, for an *Aerie-word*:
And, I have prov'd, your *Begging-Qualitie*,
So forward, to oppress my *Modestie*;
That, for my future ease, it seemeth fit,
To take some Order, for preventing it.
And, peradventure, other *Authors* may,
Find Cause to thank me for't, another day.

These many years, it hath your *Custom* bin,
That, when in my possession, you have seene
A *Volume*, of mine owne, you did no more,
But, *Aske* and *Take*; As if you thought my store
Encreast, without my Cost; And, that, by *Giving*,
(Both *Paines* and *Charges* too) I got my living;
Or, that, I find the *Paper* and the *Printing*,
As easie to me, as the *Bookes* Inventing.

If, of my *Studies*, no esteeme you have,
You, then abuse the *Courtesies* you crave;
And, are *Unthankfull*. If you prize them ought,
Why should my *Labour*, not enough be thought,
Vnlesse, I adde *Expences* to my paines?
The *Stationer*, affords for little *Gaines*,
The *Bookes* you crave; And, He, aswell as I
Might give away, what you repine to buy:
For, what hee *Gives*, doth onely *Money* Cost,
In mine, both *Money*, *Time*, and *Wit* is lost.
What I shall Give, and what I have bestow'd
On Friends, to whom, I *Love*, or *Service* ow'd,
I grudge not; And, I thinke it is from them,
Sufficient, that such *Gifts* they do esteeme:
Yea, and, it is a *Favour* too, when they
Will take these *Trifles*, my large *Dues* to pay;
(Or, *Aske* them at my hands, when I forget,
That, I am to their *Love*, so much in debt.)

But, this inferres not, that, I should bestow
The like on all men, who, my *Name* do know;
Or, have the Face to aske: For, then, I might,
Of *Wit* and *Money*, soone be begger'd, quite.

So much, already, hath beene Beg'd away,
(For which, I neither had, nor looke for pay)
As being valu'd at the common Rate,
Had rais'd, *Five hundred Crownes*, in my Estate.

Which

Which, (if I may confesse it) signifies,
That, I was farre more *Liberal*, than *Wise*.

But, for the time to come, resolv'd I am,
That, till without denyall (or just blame)
I may of those, who *Cloth* and *Clothes* do make,
(As oft as I shall need them) *Aske*, and *Take*;
You shall no more befoole me. Therefore, *Pray*
Be Answer'd; And, henceforward, keepe away.



A Direction, shewing how they who are so
disposed, shall find out their Chance, in the
Lotteries aforegoing.

TUrne about one of the *Indexes* in the *Figures*, which are in the following Page, without casting your eyes thereupon, to observe where it stayeth until your hand ceaseth to give it motion. If it be the upper *Figure*, whose *Index* you moved; than, that *Number* whereupon it resteth, is the number of your *Lot*, or *Blancke*.

This being knowne, move the other *Index* in like manner. and that *Quarter* of the said *Figure* whereon the same standeth (when your hand is taken away) sheweth in which of the foure *Bookes*, or *Lotteries*, that *Chance* is to be expected, whereunto your *Number* doth send you, whether it be *Lot*, or *Blancke*. If it be any *Number* above Fifty, it is a *Blancke Chance*, and you are to looke no further. If it be any of the other *Numbers*, it sends you to the *Emblem* answering to the same *Number*, in the *Booke* next before the same *Lotterie*.

If the letter *M*. be placed before the allotted *Number*; then, that *Lot* is proper onely to a *Man*: If *W*. stand before it, it is proper onely to a *Woman*: If there be no letter, it is indifferent to both *Sexes*: And, therefore, when a *Man* or *Woman* happneth on a *Chance* impertinent to their proper *Sexe*, they are then, to take the next *Chance* which pertaineth properly to their *Sexe*, whether it be *Blancke* or *Lot*; the triall whereof, I have thus contrived, without the use of *Dice*; lest by bringing them into sight, they might, sometimes, occasion worke *Gaming*.

*If King, Queene, Prince, or any one that springs
From Persons, knowne to be deriv'd from Kings,
Shall seek, for Sport sake, hence to draw their Lot;
Our Author says: that, hee provided not
For such as those: Because, it were too much
For him, to find out Fortunes, fit for such,
Who, (as hee thinkes) should, rather, Ayde supply
For him, to mune his evill Fortunes by.
To them, hee, therefore pleased is to give
This noble, and this large Prerogative;
That, they shall chuse from hence, what Lots they please,
And make them better, if they like not these.*

*All other Personages, of High degree,
That, will professe our Authors friends to be,
This Freedome, likewise, have; that till, they find
A Lot, which is agreeing to their mind,
They shall have libertie, anewe, to try
Their sought-for Chance: And, ev'ry time apply
The Morrals they disliked, unto those,
Which are, ill-quallified, among their Foes.
All others, who this Game, adventure will,
Must beare their Fortunes, be they Good, or Ill.*

